



HUGH BOYD ESQ.<sup>R</sup>



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# INDIAN OBSERVER.

*Periodical Publications*

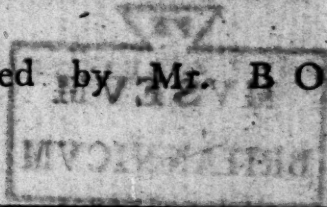
BY THE LATE

*Madras. —  
Hirannah*

HUGH BOYD, Esq.

AND OTHERS.

Compiled by Mr. BONE.



*Dignum laudi virum Musa veiat mori,  
Cato Musa beat:*

HORACE.

CALCUTTA:

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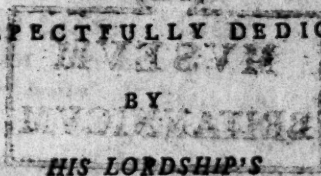
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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
LORD HOBART,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS WORK  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,



BY  
HIS LORDSHIP'S  
MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

*The Compiler.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THIS volume is now presented to its subscribers and the public, not in the elegant form which was promised, but in the plain dress which the occurrence of some unforeseen and unlucky circumstances rendered unavoidable to adopt.—These, with other obstacles equally remedeless, it is hoped will be received as apologies for the delay of the publication: and typographical inaccuracies, every reader who considers the yet infant state of the press in India, will readily forgive.*

*The INDIAN OBSERVER has been very diligently revised. Some elucidatory notes have been added, where there occur particular references, or local allusions: and the essays are distinguished by appropriate signatures. Those signed P. are Mr. BOYD'S.*

*The ODE, which appears in conclusion, on the performance of SACRED MUSIC, was published for the occasion in the Hircarrah, and is now re-printed, as a proof of Mr. BOYD'S poetical talents, which indeed he often indulged; and more lyric performances would have been given, if more could have been found.*

*The LIFE is not narrated so fully as many perhaps would wish; but though the materials are scanty, they are supplied by indisputable authority.*

*In the MONODY some few emendations are made since its appearance in the INDIAN GAZETTE, of Calcutta, and COURIER of Madras.*

*Upon the whole, the Editor trusts, that the work will be found worthy of the exalted character whose memory it aims to perpetuate, and not undeserving the public esteem.*

CALCUTTA:  
October 17th, 1795.

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ons

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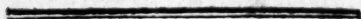
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# **ERRATA TO THE LIFE.**

| PAGE | 8 | Line | 8                                     | <i>For of, read in.</i> |
|------|---|------|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| —    | — | 11   | <i>For great, read principal.</i>     |                         |
| 10   | — | 23   | <i>For forgot, read forget.</i>       |                         |
| 11   | — | 5    | <i>For would, read should.</i>        |                         |
| 13   | — | 2    | <i>For made, read sent.</i>           |                         |
| 28   | — | 18   | <i>For equanimity, read mildness.</i> |                         |
| 33   | — | 1    | <i>For improved, read improve.</i>    |                         |

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THE  
LIFE OF HUGH BOYD,

BY

Lawrence Dundas Campbell.

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*L. H. M. T.  
J. B. Key  
For William*

"BIOGRAPHY," says Tacitus, "is of friendship one of the most pleasing, and of life, one of the most important duties." That pleasure is ~~renewed~~ by re-tracing the various incidents of a friend's life; by taking the retrospect of affection, and recalling to our bosoms all the little blandishments of mutual endearment, all the little tendernesses uttered by that voice which is to be heard no more, is a truth, of which very few, I hope, are unsusceptible. He, therefore, whose mind is formed to contemplate those scenes in their most extended variety, and observe them in their most delicate light, should imitate the illustrious biographer of Agricola, and consider as his duty, the tribute which affection claims. And he, whose talents are

*friend*

calculated to amuse and inform society, would very ill perform the part he is designed to act, if he did not deem the improvement of his fellow beings, one of the principal objects of life. And surely a true history of real actions and manners, with a just delineation of character, always has had, and ever will have, an influence on mankind, which the abstract morality, or cold aphorisms of the ancient schools, could never attain.

WARMED with impressions of the sincerest friendship, though unassisted by those qualities requisite to pourtray its virtues, or correct its ardour, I present to the world the LIFE OF HUGH BOYD:—a man long respected in a wide circumference of society; eminent for genius and learning; and amiable for the spotless purity of his

OF a life at once so various and interesting, it is with infinite regret I acknowledge my inability, to give any regular or particular narration. My materials are chiefly such, as my memory supplies from the conversation of Mr. BOYD, during a period of the closest intimacy; and such, as some friends have very kindly communicated.

HUGH BOYD was the second son of Alexander Macauley, Esq. of the county of Antrim, in Ireland; a gentleman much esteemed for his talents and virtues. He was bred to the law, and having very early

distinguished himself at the Bar, he was first appointed one of the King's Counsel, and afterwards Judge of the Consistory Court of Dublin. At the time of his death, he had a seat in the Irish House of Commons. He married Miss Boyd, the daughter of Hugh Boyd, Esq. of Ballycastle, in the same county; a gentleman of plentiful fortune and great respectability. By this lady, Mr. Macauley had two sons, Alexander, and HUGH, who was born about the latter end of the year 1746, or beginning of 1747. Mr. Boyd, who died not long after, left to his grandson, HUGH, an estate of 600*l*. per annum, on condition of changing his name from Macauley to Boyd. With this fortune, then, Mr. HUGH BOYD began his voyage of life:—and, if in the prosecution of it, the equipoise of the vessel was not exactly preserved, let it be remembered, that howsoever gifted by wisdom, or favoured by fortune, when the storm cannot be eluded, the balance must yield.

WITH the circumstances attending his childhood, I am not at all acquainted, nor indeed if I was, could they be interesting to any reader. An uniformity of incident pervades infant life. We have but few instances of the dawn of genius, in that period of existence; and even in those, very little occurs to engage the attention, besides the general pleasure produced in every reflecting mind, by the contemplation of early exertion. It is not until the age, at which the mind generally begins to expand and

evolve, that we feel particularly concerned in the histories of the most celebrated men. I have, however, understood, that Mr. Boyd shewed early symptoms of rising talents.

He has himself told me, that he was put very young to school; and that there he soon became much attached to books. That he had made but little progress in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, when he felt the inspirations of Fancy; which he did not indulge like the common run of sprightly boys, by making Latin verses to his master, but by composing English odes, and sending them to his father. He loved to rehearse the victories of Cæsar, and to invoke the Muse in Ovidian Gardens. He could form an army on the plains of Pharsalia, or travel with Phaeton through aerial regions.

FROM school he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he pursued his favourite studies with assiduity and delight; but his mind, comprehensive and curious, and his discernment quick, he perceived his inferiority in general knowledge, and determined to turn his studies into a regular channel, through which, he could prosecute them with vigour to learning's source. The channel he very judiciously chose was the law, and he removed to the Temple, where he was soon distinguished by his facility of acquiring, and his power of retaining, knowledge; and where his affability, facetiousness, and humour, endeared him to every associate; but his disposition, volatile and passive, and his

### LIFE OF HUGH BOYD.

passions active and strong, he was allured by the smile of fashion, and the splendour of extravagance, into the vortex of dissipation. He participated in those unrestrained pleasures that too often riot in the mansions of science, and unsettle the tranquil scenery of academic groves;—yet his love of literature had still the ascendancy; nor had virtue forsaken her seat;—his mind smarted with the severity of the wound, but his genius was invincible.

He continued at the Temple, and was called to the Irish Bar; but having formed acquaintances and connections in England, he preferred a residence in that country.

To views and wishes like his, London very naturally became the point of attraction. To London, he therefore resorted, with a mind moderately ambitious of fame, and a bosom panting for every social gratification. The respectability of his family, and his cultivated and insinuating manners, shortly procured him an introduction into the gay circles of fashionable life: nor was he long unnoticed in the literary sphere. He fell into the acquaintance of the late Mr. Richard Burke, whose perspicacity soon discovered the value of his intellectual qualifications. Their opinions formed on similar principles, and their hearts awake to the reciprocations of friendship, an intimacy was established, which death only interposed to divide.

MR. Boyd thus became known to the families of the celebrated Mr. Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. In them he had constant opportunities of displaying his powers; and in them he shewed how very peculiarly he excelled in the walks of wit and humour.

HE now used to converse familiarly with most of the veteran members of that great literary phalanx, the *Essex Club*, so long the boast and ornament of its country. The stern philosophy of the venerable president would relax into jocularity, at his agreeable vein of cheerfulness, and NOLL *himself would strive to be a wit!*\* With David Garrick he was long on very friendly terms.

SUCH was the society through which Mr. Boyd passed the meridian of his life.

I NEVER heard from himself, or any friend, whether he had a particular employment in London; but I may conclude he had not. In the year 1776, he was considerably engaged in politics, and used to be a constant attendant in the gallery of the House of Commons. He reported, and published in a magazine, in which he was at that time concerned, most of Lord Chatham's speeches on the American war. He had very high and merited encomiums bestowed upon him, for

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\* Doctor Goldsmith had no talent for repartee: yet he could not divest himself of that ridiculous notion, too prevalent in the learned world,—that when a man of genius is in company, it is necessary he should be a wit.

the surprising accuracy with which the two last famous speeches were taken. And a late elegant biographer, and compiler of the speeches of that great man, compliments him in very handsome terms. Some time, I believe, in the year following, he married Miss MURPHY, a young lady possessing a large fortune in the Island of Jamaica. Her high and various endowments and accomplishments, regard for living merit, and female delicacy, forbids me to name.

HE was now in affluent circumstances, and for a while became domestic and studious; enjoying the sweets of conjugal felicity, learned ease, and pleasing recreation: but accustomed to the gaiety of the modish world, his propensities were rooted, and difficult to be subdued. Mixing again with society, he relapsed into his former extravagance; and a few years pointed out the necessity of endeavouring to repair his fortune, by attaching himself to some fixed pursuit.

BEING very intimately connected with Mr. Lawrence Sullivan, who so often filled the Chair at the India House, he was appointed Lord Macartney's second secretary, on his Lordship's nomination to the Government of Madras.

WITH this appointment, he left Mrs. Boyd and his children, (a boy and girl,) and with ardent hope, though with much

reluctance, set out for India in Lord Macartney's suite. They arrived at Madras in the beginning of the year 1781.

AFTER his arrival, he again became solitary and recluse, and devoted his leisure hours very sedulously, to the study of Oriental politics; in which he was not long of attaining considerable knowledge.

AN opportunity soon occurred to call that knowledge into action. Whilst Great Britain was formidably assailed by all the great maritime nations in the European world, and involved in a chimerical attempt to reduce her American subjects to obedience, their affections alienated, and those beautiful and extensive colonies nearly lost to her for ever; she had a confederacy formed against her Eastern empire, which threatened destruction from almost every quarter; and which the active genius of *Hastings*, or the dauntless heroism of *Coote*, perhaps, could have alone averted.

THUS situated in India, a plan was proposed, and speedily adopted by the Government of Madras, of forming an alliance with a people, of whose manners and country, we had a very limited knowledge;—but from whom much assistance might be derived in supplanting a great commercial rival, with whom we were at war, in a rich and fertile island,—the staple of which formed the principal part of their lucrative monopoly.

THE Dutch had long remained in undisturbed possession of the trade of *Ceylon*; but the time was now arrived, when they had to encounter in an enemy, an intelligent and adventurous rival; and that energy, which in their better days, repelled the arms of Spanish tyranny, was required to appear.

AFTER the reduction of *Negapatam*, and the fall of the other Dutch settlements on the Coast of Coromandel; an expedition was planned and executed against the settlement of *Trincomalee* in *Ceylon*, under the direction of Admiral Sir Edward Hughes.

MR. BOYD accompanied this expedition, deputed by the Government at Madras, on a special mission to the King of Candy. He embarked on board the Admiral's ship the *Superbe*, and was on shore at the storming of *Trincomalee*; a few days subsequent to which he set out on his embassy to Candy.—Of this mission my knowledge is general and imperfect; merely what I collected from some casual conversations on the subject:—for as Mr. BOYD intended to publish a very circumstantial relation, my inquiries were few.

WITH a guard of an havildar and twelve sepoys, he left *Trincomalee*, and proceeded on his journey. The first forty miles, he had to travel through almost impenetrable woods intersected by deep morasses, and salt water lakes; inhabited only by tygers, buffaloes, and hyenas. On the seventh day from his departure, after having

LIFE OF HUGH BOYD.

experienced much difficulty and fatigue, he opened from this wilderness into a magnificent amphitheatre, formed by lofty mountains:—their sides were irregular and craggy, but covered with verdure and wood, and watered by rivulets, that by the winding of their course, uniting near the foot of the hills, fell in cascades upon the valley. The trees were loaded with a variety of fruits, and the plains interspersed with shrubs and flowers. As he advanced into the valley, he discovered many villages, apparently well peopled; round which flocks of cattle were feeding. On approaching the houses some of the inhabitants came forward to meet him. His interpreter told them, they were going to visit their king. Upon this information they became familiar, and brought out a refreshment of fruits, of which they begged his acceptance. He enquired the name of the place, which by the interpreter's translation, was the *Terrestrial Paradise*! Mr. BOYD has told me the original, but I forgot it.

THE picturesque grandeur of this scene, was calculated to feast the imagination and taste of Mr. BOYD:—but his instructions were too particular to admit of any delay.

HE now began to ascend the mountain, on the top of which is situated the city of *Candy*; and though the most pleasant, was not the least troublesome part of his journey. Two days brought him to his place of destination, after being in all twelve from Trincomalee.

PERMISSION to wait on the King was granted him, after a consultation of five or six days. He then delivered his credentials in state, and was received with respectful formality. He was informed, he would have an answer in twenty days, and that a house and every necessary accommodation would be allotted him. Their ideas of convenience, however, were not formed on the most liberal scale. Their *apartments* for a foreign ambassador, were two little huts, and their *establishment*, rice, curry, and *ar-rack*. But the Court of Candy had not been much used to *diplomatic* visitors.

THE twenty days elapsed, and he attended at the *palace*, as it may be conjectured, with much anxious solicitude, for a final answer:—The King was not so hasty in his determinations. Mr. BOYD was told he must wait a month longer, as the matter required great consideration. To his *hut* and his *curry*, therefore, he was obliged to return: and notwithstanding several applications he made,—respecting the good effects that might result from a more speedy reply, (for he knew that in such cases delays are dangerous,) he did not receive it, until the month was fully expired; and after all, the answer was unsatisfactory.

DURING his residence at Candy, he was not unemployed:—he took accurate surveys of the place, and the adjacent country; and his curiosity did not neglect to investigate its natural productions, nor his penetration to observe the manners,

and develope the character of its inhabitants. What he told me of the vegetable and mineral productions of this island, confirms the accounts given by preceding travellers.

THE manners and customs of the *Candians*\* he described, as differing considerably from those of other Hindû tribes: more generous, more resolute, and less addicted to superstitious observances. Like the mountaineers of other countries, renowned for their patriotism and courage, they maintain a bold independent spirit, that will neither submit to the incursions of new adventurers, nor the contemptible yoke of old commercial despotism. Drove to their hills, by the first European invaders of India, they there preserve a dignity of character, now unknown to the once daring conquerors of their shores. In their modes of life, they have nothing of that cumberous splendour, which prevails throughout the nations of Hindûstan. Plainness and frugality proportionate to the *huts* I have mentioned, suits the artless simplicity of the contented *Candians*, and with that they are happy!

ON MR. BOYD'S return to Trincomalee, he hired a small vessel to carry him to Madras with all expedition; the men of war having sailed to that port. This was a necessary but an unlucky expedient. He

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\* The aborigines of Ceylon, were formerly called *Cinglases*, and they are still partial to the name.

fell in with the French fleet commanded by *Mon. de Suffrein*, and was made prisoner on board *La Fine* frigate. The captain of this ship was a polite, companionable man, and shewed him great respect and kindness. Such manners, under misfortune, are peculiarly conciliating.

THE morning after his capture, the lively Frenchman, told him, with a smile, that the English fleet was in sight, and that their situation might probably be soon reversed. "*Les armes sont journalieres*," said he, with much vivacity, and giving him his hand,—"*a quelque chose malheur est bon mon ami*"! But fortune was unkind to his prisoner.

THE fleets engaged, and the action, as is well known, lasted till night. *La Fine*, by some mismanagement, got into the English line, and fell so close on board the *Isis*, of 50 guns, that her commander thought it folly to attempt getting off, and hailed that he had struck; but a brisk breeze springing up, before the *Isis*, in her disabled condition, had time to take possession of her prize, the frigate took the advantage, and got clear off.

AFTER the action, *La Fine* was despatched to the *Mauritius*, where Mr. BOYD was made a close prisoner for several months. He was then sent to *Bourbon*, (for what reason he never could learn) where he lived at the Governor's table, and was treated with the most marked attention, and liberal hospitality.

ALLURED by the elegant urbanity, and captivated by the sympathizing generosity of this polished people, he felt not the bitterness of imprisonment, nor did he indulge in anticipating the hour of his release. Such societies he was born to animate, felicitate, and delight:—in them he gave grace to learning, cheerfulness to wisdom, and polish to wit; and in this beautiful island, his mind by turns sought variety in the calm repose of philosophic retirement, or amidst the happy scenery of domestic life; where the healthful countenance of sturdy industry gives the token of plenty; and where benevolence, divested of her robes, appears in her native charms.

BUT the liberality of the Governor abridged these enjoyments:—he offered Mr. BOYD his *parole*, which respect for his situation obliged him, however reluctantly, to accept.

ON his return to Madras, he solicited Lord Macartney for an appointment, by which he could advance his fortune. His Lordship having none at his immediate disposal, Mr. BOYD went round, for a few months to Calcutta; where the gay elegance of his conversation, his ready flow of humour, and the superlative sprightliness of his convivial qualities, will be long remembered with pleasure.

HIS stay in Bengal was shorter than he intended. Being appointed *Master Attendant* at Madras, he was recalled to

that presidency. The duties of this situation were neither congenial to the delicacy of his mind, nor his habits of life; but as the emoluments were great, he resolved to sacrifice a little sensibility, for the prospect of ultimate wealth. Nor was the prospect distant, or the road rugged; though a little winding and unfirm—*Prudence* was the best and safest guide; but, alas! with her, he was ever at variance! Yet if with *Prudence* he could not associate, from *Sensibility* he in vain endeavoured to be absent even for a moment.—She attended him in his infancy, and through life they were inseparable. How much therefore is it to be lamented, that *Prudence* did not find an early entrance into his breast, that with her protecting shield, she might have covered, from the rude ravages of precarious fortune, the fine polish of virtuous *Sensibility*.

He now lived on, in his usual style, the ornament of general society, and the life of every company.

DURING the last Mysore war, he conducted a paper, entitled the *COURIER*, which was very justly admired for precision in detail, and discernment in selection. It was in June 1793, that he first conceived the idea of publishing periodical essays. At this time I accidentally became acquainted with him. I was then “only not a boy;” and the manly dignity of his countenance, the fascinating courtesy of his address, the rich eloquence of his language, the variety

of his knowledge, and the facility of his communication, at once charmed and endeared me. We often met, and our conversations chiefly took a literary turn. He listened to my opinions, however much they differed from his own, with the kindest condescension; and answered them with a frankness that told me the openness of his disposition. A gradual encrease of mutual fondness soon grew into friendship;—a *friendship* not to be impaired by place, fortune, or calamity, nor effaced by the injuries of time!

I WAS now his inmate, and seldom or ever absent from his company. His acquaintance formed the whole society of Madras, and to that little circle he gave peculiar grace. All judgements admired, and most hearts rejoiced to meet him. If there were those that snarled at his irregularities, they were at least soothed by his gentleness; and if at times they had boldness to bite, they had not often resolution to continue the conflict:—for what mind so morose, or what disposition so malignant, as to oppose the mildness of genuine magnanimity.

THE enemies of the virtuous *Seneca*, who daringly pronounced their threats before a Roman Senate, fell impotent from the attack; and, quarrelling with their own reproaches, sunk into obscurity and shame.

HIS plan for the *INDIAN OBSERVER* was made known to the Public, some time in August 1793, and soon obtained a very

liberal encouragement. The novelty of the attempt in this country, excited universal curiosity, which it was known, the great talents of the Conductor were well qualified to gratify. In the course of a month, the subscription amounted to four hundred names.

THE work was now to commence; but Mr. BOYD very wisely judging, it would give greater satisfaction by appearing through the channel of a weekly paper; where the politician and merchant, if they did not relish the literary treat, might resort to more homely repasts, proposed this mode to his friends, by whom it was highly approved.

THIS paper he intitled the HINDCARAH, the first number of which came out on the 9th of September 1793, and which, before the publication of the second, procured nearly one hundred additional Subscribers.—The *Observer* was now in high repute, and the *Bæviad* race of India, (for we have those songsters here as well as in other countries) were all on *wing*—straining their lungs to heave the cumbrous load!

*Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,  
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus an helet.*

THE OBSERVER, with consistent dignity, advanced steadily in the walks of morality, gratified by the voice of public approbation; and undisturbed by those literary reptiles, whom the rays of his genius called forth into a momentary existence.

IN February 1794, Mr. BOYD advertised proposals for publishing by subscription, his Embassy to *Candy*, with particulars of that country, and of the islands of *Mauritius* and *Bourbon*, in two volumes, 8vo. The subscription did not encrease so rapidly as might have been expected. It was certainly a work from which the world would have derived much entertainment and information. The tardiness of the public damped the ardour with which he had embraced the project; and he delayed taking up his pen until a sufficient sum was subscribed, to bear the charges of the press. But in September, urged by some friends, he resolved to begin, and partly on that account closed the *Observer*, with a postscript, in which there is a conditional promise to renew the essays at a future period, and to print, in a collective form, those that had appeared.

HE now undertook the Embassy with zeal, and confidently hoped to finish it, within six months. How fallacious are the hopes of man! He was seized with a fever from which he never recovered,

THE thread of this narrative has now brought me to an awful, afflicting, and interesting scene, of which, though I was myself a suffering spectator, I would much rather decline the description;—but reverence for truth, and justice to the memory of a dear departed friend, oblige me, however painful, to disclose the whole.

THAT prodigality of all worldly benefits, and perpetual carelessness of pecuniary considerations, which misguided his early years, attended him to that bed of sickness, on which, whatever were his crimes, or whatever his failings, he was to make a final expiation. Whilst imprudence must be acknowledged an error of the first importance, that mind can boast of little liberality, which magnifies it to a crime: yet mankind, in forming their estimate of character, from appearances in common life, and being unacquainted with the latent springs of action, are apt indiscriminately to consider continued imprudence in the light of fraud.

MR. BOYD, who had attentively studied the great volume of life, must have known the force of this observation; but, perhaps, he never experienced it, until the approach of his dissolution.

BLESSED with a vigorous constitution, and an even flow of spirits, he passed through a chequered and bustling life, without having till now, been confined with any serious illness. The lingering disease, therefore, which from its beginning preyed upon his vitals, he felt with anguish, embittered by reflection, on the embarrassment of his affairs, and exasperated by the calls of disappointed creditors. Yet his mind, superior to misfortune, disdained the language of sorrow; and

his heart, warmed by the recollection of benevolent actions, solaced itself in the exercise of religious duties.

SOME days previous to his death, during a paroxysm of fever, I was called to take my last farewell,—to tear myself from that bosom in which my affections had so long reposed! My friend was extended on his bed, his once expressive visage pale and emaciated, his eyes hollow and languid, and his voice sinking into *childish treble*. He stretched out his hand to receive me, and only whispered, *he was ill*;—but the big tear that rolled down his still animated countenance, was more intelligible than all the figures of language.

THIS is a scene in which morality discovers every secret goodness, and friendship finds palliations for every fault; in which power loses all its influence, and rivalry all its envy; in which dissipation and folly tremble, and vice and impiety stand appalled.—“Whoever would know how much piety and virtue surpass all external good, might here have seen them weighed against each other; where all that gives motion to the active and elevation to the eminent; all that sparkles in the eye of hope, or pants in the bosom of suspicion, at once became dust in the balance, without weight and without regard.” But it did not fall to my lot, to perform the last duties. His life was prolonged for a few days more; and he ex-

pired in the arms of a virtuous and enlightened friend, whose talents he always admired, and whose affection he always regarded with tenderness. With this friend I was sitting in the sick room, (the last time I ever sat in it,) when suddenly raising himself in his bed, he called us near him, and with a tremulous voice, though with a magnanimous composure, and a clearness of intellect seldom attainable in such situations, spoke the following lines :

In life's gay flow, when all obey  
The sprightly notes of pleasure's call;  
Can then the faithful mirror say,  
I shew a just original?

In scenes of pow'r, of pomp, and place,  
Where proud ambition's vot'ries bow,  
Can there the mirror's shining face,  
Of life a true resemblance shew?

No! 'tis not where ambition's hand,  
Sweeps o'er the polish roughly warm;  
Nor where keen pleasures sighs demand,  
Her flatt'ring images to form.

'Tis there, where with reflection's aid,  
And purified by pain,  
Man contemplates his sickly bed,  
The mirror then shines plain!

He would have proceeded, but his feelings were unable to bear those reflections which he had already conjured up. He burst into a flood of tears, and reclined again on his pillow.

As his fate approached, he told the friend, to whom I have just alluded, that

These lines were published in the Hircarrah before Mr. Boyd's death; but without mention being made of their author, or of their having been spoken extempore.

*J. A. Duncan is whose Anispoon  
Mr. B. 24th*

some *friends* had abandoned him:—Yet, though he felt this defection with the keenest regret, no expression of resentment,—not even a look of unkindness, escaped him; but in forgiving them, and in pious offerings for all mankind, he breathed his last!—Thus ended the life of this great and extraordinary man, at once remarkable for the most brilliant talents, and the most sublime virtues, darkened by the greatest follies.

His death happened on the 19th of October, 1794, and he was the day following interred in the new burying ground at Madras; where a monument is to be erected to his memory.

AMONG the number who mourn the loss of Mr. BOYD, are his widow and two children, (children, who, by all accounts, shew that the genius of their father survives!) and his brother, Alexander Macauley, Esq. who lives on the family estate in the county of Antrim, and is married to a sister of the present Lord Viscount Gosford's.

HE left a *will*, written in the form of a letter, addressed to the friend that attended his illness, whom he appointed his principal executor, and charged particularly with the care of his papers. Among them, however, nothing of consequence was found. Mr. BOYD both wrote and lived so immethodically, that no care was bestowed, even on his literary papers. This negligence is to

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be the more regretted, as it has deprived the world of some of the happiest productions of human wit.

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THE person of Mr. BOYD was tall and graceful, formed with the most exact symmetry; his mein grand and elevated, and his deportment commanding and elegant. To describe his countenance would be superfluous and vain—every reader beholds it, at the beginning of this volume,—pourtrayed by the pencil of friendship, with the justest resemblance, and the finest touches of a master's art.\*

HE possessed great strength and agility of body, and was particularly fond of all athletic exercises, in many of which he excelled.

IN the hours of mirth and conviviality he was too desirous of displaying his superiority in ludicrous trifles; and used at times to relax his dignity, and shew his skill at a trick. But in those practises he was guided much by his company; for in his bacchanalian moments, he would also with greater satisfaction, and more facility, discuss the fate of empires, or the revolutions of fortune.

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\* Or the Engraving, I must remark, that it is amongst the first performances of a young artist, and his very first in this country. The likeness is well preserved; and although it has lost some what of the spirit of the original, yet merits considerable praise;—and without comparison, I think, is finished in a very superior style, to any Plate which has been executed in India.

IN social life he enjoyed in an eminent degree, those qualities which give confidence to fellowship, and zeal to benevolence; which give incitement to charity, and activity to friendship. His manners were so ingratiating, that they at once captivated and detained the heart. His pleasantries and humour extorted smiles from the inflexible misanthropist, and infused cheerfulness into the breasts of the disconsolate. His persuasive mildness conciliated the boisterous and subdued the rude. But in the practice of these transcendent virtues, he was not unaccompanied by his predominant passions. The moderate were displeased with his constant deviation from order, and the prudent were offended with his total neglect of œconomy. His boundless profusion was generally condemned, and his munificence often got the name of injustice.

YET the effulgence of his moral excellence was not to be obscured. If his generosity gave that in charity which justice demanded as a right, the undeserving, at least, never shared in the donation. Wisdom, which seemed to have forsaken him in the common affairs of life, directed his mind in its more exalted operations, and guided him with propriety in his eleemosynary distributions. Though from distress, in whatever form it appeared, he never could withhold immediate relief; yet to vice or idleness he never deliberately gave encouragement. Under his roof, where all had

a ready admittance, hospitality was by consequence sometimes misapplied; which although his penetration soon perceived, his excessive delicacy and politeness would not allow him to remedy. Let not, therefore, those immense sums of money which he lavished away, be ascribed entirely to his own extravagance; for they were at times augmented by the folly or sordidness of others; and, perhaps, not unfrequently by those vultures of office, who prey on the unsuspecting candour and generosity of their master's disposition.

IN his friendly attachments he was seldom mistaken; for of friendship he was a better judge. He founded it on the broad basis of disinterested principle, and reared it with the ingenuous ardour of heart-felt sincerity. Difference of sentiment, distrust, and jealousy, the most formidable barriers opposed to the flow of friendship, found no place in his breast: there, all was equable, smooth, and gentle,

THE warmth of affection which he bore his friends bordered on prejudice; and he was too apt to hide their blemishes, by magnifying their perfections: yet if his applauses were sometimes unqualified, his censures were always sparing. Of him, it may be said, in the words of that mighty genius, whose opposing arm resists the tide of influence, and whose eloquence and patriotism has so long adorned his country—that "his enmities were placable, and his friendships eternal."

FROM personal ridicule, which tarnishes the greatest minds, Mr. BOYD was entirely free: but in general satire he delighted to indulge, and always made a distinguished figure. Scandal he despised with becoming dignity; and never heard a petty whisper of malevolence which he did not endeavour to stifle. No family, no individual reputation, was ever clandestinely soiled by his voice; and so particularly correct was he in conversation, that I do not remember to have ever heard him utter an expression, injurious to a private character.

ENTERING early on the stage of life, with a mind discursive and penetrating, and a judgment definite and clear, he attained a very extensive and accurate knowledge of mankind; which important advantage, aided by a vivid imagination, embellished with all the graces of learning, gave him a pre-eminence in familiar conversation, that cannot easily be imitated, and has been seldom surpassed.

HE could accommodate himself to every company and to every mind, and possessed the rare quality of diffusing pleasure wherever he appeared. In mixt society, the quickness of his apprehension allowed nothing to escape his notice:—his mind was always present, and his whole powers ready at every call. He could vary his subjects with the utmost promptitude, and examine each with equal precision:—with the serious he could be moral; with the stu-

dious he could be learned; with the polite he could be elegant; with the gay he could be witty; with the frolicksome he could be humourous; with the unlettered he could be plain; and with the profligate he could be dissolute!

At his convivial board his wit sparkled with every glass; and his jocularity flowed as plentifully as his wine. His guests were allured to remain till a late hour; when every one was glad, and no one sober. Like his favourite, *Horace*, he loved to drown care in friendly bowls of *Falernian*—*Amicum tempus agens abeunte curru*: \* Or as he used to say himself, by a parody on a line of *Pope's*,

"I love  
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

THESE pleasurable scenes he never willingly relinquished; and sometimes, after the influence of *Bacchus* had reduced the company to a few jovial souls, and the conversation centered in a common point, he became a keen polemic, and engaged warmly in literary and political controversies: but his argumentative powers were at no time proportioned to his other qualifications. His fancy misled his judgment; and he defended his opinions with more eloquence than vigour. He could speak for hours together on almost any

\* The gay Roman might certainly have applied this line with as much propriety to himself, as to the—*Rusticorum mascula militum*.

subject; but his speeches were too diffuse and imaginative:—his hearers were always delighted, but seldom convinced.

IN the heat of disputation he shewed, at times, some degree of arrogance. To vindicate a favorite position, he would pour forth a torrent of learning, and dare the confutation of his antagonist; and in canvassing public characters, he was frequently opinionative and partial. Yet during the warmth of discussion he was always general: he never contaminated his lips with the breath of animosity, nor the meanness of personal allusion. His suavity of manners was preserved inviolate. In his discourse there was no harshness of sentiment, or asperity of language. He reasoned with ardour assuaged by equanimity.

WHEN argument at any time run high, and contrariety of opinion had a tendency to produce general discord, he would ingeniously change the conversation by a humorous sally; or if any angry disputant should not yet be disposed to yield, he would with admirable quickness turn his syllogisms into an epigram, and tell him, with much pleasantry,—“*Now my friend, do indulge us with an armistice.*” In those epigrams he was, at times, particularly happy; and although he was too fond of interlarding them with puns, which like other puns, were for the most part insipid, yet they seldom failed to excite applause, and promote cheerfulness.

IN female society he preserved his merriment with delicacy, and his wit with gracefulness, without losing its point. Of the *Belle Assemblée* he was a fond admirer; and he joined the sprightly circle with frequent delight,—but the licentiousness of the drawing-room he unreservedly condemned. That unceasing propensity to game—that *Cacoëthes aleatorium*, which renders morbid every generous principle in youth, and pollutes the hoary honours of age; which disfigures the fairest forms, and corrodes the purest hearts, found an enemy in BOYD, whose disposition had never known the taint of avarice; and though goaded by a wild extravagance, had never tasted the delusive poison. He admonished its votaries by eloquent precept, enforced by persevering example.\* With his friends he would often expatiate with indignant sorrow on the “*fatal gangrene which benumbs every nerve of affection*,” yet his sentiments partook more of the sincerity of sympathizing virtue, than the impassioned fervour of irritated morality.

OF his intellectual elements, his imagination was the most active and powerful, and his reason the most feeble and inert. His genius bold, aspiring, and adventurous, formed conceptions beyond the bounds of sublunary nature; and his judgment was only not vigorous, when it endeavoured to

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\* Whoever wishes to know his detestation of this vice, will find the subject discussed in the 13th No. of the *OSSAYER*, in a very masterly and elegant style.

restrain his fancy. His mind, in all her operations, was assisted by a curiosity perpetually awake, and a comprehensive capacity of observation; by an intuitive perception, a tenacious memory, and an understanding, that could associate the remote and the familiar,—the beautiful and the grand.

ACCUSTOMED to early habits of attention on the affairs of life, he possessed not the power of solving the intricacies of abstraction, nor of separating metaphysical combinations. His ideas flowed with a rapidity, which disenabled him from concentrating his powers; or of arranging them in such a logical process, as is requisite to the investigation of speculative truths:—Yet his mind had an extensive grasp. He contemplated the universe, with the poetic eye of philosophy, and embraced at one view, all the complex organizations of the material world.

HIS learning, like his genius, was more splendid than profound. He feasted on all the choicest fruits, but had not diligently cultivated the soil of the literary garden. He had made a general survey of almost every region of human knowledge, but of few only any particular research.

WITH the *Belle Lettres*, and with the literary and civil histories of every age and nation, he was familiarly acquainted. He

# LIFE OF HUGH BOYD.

read the classics of ancient and modern Europe, in their original dress. In the Latin and French languages, he was an eminent proficient; and in Greek he attained a degree of perfection, which, I may presume, very few possess.

ENDOWED with a taste, by nature most exquisitely delicate, and refined by the elegancies of the *attic* school, he was nice in polite criticism, without being fastidious, and correct in philology without being pedantic.

OF the *stage* he was an enthusiastic admirer, and on dramatic poetry, a critic of super-eminent acumen. But on this subject his opinions were not formed on the *Grecian* or *Parisian* models; they were drawn from the originals of nature, as represented in the diversified scenery of the immortal genius of Britain.

To talents so polished, learning so amplified, and taste so chastened, had Mr. BOYD united regularity and application, he would probably have added treasures and ornaments to the literature of England, which with her declining elegance and virtue, could have alone decayed. But how few can distinguish their real worth, from the flattering snares of illusive passion!\*

\* Pauci dignoscere possunt

Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota

Erroris nebula:

JUVENAL.

IN his periodical essays, which under the signature of [P.] \* are now collectively submitted to the public eye; there is much to be praised, and but little to be blamed. And when it is known, that they were generally composed amidst the bustle of business, or the frolics of hilarity, without care, and without preparation, faults so trivial will vanish away.

ONE objection may indeed be started, that as an INDIAN OBSERVER, he is not sufficiently Asiatic. But it must, at the same time, be understood, that his purpose was rather to instruct by observations on general life, than on local manners:—not to present *English Indians* with exact portraits of themselves, because he was unwilling to give the smallest offence; but by shewing them a beautiful and well-disposed picture of all the variegated appearances of different countries, they might trace resemblances of their own; and by seeing them opposed to

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\* OF the other papers, those under the signature of [T] were written by the friend, of whom, in my account of Mr. BOYD's death, I had occasion to make honourable mention. They are the productions of an excursive, yet acute and discerning mind, invigorated by the power of philosophic genius, guided by the lights of learning, and purified by the delicacies of taste. They erect a temple to virtue upon the principles of morality and religion; supported by nervous reasoning; dignified by lofty sentiments; and adorned with the felicities of language.

ON the essays of IGNOTUS, their elegant author will pardon me, for bestowing the incense which they have kindled in my breast. In them I discover a deep acquaintance with human manners, and a zealous attachment to the *honestum* of life. They possess an integrity of thought and propriety of observation, arising from the secret impulse of nature, in a mind, on which the polish of taste is unclouded by the dust of learning, and the beauty of elevated sentiment, is freed from the gaudy ornaments of art. Ignotus thinks with the naked simplicity of genius; and has attained a *Naïveté* of style, which *Marmontel* would have admired, and *L'Fontaine* not have disdained to own.

others, improved by the contrast. His grand object was to animate the *Provinces* with the spirit of the *mother country*; by the inculcation of moral truths, by rousing the passions on the side of virtue, by infusing a desire for the pursuits of polite literature, and a taste for the curiosities of art. He lamented that in India, so great a portion of time was solely devoted to the avocations of office; and laudably endeavoured to inspire his countrymen with more elevated sentiments. He told them, in the words of Moliere,

*A de plus hauts objets elevez vos desirs,  
Songez à prendre un goût des plus nobles plaisirs.*

THAT he has executed his design with dignity and eloquence, will not be denied by the most rigid critic; though from negligence, on some subjects, he is lax and undefined. On morals, as on literature, his sentiments are liberal, his taste is pure, and his judgement exact. His diction has the peculiar excellence of being florid yet energetic, vehement yet perspicuous. On the integral of his writings, some few things excepted, it may be said, he has maintained that medium, so elegantly described by the *Abbe Maury*, "that keeps between the *extreme*" of neglecting application, which adds to "the defects of taste, and the excess of labour which deadens the transports of genius."

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Such is the life and character of Mr. BOYD, delineated I hope, with the integrity of truth, though it may be, I have at times

imperceptibly leaned to the side of friendship. If for this I should be condemned by the austerity of justice, I have yet an appeal to the tribunal of philanthropy, from the ingenuousness of whose decisions I shall expect a milder sentence. But let not even justice too rashly frown; for mature reflection may soften her decree.

In estimating the qualities of Boyd, much candour and consideration is required. It is necessary to discriminate his foibles from those of others. Most men only shew to the world their fair sides, concealing, under a dazzling varnish, innumerable faults;—but however great his frailties, they all appeared, open as day;—whilst some of the noblest virtues, like transparent fossils in the mine, covered by metalline particles, were impervious to the sight of the superficial Observer. Let those, who, still accusing me of partiality, should tax the veracity of this observation, and who to his imperfections should give a harsher name, reflect on the frailty incident to nature, and the mutability of their own condition; let them learn, in the language of *Shakespeare*, the duty of fellowship and the amiableness of candour,

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How would you be,  
If he who is the top of judgment should  
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,  
And mercy will then breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.

If in tracing the wanderings of a friend's Life, I have been led into prolixity, I request my readers to examine their own breasts, and if there they find no apology for the fondness

which deludes reason and “*bathe the spirits in delight*,”—in contemplating those virtues whose balm cemented an affection, separated only by the grave, even the eloquent sensibility of a *Jaffier* may plead in vain. The most that Biography can do, is to assist morality, by laying open the lights and shades of character, and by the strong effect of finished colouring, to encourage the modesty of virtuous indigence, and repress the insolence of prosperous vice:—and in contributing my mite to the cause of virtue and friendship, I lay down my pen with the animating assurance of having endeavoured well.

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M O N O D Y

ON THE DEATH OF

H U G H B O Y D,

BY THE SAME.

*L. D. Campbell*  
*L. J. R. R.*

“ So Death becomes

“ His final remedy! after a life

“ Tried in sharp tribulation.—

MILTON.

THE Star of day slow sinks to rest,  
Crimson beauties girt the West;—  
The gorgeous orb ascending glows,  
O'er yonder Heaven her mantle throws:  
Twinkling glories march before,  
Diffusing all their sacred store,  
— Recede the day—advance thy light,  
Magnific majestic of night,

Now downy silence from her moss-clad throne  
Spreads wide her silken net around;—  
And melancholy stalks alone  
On contemplation's ground,

— But hark!—an Elfin voice I hear,  
In mourning strains salute mine ear:—

# MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HUGH BOYD.

"Haste thee muser, come away :—  
"Behold yon hearse in black array :—  
"The dirge of friendship quick prepare,—  
"Tis BOYD's dust that's borne there."

With awful pause the knell they ring :—  
With aching heart the dirge I sing—  
His mighty SPIRIT flits in air !  
— — — — —

And art thou fled ? — No loftier soul  
Sure ever warm'd the human frame ;  
Thy swelling grandeur scorn'd controul ;  
Thy fire exalted friendship's name —

Truth to thee outstretch'd her arms ;  
Virtue hail'd thee from on high ;  
Benevolence in all her charms,  
Bore thee through her kindred sky,

Soaring high on golden wing,  
Angelic forms around thee sing ;—  
Heaven's portals open wide,—  
Saints divine attentive guide :  
Along the purified elemental fire,  
And seats thee 'midst the EMBYREAN QUIRE.

Superior now to fortune's dart,  
Perpetual may thy blessings be :  
Yet pitying friendship's heaving heart,  
Bursting bleeds, to part with thee !  
Impulsive Nature here asserts her pow'r ;  
Unbars the secret gates of palsied grief ;  
Leads forth pale anguish from her tott'ring tow'r,  
And gives imprison'd sorrow fond relief :  
Her genial influence calms my mind oppress'd,  
Allays my woe, and soothes my rending breast.

Now Affection— come sweet child,  
Offspring dear of all that's mild :  
Gentle maid, accept my hand,  
And roam with me to yonder land !—

# MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HUGH BOYD.

Where the river's sedge bank,  
Joins the hallow'd cloister dank ;  
Where the screeching night-bird's cry,  
And hovering sprites ascend the sky ;  
Where fleeting embers dance around,  
Where the foot-step's solemn sound,  
Slow meets the musing wanderer's ear :

Come and o'er the stone let's bend,  
That hides our poor, pale, buried friend,

Cold on his humid couch he lies,—  
The snowy shroud his limbs enclose ;  
No light beams o'er his fading eyes ;  
No warmth his clayey bosom knows,

Shall he no more the circle grace,  
The busy world no longer cheer ;  
No more throw smiles o'er wisdom's face,  
Or gaily teach the truth severe :

No more the joyous board adorn,  
Or make kind humour hold her sides ;  
No longer glad the social morn,  
Or wit correct that worth derides.

—Is the friendly mansion clos'd,  
Where the houseless e'er repos'd,  
Where every stranger had a chair,  
And mirth and joy were ever there ?  
Nerveless now its master's hand ;  
Lifeless now his glowing heart,  
That had it treasures at command,  
Distress would 've shar'd the better part,

O Charity ! thou beauteous Queen,  
Who antedates the wish divine !  
In pity melting o'er this scene,  
Soft bedew thy darling's shrine,

Nor Piety forget thy son,  
Who ne'er thy righteous paths forsook,  
Who through the various life he run,  
Neglected ne'er on thee to look !

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HUGH BOYD.

— Lo ! behold in robes of woe,  
Genius, Wit, and Learning go ;—  
Genius sad no longer smiles,—  
Wit distress'd forgets his wiles—  
Majestic Learning moves in sober state,

O'er the hollow grave they mourn ;  
By anguish rent, their hands they wring ;  
From their long lov'd friend thus torn,—  
Loud the funeral Hymn they sing.

Balmy comfort, let thy tide,  
Gently swell her milky wave,  
Through the Widow's sorrow glide,  
And her Children's bosoms lave !—

For me, who mindful of his heart sincere,  
Thus in loose numbers tells the World my woe ;  
I blot this tribute with a silent tear,  
And bid the grateful current freely flow :

*" For as I mourn to him who cannot hear,*

*" I weep the more, because I weep in vain."*

THE  
INDIAN OBSERVER.

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NUMBER I. — SEPT. 9, 1793.

*"The difficulty of the first address on any new occasion, is felt by  
every man in his transactions with the world."*

JOHNSON.

If such be the acknowledgment of a great master, who to extraordinary force of mind united the ample stores of learning and knowledge, and with a strength of style peculiarly his own, presented more subjects to the public eye than perhaps any other author; what must be the feelings of the common class of writers?—and, if merely the first address involve so much difficulty, how formidable must be the undertaking, to repeat, at stated periods, certain *quantums* of composition; to bind fancy down to punctuality; and to present to the public attention, a periodical essay? How arduous ought the attempt to appear, if they knew themselves, to

those whose literary ambition must be conscious of much unstudious avocation ; who have omitted to supply by observation, or even late enquiry, what perhaps was early neglected in study, or denied in genius ; to those, in fine, whose experience is so limited, both of themselves and the public, that they think they can write, and hope they will be read. It may be remarked, that these difficulties are more felt by the veteran than the young adventurer ; that forward zeal will rush, where caution would tremble to tread ; and that the superficial judge boldly plunges into his sea of troubles ; fearless, because ignorant, of the dangers of the literary deep.

ALTHOUGH not wholly in the latter description, of absolute inexperience, the present writer is well aware of his distance from the former. He regards with a most respectful eye, the interval between his humble essay and the excellence of periodical publication, which for an Augustan century, has been the ornament and instruction of his country. From the first admirable example of this species of composition, through the many succeeding specimens of excellent imitation, up to the didactic moral, and sententious eloquence of a late learned luminary, so extensive a range had been taken of life and manners and with such minute investigation, that little opening appeared for the encouragement of subsequent attempts on a similar plan ; few materials seemed to remain for any novelty of subject or variety of arrangement. Scarcely a corner or recess of human character had been left unexplored, or a motive of conduct untraced. While the eagle eye of the *Spectator* had looked vice into shame, his keen and brilliant ray had penetrated and dispelled the clouds of false taste, follies, and affectation ; and with a new informing light, had

displayed, in their genuine lustre. the charms of genius, virtue, and piety. The *Tatler* told every thing to every body; and told it so well and so truly, that the hearer was allured to listen, and delighted to laugh; till warmed into praise by the justice of the ridicule, he was surprised by its application, at the winding up of the moral tale—*de te fabula narratur*. The *Guardian* watched with anxious attention against every mischief, and for every good, that might arrive to his fair words; and knowing that happiness is the crown of virtue, he also knew that the immortal wreath receives still new charms, when adjusted by the gentler duties and graces of life: he extended his solicitude to the manners as well as to the morals; and he presented to the queen of female virtues, as the fairest and safest handmaids, elegance and decorum. The *World* displayed its knowledge, and diffused the precept of its best science, in a manner so agreeably varied, as to prove that the conductors of that literary planet, for its day of influence, were well qualified to discriminate the paralaxes of pleasure and propriety in the school of fashion; to catch and correct the fluctuating manners in that changeable scene; to prove, by a happy mixture of the most pleasing with the most useful doctrine, that the true orbit of the man of pleasure is within the eccentricities of extravagance; and the sphere of honour has ever virtue for its centre.

SUCH, through successive brilliant periods, were the concentrated and continued efforts of the talents of some of the brightest names of English literature; when one champion singly and boldly stepped forward in the lists, where the difficult prize of fame had hitherto been contented for by the united powers of many. The *Ramster* appeared; confident in his strength, and

constant in the cause of truth. His genius, nervous, original, and intrepid, at once attacked the substance and the root of every vice, in whatever form or colour it could appear, of endeavour to dissemble.—And although lighter follies might elude his giant grasp, no cardinal crime could find protection, in the power or corruption of wealth, from the inflexible censure of his moral justice. His acute research discriminates, with unerring exactness, the different merits, too often confounded in the ethical balance ; his resistless reasoning, in the inculcation of the various duties of life, though sometimes apparently too abstracted and refined, is drawn from the simplest and purest sources ; and comes home, in Lord Bacon's phrase, " To the business and bosoms of men." But above all, in his sublime discussions of the most sacred truths, as no style can be too lofty, nor conceptions too grand, for such a subject ; so has the great master never exerted the powers of his great genius with more signal success. Impiety shrinks beneath his rebuke : the atheist trembles and repents ; the dying sinner catches a gleam of revealed hope ; and all acknowledge the just dispensations of eternal wisdom.

IF, in retrospect to these great exemplars, the writer has been induced into more detail than he foresaw, or his reader desired, it is a proof of the danger of attempting to tread in their footsteps ; a path so brilliant as to have made him lose sight of the object he had in view. But this, he hopes, will have been in some measure anticipated by the good-nature of the reader, from what has been already submitted, as to the difficulty of so new an attempt. The usual resource of the trembling author, is the candour of the public : that is, in other words, if it must be confessed, the favour, or at least the mercy, of

the critic; for every reader is a critic; and every writer, if he has the smallest grain of instinct of authorship about him, anticipates, with no little anxiety, the various judgement that may await him; flattered sometimes by self-approval, fortunately, as perhaps he may have nothing else to reward him, with the hope of a friendly nod; more alarmed, probably, on the other hand, as fear is a more active principle than hope, with the terrors of the contemptuous shrug. If, however, this species of publication in periodical essay, on the various topics of *morals; manners and literature*, has gained eminent and continued approbation from a European public; may not even the novelty of the attempt to introduce it on the Indian scene, claim some favour, and deprecate severity? To deserve the former, he is aware how much he will stand in need, not only of the critical indulgence, but the active kindness of his friends. He will be doubly encouraged by their assistance, and their example. And as it is his determined principle to avoid either giving or taking offence, he hopes that the nature of their favours, and his reception of them, will be equally satisfactory to both parties and the public.

P.

## NUMBER II.—SEPT. 16, 1793.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.

JUVENAL.

*All human action, wishes, fears or rage,  
Pleasures, or joys, or reasonings of the sage,  
Compose the motley matter of our page.*

THE sphere of human life is studded with so many motives, and the lines of conduct are so diversely directed, as to present an inexhaustible fund to the philosophical observer. Reasons infinitely various arise, as to the sources whence actions spring, the principles on which they proceed, and the objects to which they tend. While some speculatists confine their origin and their scope to selfish parallels, others admitting a more liberal variety, acknowledge the existence at least, if not the general prevalence, of disinterested principle. Another class, dazzled by the glare of metaphysical ingenuity, and lost in the mazes of free will and necessity, resort to scepticism as their only clue; resolving all their research after knowledge into learned doubt and ostentatious ignorance. The true philosophy will probably be found in a mixed system of these three opinions; in a *moral constitution*, where the despotism of *self* is qualified by the honourable corrective of generous sentiment; and where the low and levelling ideas of promiscuous predestination, yield to the dignity of free agency and the order of reason.

WHEN the parliamentary mover announces that a string of motions is to follow his first proposition, he is called on by the prudent caution of the hearers, for an exposition of those which he threatens are to follow. Without the privilege of parliament, though honoured with the sanction of the higher powers, and favoured with the indulgence of the public, the *Observer* feels himself more called upon to expound the intended series of his disquisitions. As "the proper study of mankind is man," his intention is to pursue the subject in its several parts; to investigate the sources of human conduct; to discover the springs that continue to actuate; and to display the objects that allure or deter.

FOR the division of a subject so various and important, it is not easy to find a more comprehensive model, than the distribution marked out in the plan of the great Roman satirist, which appears at the head of this paper. His observation had the richest and most extensive variety for its object. Triumphant in arms, and eminent in arts, the mistress of the European world presented an universal scene for the investigation of the philosopher and the strictures of the censor. With power to command the means, and wealth to purchase the objects, of every gratification, Imperial Rome exhibited at once the advantages of the arts and refinement which polish life, and the mischiefs that result from their abuse and excess. While we contemplate the immortal monuments of learning and genius, of philosophy, oratory and poetry, which she has bequeathed to the admiration of posterity; we are condemned at the same time to view, with a sigh for the imperfection of our nature, the follies that disgraced her wisdom, and the vices that sullied her glories. More fatal than the most hostile arms, according to the satirist,

luxury undermined the greatness invincible to every other foe; and the victors of mankind, vanquished by themselves, gave to the world the revenge it could not take.

BUT if this dark side of the picture disgust, and if the shade of satire thrown upon it, be too strong; and it may truly be asserted that it is so, as to any application to modern times; we can turn with pleasure to the fairer part of the ancient scene, as more applicable to the better refinement and qualified character of present manners.

THE superior style of manners which has characterized the latter ages, is generally attributed to the spirit of chivalry which prevailed in Europe; the gallant offspring of military adventure and romantic religion, after the extraordinary effervescence of the Crusades had subsided. It is certain, that much of what is generally understood to be modern refinements, may be deduced from that liberal source, of personal magnanimity, and generous zeal highly exalted and ardent in the disinterested pursuit of its object; when each individual considered himself the Achilles of the war; and standing high on his own armorial acquirements, the rewards and the memorials of his valour, gloried in the proud contrast of the honour both of his achievements and his cause, with the baseness of the barbarian infidels, rebels to the true religion, and usurpers of the sacred territory. Though the object was lost or changed, the spirit of adventure and principle of personal dignity remained. Another object was found for high and honourable sensibility, in the transition from religion to the devotions of gallantry; the rules of which required, with fastidious exactness, an uniform decorum of

conduct. These powerful causes have doubtless had much influence in meliorating the manners and sentiments of men; especially the latter great consideration, formed by gentle and correct degrees into the grand improvement of life; a due attachment not alone to the personal charms of the female sex, but to the virtues and talents that dignify and adorn them.

BUT with submission to the general reasoning which would infer these topics from a few fixed and distant points, it must appear on a minute consideration of the subject, that many and various stages occur where the attention must rest, in observing the rise, progress, and change, of the motives and objects of manners and actions. The abstract reasoner may amuse himself, but will not easily convince his reasonable hearer, with the broad position, that human nature is every where the same; a maxim, which if it mean any thing as foundation for argument, ought to be defined in a very limited and strict sense; as inferring only that human beings are the same originally and by nature; and even this explanation will find its antagonists. But to apply it generally to an identification of human nature through all the various habits of education and religion, under all climates and all governments, would be to deny what all mankind concur in acknowledging, the invincible power of custom; and to maintain that moral and physical causes have no influence on the mind and faculties of man.

IN the instance, however, of the European world in India, the same observation may be applied to them on this question, as to the champions of chivalry; that the object is altered, while the motive or principle of pursuit remains the same. Horace tells us, that the traveller

changes his climate, not his disposition. The Observer will not at present discuss this aphorism of the polite satirist; but hopes in the investigation in his following numbers, of the subjects proposed in his motto, it will be found as true as it is polite; and that *local knowledge* may be acquired from local change, without real alteration of disposition or sentiment.

P.

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No. III. — SEPTEMBER 23, 1793.

*Hoc erat in votis.*

MORACE.

*This was my wish.*

MR. OBSERVER,

Nothing could be more apropos to the sentiments with which I was impressed by your first number, than the subject of your second. *Wishes* are the theme you propose in the letter to consider; and a *wish* was the sentiment I was inspired with by the former;—a very sincere *wish* to be thought worthy the correspondence of the *Observer*, and to contribute as much as in my power to relieve the labour, and assist the plan of his observations.

THE novelty of your undertaking, in this country, is no less attractive, than its advantages promise to be useful and pleasing to the public. Its difficulty, however, of periodical performance, which you have so well *observed* upon, must be so readily admitted, that I conceive it to be as readily resolved to lessen it as much as possible, by those, who even "*think*

*they can write.*" Without pretending to stand so high in my own conceit, I have assumed courage, however, to propose myself as an humble recruit, with hearty zeal at least for the service, to stand in the gap perhaps, when you have not time to bring up better troops: for I imagine it very possible, that in some forced marches the *Observer* may not be always ready to move with the *Hircarrab*. If you find me effective enough to be of any use, I am entirely at your command; place me if you please at the head of the column, to take off the fire; and the critics shall find me at least as serviceable as Falstaff's forces,—"*food for powder.*"

It were devoutly to be wished, Mr. *Observer*, that the desires of men could be, in the first place, regulated by reason, so as to be directed to worthy objects; and secondly, that they were pursued with spirit, and constancy, so that the objects might be speedily attained and fully enjoyed. The listless languour of expectation palls upon the wasted faculties, and the spirits evaporate in protracted imagination. Delays produce doubts and fears, even as to the merit of what has been long in contemplation; the object of pursuit ceases finally to be an object of desire; and instead of the comforts and satisfaction it originally promised, brings, perhaps, disgust and disappointment; or at best, sinks into a passive and careless possession, without taste or enjoyment.

I HAVE pointed my remark on this latter subject rather to the mode of pursuit, than to the nature of the objects; because, in this country at least, the latter do not appear to be so various, as the former is interesting. It has been observed of our neighbours the Dutch, and our predecessors the Portuguese, that their views have been directed to permanent esta-

blishment in their Indian settlements ;—but it may be very generally asserted, I apprehend, as to our contrymen, that if not absolutely affected with the *maladie de Suisse*, so as to sicken with desire to return, yet that it is a very strong and prevalent sentiment, and a hope frequently and fondly indulged, on their arrival in this country. But experience may be appealed to on the question, whether the desire continues equally strong, whether the object be pursued with due activity and constancy, or even whether it be embraced when within reach ? Perhaps the *amor patrie*, like all other affections, as most philosophers assure us, suffers the diminishing influence of time, and absence. The object itself indeed, in some degree, sustains an inevitable change, in the loss of friends and oblivion of acquaintances;—but the general effect on the whole certainly is, that the anxious wish at first highest in the heart, beating with recent recollection of the objects long nearest and dearest to it, becomes less and less ardent, not only in proportion as time lessens and lulls the attention, but as different objects arise to divert it.

How often do we see the original object gradually diminished, and apparently annihilated, in instances of the possessors of large fortunes; who either remain in this country till they lose all faculty of enjoying them in Europe, or mistaking the line still more widely, sacrifice the end to the means, and die in India, in preparing a rich return to their native country.

WHAT has been suggested, however, on this subject, especially as to the decrease of desire for returning to happiness at home, it is hoped will not by any means be universally applied. Particular circumstances or situations occur, to counteract general causes; and even the general causes that have been mentioned are

not without exception, as to their effects. There are affections which are never absent from the objects beloved; and the affliction of true affection, impossible to be diminished by any cause, is multiplied by time and distance.

If wealth, however, be the principal end of pursuit in this country, it is not the only one: Martial renown, political consequence, literary fame, all spread their brilliant allurements, and inspire the generous wish. And it may be remarked in India, more perhaps than in the variegated scene of Europe, these great pursuits are cultivated in general, in a high strain of honour, and disinterestedness, and their objects attained generally with acknowledged merit and deserved success:—and if pursuit of the general object of fortune be sometimes carried too far, and continued too long, it is pleasing, however, on the other hand, to observe, the wise and moderate conduct which knows when and how to stop. The mistaken maxim, that there is more pleasure in the pursuit than the possession, invented probably as a palliative for disappointment, seems to have deceived those keen fortune-hunters, who neglect the game after they have run it down. Lord Bacon thought more wisely, who said that,—“*hope was a pleasant breakfast, a tolerable dinner, but a very bad supper.*”

I am, Mr. Observer,

Your obedient Co-adjutor,

P. CO-OPATOR.

No. IV. — SEPTEMBER 30, 1793.

————— *Where Hope resides,  
There ever follows her pale sister Fear.*

HARTSON'S COUNTRY OF SALISBURY.

IN the profound economy of the human mind, perhaps there is no subject of which the consideration is in itself more curious, or in its consequence more useful, than the *proximity of the passions*. Even those which appear on a cursory view to be most distinct in their progress, and different or even contrary in their nature, will be found from more minute examination wonderfully connected and allied; flowing from the same source, though directed through distinct channels of operation, and assuming various colours as they proceed; and governed by the same object, though the mode of regard be different. Like the mathematical curvature of the *parabola*, constantly accompanying its right line neighbour; though of different form and quality, always tending towards the same object; and for ever coinciding.

REFLECTION on this subject may check the pride of the casuists, who arrogate merit to what is perhaps purely accidental; or, at the best, only a secondary quality of action; as colour is of substance. Passions, abstractedly considered, are neither virtues nor vices. They are the dispositions of the mind, implanted by Nature: differing, it is true, in degree and vigour, in proportion to the various constitutions of mind and body with which the Author of human nature has diversified his creation; but more different in the courses they pursue, according to acci-

dental situations or original impressions; as early example may have suggested, or as may have been inculcated by education and habit. It is then that their character as criminal or praise worthy comes into consideration; and it is evident that their merit is to be appreciated, according to the use which is made of them as the great instruments in the intercourse of life. Let not however their consanguinity be forgotten, though their conduct and merit be essentially different.

The profligate son was of the same pious stock with those who needed no repentance; may not a perverted passion be also considered with kindness and reclaimed with effect, when rejecting the dross and husks of error, it returns to the feast of reason.

Of the dispositions of the mind, which are really very near to each other, though apparently distant, it has been frequently said, that pride and meanness are remarkable instances. Though I do not think the observation exactly correct, it is too favourable to my general position to be entirely given up. They may, I believe, truly be considered, as mutually subservient, and indeed reciprocally productive of each other. The species of pride intended here (for all honest and virtuous pride is certainly out of the question) existing only for ostentation to "*stupid stagers and their loud buzzes*," would pay any price of private infamy for public pomp and parade. Meanness, on the contrary, when elevated by the caprice of fortune, substitutes empty pride to real dignity; or even in its original baseness, revenges the servility it pays, by subordinate arrogance and petty tyranny to its wretched inferiors.

IMPRESSED with the sincerest regard for the sex, it is difficult for an admiring *Observer* to associate the idea of meanness to any female description: even of those, who are hypocrites of its virtue, and traitresses to its charms. But it must be owned that the pride of prudery is proverbial, and the stilted affectation of outrageous virtue, which ever since *Lear's* old time, "*shrinks even at pleasure's name*," proudly spurning every public advance of the tender passion, condescends humbly with Christian charity, if legends lie not, to extend its private and promiscuous benevolence.

AMBITION and avarice would seem to be as remote in their nature, and as contradistinguished in their principle and object, as any two dispositions of the mind. Yet, however more brilliant the colours and *costume* of the one than of the other, they will be found wonderfully to approximate in their design and composition. In support of this apparent paradox, the fact might be observed, of their often finding their place in the same breast. Two notable instances occur, in modern and ancient history, of equal avarice of military glory and private profit. The princely possessor of *Blenheim*, while he directed the storm and decided the fortune of war, was no less attentive to his own. He "*saved a nation, and he saved a groat*." Nor were the occasional attentions of his *Grace's* prototype, the victorious *Crassus*, less famous or certain. While his Roman eagles pursued the defeat, not a Roman in the ranks was more attentive to the plunder of the flying Parthian.

BUT without insisting on examples, let these leading qualities be fairly considered in the abstract; and let the consideration be divested of the glare which surrounds the one, and the prejudicial mist that obscures the other.

distinction and pre-eminence are the objects of both; and ardent attention and unwearied perseverance are their mutual principles. It is true, that the pre-eminence ambitioned by the one, and the distinction covered by the other, are somewhat different in their specific nature. But this is rather a nominal than a real objection to the position, and is founded more on accident than on any intrinsic or essential difference. If Charles of Sweden had been the son of a grocer in Cheapside, his ambition might have been a *plum*; and the same genius which baffled *Peter*, and astonished Europe, we may fairly presume would have succeeded round St. Paul's, and filled at least the prætorian chair of London. "Let me stand on my cash-chest," said an ambitious little hero of the counting-house, "and I warrant you I will stand as high as the proudest statue of them all." Had this knight of the ledger trailed a pike at Stockholm instead of a pen in Lothbury, he would have been as attentive to glory in the one as to credit in the other; and might have died at Pukowa as comfortable as he lived at Dulwich.

OF other prominent passions of the mind, some future opportunity may occur to furnish some discussion. In the mean time, I cannot dismiss this paper without observation of the two most active and interesting in all the concerns of life.—Without the excellencies of Montaigne, it would be unpardonable to imitate only his defects; one of which, that he is most famous for, is a perfect inattention to the subject promised in his motto. Mine so elegantly describes the relation between the seemingly contrasted passions of *hope* and *fear*, as to leave me little to add. An appeal to his own bosom will remind every feeling person of the anxiety of *hope*, of doubts invented by the ingenuity of affection, and magnified by sensibility into apprehension and *fear*.

It is remarkable, likewise, that the more ardent and anxious the *hope* may be, so must the attendant *fear* of losing its object be more importunate. Can any anxiety equal that of the expectant lover, lest any wayward accident of fate, envious of his bliss, utterly unimagined, however, by any other mind, should interfere between him and happiness?

If such be the *proximity of the passions*, let due consideration be used to distinguish them, and candour to appreciate; and, if such be their power, let proportionate care be exerted to regulate and direct them. Let it be remembered, according to the expressive metaphor of our moral poet, that they are only "*the gales of life*," and let reason stand to the helm.

P.

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No. V. — TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1793.

Percunclatorem fugito, namque idem garrulus est.

*The curious shun, unless you wish to hear,  
Your secret buzz'd from his to ev'ry ear.*

MY DEAR MR. OBSERVER,

As I am sure you could not have so much knowledge without having a great deal of curiosity, I hope I shall find an able advocate in you, for the defence of that laudable and useful quality, which yet some dull and envious persons affect to condemn. Is it not astonishing that any pedants can yet be found, in the eighteenth century, Mr. *Observer*, (if it be really the eighteenth,

for you must know there is some doubt on that point, suggested by some *curious* reasoners, who question whether it can be fairly concluded!—What do you think, Mr. *Observer*?) but, whatever it be, is it not extraordinary that any one can persist in the antiquated prejudice of the advantage of study, and the wisdom to be found in mutsy old books? It has always been my favourite maxim, that an acquaintance with men and things is a thousand times more useful. Even Mr. Pope, though so great a writer of books, acknowledges, as *Dick Shallow*, from College, observed the other day, “*the proper study of mankind is man.*”

I THINK it must be admitted, in candour, that real learning, as to any present purpose, is the knowledge of what is present and actually going forward, rather than of what is past and gone. What interest can we now have in enquiring into the conduct and conversation of old fashioned ancestors, who died two or three centuries ago? Especially as there are many, whom I cannot find, on the most curious enquiry I can make, to have had any ancestors at all:—but in any case, what can the living have to do with the dead? Unless, perhaps, in an innocent interview now and then with a good natured ghost, that may come to satisfy a friend's curiosity. But what living satisfaction can one have, in any modern assembly, in discovering the secrets, even of a maid of honour, among the antiquated ruffs of old Elizabeth's Court?

Now, as you must no doubt have some curiosity at least about your curious correspondent, and as I never keep my friends in suspense on these occasions, the following is my short history.

THE consequence of my favourite maxim was not, as you may easily imagine, very favourable in my younger years, to my Greek and Latin:—but though I had little acquaintance with Helen or Dido, I was perfectly versed in the history of every family in the neighbourhood. If my school-master made me suffer for my want of classical curiosity, I was amply rewarded, however, by the favour of some of my mother's female friends, especially an old aunt, who took such a tender concern in the interest of their neighbours, that they were quite unhappy if not acquainted with every thing that was done, said, or whispered, among them. My father, who was a respectable apothecary, and from whom I derived probably some ingredients of my curious disposition, was very anxious that I should acquire Latin enough to improve on his *Materia Medica*, and pursue the more learned profession of Physic.

EXCEPTING a total ignorance of the profession, and an absence of all learning derived from reading, some of my friends flattered me that I was tolerably well qualified:—but the two objections I mention, appearing to have some weight, I was indulged by my father in the pursuit of my favourite maxim, and commenced my studies of men and things. Notwithstanding various difficulties and mortifications, which you know all studies are subject to in the outset, I proceeded with tolerable success; till being perhaps a little too much encouraged in my own opinion, I began to extend the circle of my lucubrations. Then, Sir, I began to find an extraordinary effect of my own advanced knowledge. In proportion as my thirst of learning increased, I found myself in new difficulties and embarrassments. How often has my head narrowly escaped being broken, only for popping it into some friendly

place of retirement, that I might know a little of what my friends were doing. I was at one time taken up for a spy, when I was only listening to some family anecdotes of a clerk of the treasury; and at another, I was near being sent to Newgate as a shop-lifter, or house-breaker, only because I was lurking about the door of a banker, who had stopped payment, that I might learn some of the particulars from the servants:—and, I find marvellously of late, that most companies, on my appearance among them, are as silent as a quaker's meeting: a *gentleman* would not even answer me a few days ago, when I asked him, if his wife's grand-father had not been a shoe-maker?

STILL, Mr. *Observer*, I am not discouraged in my maxim, though I confess I cannot say from experience, that this inquisitive pursuit of other people's affairs is a *curiosa felicitas*:—but, perhaps, there may be some safer medium to adopt—between the old dead letter of learning, which I cannot endure with patience; and the living spirit of curiosity, which I find I cannot indulge with safety.

I shall be very curious to know your opinion, and remain,

Mr. *Observer*,

Your most obedient servant,

KITT QUIZ.

P.

¶ The *OBSERVER* is much flattered, both by the favour of his friend, Mr. *Quiz*'s correspondence, and the ingenuity of his enquiries. For the former, he is no less curious than Mr. *Q.* for its continuance; as to the latter, it would require more time than the present press of business can permit, or the business of the press afford, to point out the medium in detailed commendation, that Mr. *Quiz* desires.

The *OBSERVER* takes the liberty of suggesting in general, that by a careful perusal of magazines and reviews, he may indulge curiosity, and avoid personal impertinence; and be perfectly secure from what he so much deprecates, learned research and scientific acquirement.

With much pleasure and many thanks, the *OBSERVER* accepts and favours his readers with the following letter.

*Stemmata quid faciunt.*

JUVENAL.

It was once asserted, by that great moralist and shrewd observer of men and manners, Dr. Johnson, that, "*there is generally a scoundrelism about a low man.*" Taking for granted, that by a *low man* he meant a man of low birth and education, I cannot possibly be pleased with his harsh assertion. This would be, indeed, to make the amiable virtues, which so highly adorn human nature, to be inherent in the children of elevated rank, and honour; and integrity, to be hereditary.—Nothing can be more pernicious than to hold such unfavourable notions of human nature, as to place its highest advantages in those extrinsic ornaments, which are calculated only to raise the pride of the high-born and affluent, into arrogance, and to check the spirit of emulation in the children of poverty.

To bestow the odious term of scoundrel upon a man, merely because he has derived no casual honours from his ancestors, is to make nature arbitrary, and to subject the inferior classes of mankind to a state of abject dependence, and even slavery to the higher.

ENGAGED pretty much with the lower orders of man, I must do them the justice to say, that I have more frequently found among them hearts animated with the purest sensibility, and minds directed by the noblest principles of honour, than among those that would fain arrogate those fine qualities entirely to themselves.

My valuable friend, *Arnulphus*, is one of those, who owes what he is and possesseth, to his indefatigable industry and just dealing. Though born and bred in the low walk of life, unacquainted with the arts of elegant refinement and polished manners; unblest with any other education than what was just sufficient to enable him to carry on business; and surrounded with a variety of difficulties, originating from the want of fortune and friends, he ventured into trade; and, by persevering in a regular line of conduct, guiding himself by the principles of prudence and honour, he has raised himself to a state of independence, and gained a credit diffused and unblemished, much more honourable than that which derives itself from high birth and elevation of rank. His private manners have been so uniformly affable and unaffected, his appearance, and that of his family, so unostentatious, and yet becoming his circumstances, that he has obtained universal respect; so that none but the worthless are shy of being esteemed *Arnulphus's* friends. For my part, I consider, and I hope I shall always consider, it as one of the chief pleasures of my life, to be connected with this truly worthy character in the ties of the closest intimacy and friendship. However greatly I esteem the company of those elevated characters, who condescend to honour me with their regard, and the conversation of the literati, who favour me with their acquaintance and familiarity; yet the company and converse of my *Arnulphus*, are much more agreeable. With him I can be free and unreserved; and though not versed in learned lore, and the affairs of the polite world, yet his observations, the produce of native good sense and a strong understanding, upon men and things, afford me more solid improvement, and real entertainment, than I generally meet with in the circles of the genteel and wise.

Now, should the peremptory unproved assertion of the great moralist, direct any person's notice of, or behaviour, towards such a character as that of *Arnulphus*?

THE pride of birth and affluence may, indeed, swell against the industrious founder and erector of his own fortune, and condemn him on account of the obscurity of his origin; but the more liberal-minded and intelligent observer of human life, will yield a much greater share of *real* respect to men of *Arnulphus's* character, than to those who have little else to boast of, but those adventitious circumstances which have not a single particle of merit attached to them.

VIEWING the general number of respectable distinguished characters in *India*, we shall find, I believe, that by far the majority were, originally, what is termed of low extraction; and in every place where industry meets with that respect as to entitle the worthy industrious member of the community to general favour, the commercial men are most commonly observed, to be guided by principles of honour and integrity.

THE assertion, then, which I have thus thought proper to censure, must be considered as degrading of human nature, contrary to reason and experience, and highly unworthy of the venerable character who uttered it; whose own example was its best confutation, and whose works have been of the most signal service to the interests of virtue and literature, and will remain the perpetual honour of the English nation and language.

I am,

Mr. Observer,

A FRIEND TO INTRINSIC MERIT.

NUMBER VI. — OCTOBER 15, 1793.

Gaudia, discursus : —————

JUVENAL.

*The joys of reason and the joys of sense.*

POPE.

THE *ci-devant* gay and airy neighbours of Great Britain conceived a distinction contrasting the human faculties, more happy in expression than any I recollect in our vocabulary, in their *La Physique* and *La Morale*. It is by due attention to these grand constituents of our nature, that the happiness of the whole is consulted and secured. And it appears, that the partial sect of philosophers who in their respective definitions of the *Summum Bonum*, or *Chief Good*, regarding only one or the other, gave a very imperfect consideration to the question. Certainly, if it were merely a subject of comparison, there could be little hesitation on the point of preference to whatever relates to the mental faculties and qualities of the soul. Not only the gentle and qualified doctrine of the Platonists, but even the rigid and ruthless virtue of Zeno; not alone the elegant wisdom of those literary sages who placed their chief happiness in the delights of learning, but even the studious doubts and perplexities of the Pyrrhonist, must be admitted to be of nobler nature, and directed to worthier objects, than any sensual system of the Epicurean school.

BUT unfortunately, all sects and sectaries are too much attached to their particular systems, and there is generally as little toleration in the reasonings of philosophers as in the polemics of

religionists. The accomplished Tully himself, descends from his eloquent rostrum to the disputing school, and becomes almost a railer against the stern and stoical tenets of Cato. A coalition between the orator and the patriot would have perfected the constitution of philosophy, and produced what the Roman poet better imagined, and what is so comprehensively expressed by our own,

*"The joys of reason and the joys of sense."*

SOME of my readers will recollect to have seen in Rousseau, and perhaps to have heard sometimes in argument, the discussion of the important question—how these rationally united pleasures are best to be attained in the intercourse of society. The distinction will readily occur, that this question does not intend a comparison of the different gaieties and amusements of life, but relates to the manners and circumstances of social converse.

THE partiality which men generally feel for the customs of their own country, would lead to quick decision on a subject, of which the several parts are in a great degree characteristic of different countries. The gravity and sobriety of a Spaniard would be as little reconciled to the hilarity and convivial enjoyment of an English table, as the vivacity and gallantry of a Frenchman to the Dutch phlegm, or that heaviness of character which they have proverbialised in their German neighbours, *lourd comme un allemand*. But as there are sub-divisions of manners in each country, and classes of disposition in each, differing from the patriotic character, so there will be differences of opinion on this subject in the same society. The French-Dutchman will, equally with the Parisian, condemn the Belgic manners

and comparatively unsoftened society ; and there may be an English-spaniard, who will condescend from the dignity of reserve and retirement, and come into the social pleasures of life.

It is evident that the English and French manners bear a much nearer resemblance than those of any other two countries ; but even in them a very considerable difference was to be found in the leading traits of character, and conduct of society. In France, attention to the *sex* was an universal principle, and governed in a great measure, through all situations and degrees. If the Salique law excluded females from the Crown, they were amply recompensed by the laws of manners and fashion, which conceded to them every thing else : without them there was no society ; they were the pleasure of all parties, the objects of general regard, and the arbitresses of taste ;—and if the consideration here were not confined to manners in society, it might be added, that female influence has been often felt, unfortunately perhaps, too much, in the higher sphere of politics in France.

WHETHER this general attention to the *sex* were overstrained or not in that country, it is certain that in England it has not prevailed in the same degree. Instead of the constant accompaniments at the *promenade* and even the *toilette*, the *petit souper*, and all the parties ; the pleasures of the *chace* or *course* if in the country, of *politics* if in town, and of the *table* in both, separate the sexes for at least some part of the day. The very idea of a *club*, where honest *John Bull* passes so many hours with his neighbours, was unknown in France ; and the English name, which they have adopted, makes rather an awkward figure in its new dress—*les clubs*.

THERE can be no doubt of the reciprocal advantage as well as happiness in their mutual society: but it is perhaps equally certain from the difference of their qualities by nature, that their pursuits and manners, and many of their pleasures in society, ought to be different. The ladies ought to leave to the gentlemen the six-barred gate, the political debate, and the battle; and the attendance of the gentlemen might be dispensed with at the toilette:—On the other hand, they ought not to sacrifice either business or health, to reason or *Bacchus*. They ought to enjoy on reflection the social hour, sacred to friendship; and to mix with convivial pleasure,

*“ The feast of reason and the flow of soul. ”*

THE apprehension of the abuse, is often a reason for dissuading the use: but, I apprehend, it will not require much ingenuity to disprove the consequence. Let the subject in question be tried by Rousseau's rule and reasoning, and I believe the judgment will be in favour of the English custom, of men dedicating at least some time to social converse with each other.

*“ The rule of choice,”* he says, *“ is simple. When the good exceeds the evil, the subject ought to be admitted, notwithstanding its inconveniences; when the evil exceeds the good, it must be rejected, even with its advantages: ”*—And in discussions of the advantages and disadvantages of the social circles ( *Les Cercles* ) of his favourite Geneva, the eloquent philosopher proceeds to give the following opinion, with which, without presuming to give any of my own, I shall conclude this paper.

“ \* Every intemperance is vicious, and espe-  
 “ cially that which deprives us of the noblest of our  
 “ faculties. Excess of wine degrades the man; it ren-  
 “ ders him at first an idiot, and at last a brute: but,  
 “ after all, the taste of wine is not in itself a crime,  
 “ nor is it often the cause of crimes. It attacks the  
 “ reason, not the heart—† and for one transient  
 “ quarrel that it produces, it forms an hundred  
 “ lasting attachments.—Generally speaking, drin-  
 “ kers of wine are frank and cordial:—they  
 “ are almost universally good souls; and excepting  
 “ their failing, correct, just, faithful, brave and  
 “ honest fellows. Can as much be said for the vices,  
 “ substituted in its stead? Or will any one pretend  
 “ to render a whole city a faultless race, and cor-  
 “ rect in every thing? How many seeming virtues  
 “ are often the cloak of vices? The wise man is  
 “ sober from temperance, the rogue by design.—In  
 “ countries of flagitious manners, of intrigues, trea-  
 “ sons, and adulteries, the guilty dread an unguarded  
 “ state, where the heart is shewn without disguise  
 “ or care; and it is an universal truth, that those  
 “ who have the greatest horror of excess in drinking,  
 “ are they who have the greatest interest in guarding  
 “ against it. It is liked at Geneva, and abhorred  
 “ at Naples; but at bottom which is the more dan-  
 “ gerous, the intemperance of the Swiss or the re-  
 “ serve of the Italian?”

P.

\* Lettre de J. J. Rousseau a M. d'Alembert, sur les spectacles.

“ † Let us not calumniate even faults. Is not this in itself sufficiently  
 “ disgusting? But wine, instead of inspiring wickedness, discovers it. He who  
 “ slew Clytus in a drunken fit, killed Philotas in cool blood. If drunkenness has  
 “ its mad excesses, are not all the passions guilty of theirs? The difference is,  
 “ that the former blazes, and is extinguished in an instant, while the others  
 “ lie hid in the bottom of the soul. Excepting the sudden and transient gust  
 “ of rage, which is easily avoided, he says that he who commits wicked actions  
 “ when drunk, hatches wicked designs when sober.”

NUMBER VII. — OCTOBER 22, 1793.

*Ut pictura, poesis.*

HORACE.

*Like painting, poetry.*

THE observation of Mr. Locke will hardly be controverted, when he remarks, that neither the diffuseness of description nor exactitude of definition, can convey to the mind so perfect an idea, as the actual exhibition to the senses of the subject itself:—and the opinion of Horace, in his critical epistle to the Pisos, is well known; that the mind cannot be affected in so lively and sensible a manner through the slow channel of the ear, as by the faithful impression of the sight.

Two so high authorities must have great weight in the consideration of any question; and their opinions would seem to concur, if applied in the comparison of the arts of *Poetry* and *Painting*, to give a preference to the livelier charms of the younger sister, as more expressive and engaging:—yet it is not, I believe, certain that such is the decision; nor perhaps will the opinions that have been quoted apply fully to the whole question, of the comparative excellence of the rival arts. The remarks of the philosopher and the critic, are evidently correct, as to material objects that can be immediately submitted to the sense; but they may not be applicable to the ideal subjects or qualities, which constitute the sublime province of the art, both of the poet and the painter. The personal perfections of Achilles might be more ac-

curately delineated by the latter, than they could be by any poetical description; but it may be a question, whether even the pencil of Apelles could array him in the sublimity of character which distinguishes the hero of Homer.

ILLUSTRATION of one subject by another has always been found the most pleasing, and therefore the most successful mode of explanation, if not fancifully and too far pursued. It is not by the discovery of a fortuitous resemblance, which may deceive and mislead, but by observation of a general parrallel tenour, that the knowledge of one subject, conduces to the investigation of another:—and in no two instances, perhaps, is the parrallel more real and founded in nature, than in the two elegant arts which are the subject of my motto. Their objects are the same, to record the actions and passions of men, and to describe their motives. Equally the vehicles of sentiment, the one arrests the flying word, and gives body to thought, while the other catches the transient glance, and fixes the character. The same qualities and powers of mind are requisite to both; taste for the beautiful and sublime of nature, and for the elegance of art; judgement to select subjects and circumstances, and learning and study to heighten and adorn them; fancy to amplify and illustrate; and, above all, genius to create.

ON the other hand, some remarkable points of difference occur, but not important to the essence of the subject; or rather it is on them that the subject of comparison is founded. *Painting* conveys her ideas by signs furnished by nature herself, which are therefore constant, immutable, and strike the intelligence at the first glance; while the sentiments of *Poetry*, on the contrary, are communicated by arbitrary sounds and characters; the impressions on the mind

from *Painting* are therefore more forcible and general; they are felt by most who can see, but those of Poetry are more various and comprehensive: and if they do not strike with such sudden and instantaneous effect, they fill the mind with more succession, and carry it without controul through time and space. For it is the privilege of immortal verse to pass the bounds which seem to limit other arts; commanding the past and the future to attend the present; and, scorning the bounded reign of existence, to explore the realms of chaos, and imagine new worlds.

THE painter, in *his* scene of action, being confined not only to a point of time, but to one place, is under the necessity of expressing all his ideas at once. His history, however comprehensive, must be told in one page; his heroes, however interesting, and their various characters, must be described in a sentence; and the whole must be comprehended at one view: which, if it fail of instant effect, has no resource in change of scene, or in the reinforcement of more judicious variety. He is obliged to bring up all his forces at one attack, and to risk his fate on a single charge.

THE poet, in *his* continued work, has the varied advantage of what the great critic describes in his rule for an epic poem, '*a beginning, a middle, and an end.*' If the simplicity of narrative fatigue, the vivacity of action succeeds to animate the reader's attention: if his sensibility be affected, even to pain, by the exquisite distress of Andromache, with her infant Hector, in her almost widowed arms, he follows the hero to the battle, and sees the plumed helmet which had frightened the child towering through the hostile ranks. Even though "*old Homer*

*should sometimes slumber,"* as the Roman critic remarks, he fails not to recover soon with renovated wing, to resume the flight of genius, or pursue the course of wisdom.

SUCH being the comparative advantage of the poet, the question is, whether the respective superiority of the painter, in general and instant effect, be sufficient to counterbalance it, and to give him on the whole equal sway over the mind. In this a distinction must be observed as to the talents and taste that are to be affected by the rival arts. To enjoy the beauties of Poetry, a more refined and cultivated understanding would appear to be necessary, than is required to feel the effect of a fine picture. A very elegant writer on this admirable art, remarks, that "*what Tully observes of an excellent orator, may be as justly said of an excellent painter; his superiority will be evident to the least intelligent judges.*"

INDEED, the orator himself, recommending his favourite theme, in his speech for his friend Archias, the poet, says, that "*all the polite and classical arts have a certain common connexion, and are held together, as it were, by a natural relation.*" Evidently, however, the means by which they address the same passions, are different: but the more direct and obvious the means, it follows, that the effect will be the more sudden, and at first more strong. The eye interprets instantly to the mind, the ideas represented by signs and characters of nature herself; but a certain effort of understanding is required to assist the operation of arbitrary marks and sounds. To prove the effect of Painting more general as well as more impressive, the fact is, every man has an eye to be pleased; but, on the other hand, there are certainly some, it is to

be hoped not many, who

"Have no music in their souls ;"

and more, perhaps, who are utterly indifferent to the charms of Poetry ; which, it may be observed, is peculiarly allied to Music.

On the natural relation of the arts, seems to be founded the critical rule recommended by Mr. Addison, which would save many poor ideas the torture they suffer from unmerciful imaginations. He advises to try the poetical image by the painter's art ; and never to admit a metaphor in writing, which would not have a natural and pleasing effect on canvas. It is amusing to apply this rule to some of the *fustian so sublimely bad*," that used to *cut such figures* in Grub-street. For to do justice to modern genius, its excesses seem to be in the other extreme, with its modest brethren, Pope's worthies of Fleet Ditch,

"Sinking sublimely deeper in the mud."

I CANNOT conclude this paper, as an *Indian Observer*, without the pleasure of adverting to the approaching union of the arts which have been the subject of it. The *Theatre* is the chosen temple where this happy union is most intimately formed ; and it is with sincere satisfaction that every admirer of elegant amusement must regard the revival of theatrical entertainments in this society, where they have flourished with peculiar success.

P.

## NUMBER VIII. — OCTOBER 29, 1793.

Sic vos, non vobis —

*Thus generous you, for others.*

I HAVE many thanks to return to my two Correspondents, whose letters fill this Paper.

On ALAZAR's subject, I may not perhaps be strictly an impartial *Observer*, as I confess I have some obligation to one of the Prints he alludes to; if it were no more than for the weekly corner it affords my observatory:—but I have the pleasure of agreeing with his sentiments in general, though not entirely with his reasoning on the scenes, comparatively favourable to *observation*. The forest, I apprehend, and not the garden, furnishes the sport. But I will not anticipate my reader's pleasure. My young friend, young JOE, is a way.—But I shall be happy to have as many words with him as he pleases.

## TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

Scriptura parcite charit.

Juv. Sat. I. 12.

*In pity spare — THE PAPER.*

SIR,

AS I know not a more laudable ambition which can distinguish a man, than that which influences him to an exertion of his intellectual faculties, so I know not a more excusable deviation from the general deference he ought to possess, than the aspiring principle of argument. Argument kept up with delicacy, and supported under all the advantages of genius and education, must ever prove a perpetual source of improvement to the parties concerned, inasmuch as it opens the springs of invention and disquisition, and suggests notions of things, which in the calmer moments of reflection, we are apt to overlook.

ARGUMENT sensibly indulged between any two persons, may very reasonably be compared to a party at chess; where the judgment and

ingenuity are both constantly exerted, and where each, by carefully observing the particular motions and manœuvres of the other, can the sooner arrive at perfection in the game. Thus two minds by a continued exercise of their peculiar powers in finding out fresh subjects for controversy, and practising every mode of contradiction, secure to themselves a double degree of force, equally in the management of ideas and elegance of expression, and find no difficulty in answering many objections which might be started by the self-taught philosopher.

ARGUMENT is a subject, which opens so large a field for speculation and discussion, so far as it relates to its utility or disadvantage, that I shall leave it to abler hands, to comment thereon in the manner it deserves; nor should I have trespassed on your attention, *Mr. Observer*, in the present instance, had I not felt hurt at the strange misuse of it, lately, in two very entertaining papers.\* With grief have I observed the spirit of free and liberal discussion; the strength of regular and edifying controversy thrown aside, to give place to quibbles, epigrams, and puns, equally injurious to public satisfaction and private friendship, and without answering any one end, or contributing to any probable success. Reason and sense, like the frogs in the fable, may well exclaim, "*this may be sport to you, but it is death to us*;" and can it be otherwise, when it is so well known to every sensible division of society, and every lover of literature, that they may triumph in every grace and flow with purity, through those very channels, which suffer themselves to be so choked up.

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\* Where there is rivalry, there will be enmity. The *Courier* and *Hindostan*, the Paper in which this *Observer* was published, were at this period engaged in a frivolous contest very little to the credit of either.

I CANNOT see, myself, the absolute necessity of keeping up the spirit of opposition between two public papers, though no unexceptionable rule can be laid down for their perpetual concurrence. Many instances occur wherein the one may refute, very much to the satisfaction of the public, the mistakes of the other; especially such as too frequently regard deaths, marriages, &c.—I have known a father undergo all the agonizing tumults of affliction from an unguarded account of the death of a beloved child, which, however speedily contradicted, cannot so quickly repair that fracture in his constitution, which an immoderate, though transient grief, so often causes:—and how can the probable consequences be reconciled to the feeling disposition that might have erred? How many embarrassments equally distressing, may the abrupt annunciation of a marriage occasion? What delays? What suspicions may arise from female delicacy? What apprehension and solicitude in the lover's bosom? In politics, objections may be allowable, as partiality too frequently predominates, and clothes the fine reason of the orator in a garb of sophistry, which, perhaps, he never made use of; by these means concealing and glossing over its intrinsic value: whilst on the other hand, it may adopt a similar deception towards the fuller exposure of some trifling imperfections. Oppositions in this instance, therefore, may be attended to; not only with a view of indulging in pure and concise argument, and giving support to just and impartial criticism, but usefully employed in preventing that improper bias of the inclination towards great and deserving characters, or sinking the consequence of statesmen, who may be planning schemes for the greater security of our happy constitution.

It were unnecessary, Sir, to enter more fully on the subject, as your good sense and experience will immediately suggest numberless other instances which may properly admit the propriety of a newspaper dispute, so as to answer useful and improving purposes:—I cannot, however, suppress my surprize, that out of the many elegant essays, you have submitted to the public eye, I have not remarked one that more particularly appertains to little local occurrences, observations upon which would more justly stamp your work an *Indian Observer*,

“*Notandi sunt tibi mores!*”

and, with Horace, I would recommend an attention to them here. I am clearly of opinion, they would give ample scope for the justness of your criticisms, as well as the fulness of your approbation. Both the *Hircarrab* and *Courier* might then amuse themselves with the humour of their correspondents, that might afford an innocent diversion without substantiating the slightest enmity or pique; nor would they require the assistance of *Beefsteaks*, and epigrams, to give a relish to the homely fare of rational amusement. In a general survey of the manners, observations, schemes, entertainments, and perhaps *foibles* of a polite settlement, what variety may not be introduced? When I look back to that happy period which gave additional lustre to our country, under the auspices of a great and noble character; when I contemplate the mild, settled and excellent government of the brave troops under his command, giving an amiable grace to his manners, as a man, and calling forth their affections; whilst, in the general, he so decidedly challenged their unanimous respect and applause; I cannot help recollecting that it was at an era, alike memora-

ble, when Marlborough

*"Rode the waves of glory,"*

that our periodical writers first filled the sphere of literature; and as the one by the success of his arms laid a foundation, fit only for the support of commerce and liberty, so Addison and Steele enriched it with a superstructure, that called forth the powers of learning and genius, and equally contributed to the refinement of our morals, and the cultivation of the liberal arts.

You, Sir, have even greater advantages, for you cannot descend to the lower orders of society; and though your prospect be confined, it is clear; and as you can, by consequence, more easily distinguish a *blot* that may intercept it, so you can the sooner and more effectually remove it. The Spectator had a *wilderness* to bustle through, which required a constant eradication to render passable; you, a gay *parterre* to wander in, where every thing looks regular and beautiful; and through which, with very little attention to some stray *saplings* and useless *weeds*, you may walk with pleasure.

I SHALL conclude, Sir, by expressing my sincerest wish that the *Hircarrab* and *Courier* may henceforth jog on peaceably together, without either suffering an assault from the *horn* of the one, or the *staff* of the other.

I remain,

Mr. Observer,

Your constant reader and well wisher,

ALBERT

## TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

SIR,

You know, perhaps, much better than I do; but you will give me leave to shew my learning even on a light subject, by quoting Lord Bacon's sentiments on *bon-mots*:—as much read, I believe, as his *Novum Organum*.

In his little introduction to his collection of *apophthegms*, as he calls them, (to which by the bye Joe Miller, Esq. of merry memory, and all the subordinate quoters of quaint sayings, are greatly, though ungratefully indebted) he cites the testimony of Cicero in their favour; who *pointedly* honoured them with the appellation of *mucrones verborum*. And the learned Baron of Verulam proceeds to lament, after giving the due praise to the conqueror of the world for his ingenious research into the regions of wit, that the famous compilation of *apophthegms* by Cæsar, has not been coeval with his commentaries. Wit, it is to be feared, is not so well understood as war.

Without disparaging my great authority of St. Alban's, I must, however, take leave to dissent a little as to ancient *bon-mot*. I cannot, especially, for my life, admire the wit with which Aristotle drowned himself in the *Euripus*, because he had not wit enough to account for, or rather perhaps to doubt, the fact of its ebbing and flowing oftener than other waters. Though on the score of wit, the Stagyrte would have been absolved by his brother critic, Mr. Addison; for his dying *bon-mot* is just as good in one language as another. "*Si quidem ego te non capiam, tu capies me.*"—If I cannot comprehend you, you shall comprehend me.

WHEN Sir Thomas Moore on the block put his beard out of the way of the axe of the executioner, "*hoping THAT had not offended the King,*" and when Lord William Russel, going to the scaffold, and happening to wind up his watch, turned to his friend Tillotson, with the awful observation, "*now I have done with time,*" we admire something more than in the *jeu de mot*, of the philosopher of Euripus.

PLUTARCH, it must be confessed, has recorded some *better things*, according to the more emphatical English phrase, of some of his ancient friends; and the more sterling, because perfectly translatable, according to Mr. Addison's maxim, into *modern language*. The age of a celebrated toast in Rome was the subject of conversation; and it was doubted whether she were not older than her admirer supposed: but Cicero decided at once in her favour, by his certain knowledge, that she was no more than five and twenty, "*for he had heard her say so for ten years past.*"

ON the whole, however, I am inclined to agree with a friend; who, when another wondered that there were not more and better *jeu d'esprits* of the wits of antiquity transmitted to us, observed "*that they might have been very well tasted at first, but had not salt enough to keep.*"

BUT addressing you, Sir, as an *Indian Observer*, give me leave to suggest, whether a repertory of *Indian witticisms* may not be within the plan of your *observation*. You will not, I hope, mistake my meaning into *witty-schisms*; with which, perhaps, we have too much abounded already:—but the lover of *bon-mot* can have nothing schismatical in his disposition. *Good humour*, in terms, implies the contrary.

LET us anticipate the waggery of the jokers, who will foresee with an arch look, that there will be little to be found in the *repertory*; little observation for the *Observer*;—that his collection will be like Radcliffe's, at Oxford, a library without books; or like Rabelais' will, "*owing a great deal, with nothing to pay, and leaving all the residue to the poor*;"—or like Lord Burleigh's eloquence in the critic, orator mum! These merry rogues may have their jokes; but let us have ours. It is easier to *laugh at*, than to *laugh with*; but it is better to laugh in any way, than not to laugh at all. It is agreed on all hands, or more strictly speaking, on all *sides*, to be a marvellous wholesome exercise; a powerful promoter of perspiration in *long-shore winds*, or the monsoon, a friendly shake to the *liver*, and a sworn enemy to the *bile*.

BUT as Gay has it, example gains where precept fails. As an encouragement therefore to my brother *crannies*, I will offer an instance or two, which are remembered as good Company's jokes, from the Alpha to the Omega of the service; from the young writer to the old governor-general; whose wit was never *impeached*, whatever may become of his politics.—Of late there is fortunately no occasion, but in times of yore our honourable masters were very attentive to correct any appearance of extravagance in their young servants. Hearing that laced clothes were much in fashion in Fort Square, a sumptuary regulation was sent out against them. But a young gentleman who could not entirely divest himself of his favourite habits, still sported a gold *edging* on his coat; and defended it against the graver powers by maintaining "*that though LACE was prohibited, the order was not BINDING.*" In later days, when more important ordinances were meditated, not against the coat

but the pocket, the famous act of 1784 came out; the obnoxious objections of which, as to compulsory disclosure of property, were afterwards repealed, in consequence of representations from this country. The public were impatient for the news, which the governor general explained to be only "*A PITT-ANCE of English kindness to them.*"

BUT as I fear you will think this more than a pittance of partiality to my subject; and as I know that if it be a good one, a hint would be sufficient; I shall trespass with nothing further than the signature of

P.

YOUNG JOE.

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NUMBER IX. — NOVEMBER 5, 1793.

TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

*"Scribere iussit" Cacoëthes.*

MR. OBSERVER,

SOLITUDE and rainy weather are no doubt highly favourable to contemplation, and as I am fortunate enough to enjoy both these *desiderata* in an eminent degree, I have been for some hours past amusing myself with conjectures on a subject, which the more I think of, the more I am bewildered. At length it occurred to me, that a sage Observer, was of all others, the most likely person to solve my doubts; and as such, I take the liberty of requesting your kind assistance, in making me

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better acquainted with myself than I am at present. Know then, my good Sir, I am one of those unfortunate people, who labour under that most inveterate of all disorders, the *Cacoëthes scribendi*: It may here be necessary to remark, however, that when I call myself unfortunate, and the *Cacoëthes* a disorder, I by no means speak my real sentiments, but adopt this *façon de parler*, in compliment to the opinions of others. For my own part, I could wish this disease, ( if it is one ) to be infectious, that I might have the pleasure of communicating it to every friend I had in the world, with whose more important concerns it was not likely to interfere; and this from a thorough conviction that it would prove a source of much amusement to them, in situations where time might otherwise hang heavy on their hands. From what I have said, it is evidently not my intention to apply to you for a cure. No, Sir, all I want to know is, whence, in particular instances, this same *Cacoëthes* originates. We have been told by an excellent judge of human nature, that

“Pride often guides the author’s pen;”

but this I conceive is chiefly to be understood of controversial writers, or of those egotists who oblige the world with long stories of their own wonderful exploits:—to a more laudable ambition we are indebted for rich mines of literature, and to the *auri sacra fames* for books of every description. The rage of party, the sting of disappointment, and the restless goad of malice, all urge to the press, which but too often groans with their hopeful productions. It would be injustice not to add, that philanthropy and benevolence are with some authors the sole inducement to a publication of their thoughts or discoveries; anxious to preserve life, the *Humane Society* teach us to restore suspended ani-

mation, and even physicians prescribe without fee or reward; whilst urged by superior motives, the good divine adds precept to example; and both by his life and writings, points out the road to "*where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.*"

THE result, then, of all my laborious investigation seems to be, that the passions which exalt as well as those which degrade human nature, are alike accessory to this itch of Writing; and that a full grown bouncing *Cacoëthes* may proceed from either, according to the disposition on which it is to operate. But, my dear *Observer*, what has all this to do with scribblers, such as I, and a thousand others, whose attempts never soar beyond a few lines in the *Courier*, or *Hircarrah*.\*

To come more immediately to the point, however, I shall leave the other thousand to shift for themselves, and speak only in the first person.— I sometimes appear in the respectable publications above-mentioned, but the more effectually to screen myself from discovery, skulking under various signatures; which I hope will secure me from the imputation of vanity; and as in speaking of faults to which we are all liable, I never mean to abuse individuals, "*Qui capit ille facit*," quote I, and sit down satisfied that no malice will be laid to my charge. Whilst employed in this (I hope) harmless way, I neither feel myself actuated by any *mischievous intention*, nor by the visionary *hope of doing good*; and I believe you will allow, that gain is out of the question. Thus, without any ostensible motive, but incited merely by the *Cacoëthes*, do I sometimes scribble from morning to night:— Yet sensibly as I feel, and implicitly as I obey

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\* I though last, not least.

this powerful impulse, I must for ever despair of tracing it to its source, unless by your kind assistance, which I request you will afford me; that, as *scribble I must*, I may no longer continue to do it without knowing *why*.—Being aware of that self love which pervades the whole creation, I am prepared to hear something that may very ill accord with my present opinion of a person, whom (*the Editor of the Observer only excepted*) I esteem more than any man living.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient humble Servant,

IGNOTUS.

I CONFESS I am not a little puzzled by my new correspondent, while I consider myself at the same time highly flattered by the terms in which he is pleased to submit his queries to the *Observer*.

He will allow it is a very delicate subject, and requires much caution in the discussion. Even critics, who may be considered in the quaint phrase of an old writer, only as the "*serving-men of authors*," have been compared to hornets; ready with their whole nest of stings to revenge any attack. But of writers, the resentment may be apprehended as more formidable, as their reputation is more high. One of the most eminent authorities in the highest class, though his own good humour seems an exception to his opinion, describes them as a "*genus irritabile*;" and unfortunately they are in general sensible to censure in proportion as it is just;—not only tender, but sore, according to a famous political writer, in every point that touches their honour. If, however, they be thus subject to provocation, they are happily provided with the promptest means of retort; which are the same, it may be observed, as those with which Nature has furnished another irritable animal. The pen of a provoked writer is as ready as the quill of an angry porcupine; and what it wants in *point*, may be made up in *gall*.

Now, as I have a real regard, though in different degrees, for all labourers in the vineyard of letters, from the wheel-barrow-driver of manure and rubbish, to the head-gardener, who

"*Trims the quincunx and lets grow the vines.*"

I should be extremely sorry, to give any offence to any of my learned or literary brother-labourers, in the consideration of the subject proposed by my correspondent, the "*Cacoëthes scribendi*." I am glad, however, that he has adopted the old classical phrase, instead of a modern metaphor; the use of which, though perfectly innocent as to meaning, happened once to be attended with very serious consequences. The literary eminence of the northern part of Great Britain has been generally acknowledged. But when a gentleman observed, in discussing the subject, that there was indeed an universal *itch for writing* in that country, an honest Caledonian patriot could hardly be restrained from calling the critic to account, for the supposed national reflexion.—Our *Cacoëthes*, I hope, will be more fortunate.

It has been remarked, that none put such judicious questions for information so well as those who are previously informed; and of this, my ingenious correspondent appears to be a very happy instance. For he has so well pointed out several sources of the disposition he enquires into, that it is not easy to investigate it farther. And in the only part of the disquisition with which he seems to be unacquainted, he has no reason to be ashamed of ignorance; as it is stated, by the highest philosophical authority, to be the perfect and almost unattainable point of wisdom, *to know one's self*.

To the various causes which he has enumerated of the *writing propensity*, one perhaps may be added; that which JUVENAL predicates of his own poetry, "*Facit indignatio versum*;" which, however, I would not be understood to apply to the present instance, in the strong meaning or character of the Roman satirist. Qualified satire may be illustrated as severe benevolence; pointed without venom, and keen without asperity. It is in writing, what we admire in polished conversation as elegant raillery:—it wishes to correct, not to punish; and differs as much from acrimonious invective, as the remedial regulations of a legislator from the vindictive rescripts of a tyrant.

It would be contrary to the legal privileges of essay-writers, and would involve my present correspondent in a literary misnomer, to presume to know *Ignotus*; to whom, indeed, I have no other clue than his own account; and on that I hope it will be considered fair to make some grateful observation. As it appears, that he sometimes favours the public prints with his communications, I request he will continue to do so; especially as to one which he has favoured with a negative compliment, "*though last not least*." He is further requested to recollect, that his calling his own dis-

position a *Cacoëthes* is only a "*façon de parler*:" it is therefore hoped he will persevere in his *façon d'écrire*; and the public no doubt will join his wish, that the infection may be communicated,—as in another epidemical subjects,—where the matter is so good.

THE profound philosopher of the human understanding maintained, that definition should precede discussion; observing that if words were exactly understood at the outset, controversial folios might be reduced within a nut-shell. Luckily for the many who neglect his rule, an high authority contends on the contrary, that the definition ought to arise from the argument, as the conclusion sought for. Whether Mr. Locke, or the author of the *Sublime and Beautiful*, be right, the latter I believe has most followers; who put off the difficult hour of definition as long as possible. And in this case, it is hoped the reader has agreed with them. For if the former logical mode had been adopted, by defining the term when *Ignotus* took his *Cacoëthes*, and denied the *major*, all further proposition and discussion would have been cut off: for it certainly cannot in any explanation be applied to himself.

PERHAPS neither my correspondent nor reader is aware of the primary meaning of this famous term; from whence it would appear that the usual acceptation of it is merely figurative. It means originally a blotch or eruption of bad humours. Now, as such disorders are generally considered as only cutaneous, so the superficial discharge of the brain, which has such a prurient disposition to blot or blotch certain quantities of paper, may have acquired the metaphorical distinction of *Cacoëthes scribendi*. And this conjecture is somewhat confirmed by the similar phrase, which, as was observed above, gave offence to the Caledonian critic.

BUT it must be acknowledged, from its exact Greek etymology, that it will admit another and less refined explanation; according to the secondary sense which the expounders of words give to the term; by describing it as a bad habit or evil custom.

BUT for the credit of this country, it may fairly be observed, that whatever be its definition, it is by no means an epidemical disease. The indolence of the climate is a gentle lenitive; and pursuits of more substantial amusement, powerful alteratives. But duly considered as to consequences, it might perhaps be right to encourage rather than check it, when it does appear; unless it be, what it is hoped can seldom be the case, of a malignant nature. It is generally at least innocent; and may with a little proper attention, like some of its cutaneous cousins, be rather ad-

vantageous than hurtful to the constitution. Absolute idleness being the most dangerous state possible, the Latin proverb advises "*melius male quam nihil agere*;"—better to do a little wrong, than nothing at all.

I HOPE, on the whole, that my friend *Ignatius* will be no longer curious in searching the cause of what does not exist: but that, exercising the talents he possesses, when the *Cacoëthes* appears in others, he will correct the peccant humours by his precept, and animate the defective powers by his example.

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TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

*Sed multum abludit imago.*

YOU see, Mr. Observer, that I endeavour to tread, with classical motto at least, in your path; though *haud passibus æquis*: for I will not attempt a translation, as you do very kindly, for the benefit of us "country gentlemen;" as the phrase is.

BUT you, no doubt, will be curious to know what I allude to, with my *abludit*.—I'll tell you.

I HAD a nice little trunk-full of letters of recommendation when I came to this country, which I thought of more consequence than the Company's packet.—"*Stultus ego*," as Dick Random from College used to say. No matter for that, I am wiser now.

WHEN I landed on the beach, with my new cassimere waistcoat, &c.—strings dangling from my knees, and tight at my instep,—and the newest bushy bunch from Bond-street, at my throat, and my precious little trunk snug under my arm, I trudged up the strand in mighty haste to deliver the contents, in proportion to the rank of all the friends to whom they were addressed.

I MADE my best bow; and presented my letters, which I hope I need not add, were from the most respectable persons. There was Alderman Marrowfat, and Sir Thomas Lofty; Deputy Dumpling, and my Lord Lace.

VANITY apart, I must frankly avow to you, that my *premier abord* seemed to have great success. "How does his Lordship do?" "Is the worthy Alderman as *en bon point* as ever?" "I hope my friend Sir Thomas stands well with the Minister for the next election:"— "Indeed, I have great obligations to Deputy Dumpling in Leadenhall Street, and I shall be very happy."

I STRUTTED away to the punch house like a little Prince, an *Embryo Nabob*; though I confess I was a little surprised that my new friends, who were so happy, offered me neither a bed or a dinner—But says I to myself,— "People have a great style in this country. They are preparing all these things for me."

ALAS, Sir! *Volvenda dies*, as my friend from college used to say? After supping at the punch-house, and sleeping there with my golden and convivial dreams, I found myself next day at dinner, with only my dubash at my elbow,

Now, Sir, can you account for all this? For, though I have heard of a celebrated traveller in Ireland, I believe it was Mr. Twiss, who declared that that country had no claim to the praise of of hospitality for which it had been renowned, "for that he had never been asked twice to the same house," — I was never invited once.

Your most obedient,

KITT QUIZ.

As my curious correspondent professes himself wiser now than he was, probably he has not much occasion for my accounting "for all this." But, as the best comment on the subject of his enquiry, I beg leave to recommend to his perusal the following letter, from one of the best men in this or any other country, to a young gentleman who brought him letters of recommendation.

" SIR,

" I AM glad to hear that your friendships and mine are well, and to receive the intelligence from one who has so much of their good opinion. I shall be happy to cultivate your acquaintance; but you will give me leave to desire that it may be on your own account, not theirs. For the best letters of recommendation for a young man entering on public life, are his own qualities; and the best qualities are industry and integrity. I doubt not that you will always be furnished with them, in addition to those you have done me the favour to bring;—and I remain,"

&c. &c. &c.

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XI. — NOVEMBER 12, 1793.

*Pour moi, j'ai peine à concevoir comment on rend assez peu d'honneur aux femmes, pour leur oser adresser sans cesse ces fautes propos galans, ces compliments insultans et moqueurs, auxquels on ne daigne pas même donner un air de bonne foi;—les outrager par ces évidens mensonges, n'est ce pas leur déclarer assez nettement qu'on ne trouve aucun véritable obligé à leur dire?*

ROUSSEAU : à d'Alembert.

For my part, I can hardly imagine how men pay so little respect to women, as to dare to address them continually with these insipid topics of gallantry; with these compliments of insult and mockery, to which they do not deign to give even the semblance of sincerity. Thus to outrage their understanding with evident falsehoods, what is it but a pretty plain declaration that it is impossible to tell them any truth in their favour?

I AM not a little flattered by the success of a few hints that lately appeared in *The Observer*, relative to the disposition and enjoyment

of time in society; and I am the more so, as the subject has been honoured by the attention of that part of society which constitutes its highest happiness.

It seems, that the consideration having been suggested in a fair circle of friends, from what appeared in the paper alluded to, the conversation naturally turned on their own time and amusements, rather than on those of the gentlemen; and as my obliging communicant acquaints me, the course of it was, as might also be expected, influenced in some degree by the respective situations and qualities of the fair speaker; so that a critical observer might collect the character from the argument, and from the glance of a proposition discover whether the fair reasoner were married or single, young or old, learned or handsome.

BUT, as I am bound to secrecy on the particulars of the discussion, I shall make no further observation on the taste and eloquence which always distinguish a *Belle Assemblée* from any other; but will proceed, according to the request I am honoured with, in consequence of some points remaining undecided, to endeavour to furnish some additional hints on the important subject of the best œconomy and disposal of female time.

IMPARTIALITY is in all discussions essential to truth; and consequently, to any advantages that can be hoped from investigation. On the present subject, however, it is perhaps most difficult to be preserved. A certain irresistible bias in favour of the object of enquiry always prepossesses the enquirer to see failings in the most favourable point of view; and to regard merits and charms in the most exalted propor-

tion. The austereſt examiner cannot wholly divest himſelf of this partiality; for nature is more powerful than philoſophy. And this conſideration alone might be an argument of ſufficient encouragement to the female mind, to add the little that is required to complete and confirm its power, of contributing to ſocial happineſs. I would not be underſtood to inculcate, either, on the part of the men, that indifcriminate and romantic ſpirit of admiration, which is too often ſubſtituted to real taſte for female ſociety; nor to the ladies, that predominant paſſion of *being admired*, which ſometimes neglects the means of rendering their ſociety worthy of being ſo; but ſurely the facility with which they have the advantage of being enabled to effect that grand purpoſe, from the prediſpoſition of Nature in their favour, ought to be an incitement to them to purſue and ſecure it. It is theirs, in a conſiderable degree at leaſt, provided by the polite ordinance of Nature herſelf, to receive as a tribute, what men can acquire only by effort. But it is to be remembered, that the tribute is to be received, not extorted; nor be expected, except according to the laws of ſociety, which always require reciprocation of advantage: and, whatever the fancies of poetry may ſuggeſt, will equally condemn the *unreaſonable* deſpotiſm of a beauty at her toilet, or of a tyrant on his throne.

THE moſt rigid male philoſopher muſt allow what general conſent has eſtabliſhed as a proverbial truth, that the *powers* of converſation are more ready and more pleaſing in the female ſex than in his own. The ſame conſent concurs to concede to them, ſuperior faculty in what may be conſidered a companion to the other, epiſtolary compoſition; which in its beſt ſtyle, that is in their elegant hands, may be regarded as manuſcript converſation.

EVIDENTLY, therefore, Nature calls on these favourites of her creation, for the return she has a right to expect from their gratitude, and for their happiness, in her great family of *society* to which she recommends them. But as conversation forms one of its principal pleasures, and most constantly in enjoyment; and as they are endowed with superior qualities to excel, vivacity tempered by delicacy in the natural constitution of their mind, what injustice to themselves, and the societies they were designed to bless, if they neglect the means and the materials? Without them, the power is evidently useless. The Athenian artist could not have delighted the world with the charms of the Medicean Venus, if the marble of Paros had been wanting. Archimedes could have moved the world, if he could have found the means of applying his powers to it. Female power is not less efficient, when furnished with the materials of knowledge; and when studious of the true pleasure of pleasing, it exercises proper means of reading and observation, to acquire them.

FIRST, then, on the subject of occupation of female time, it would appear that books ought to have a distinguished place. And, as it may be advanced as an indubitable maxim, that both the advantage and entertainment of reading depend more on the author than on his professed subject, it might perhaps be laid down as a rule in consequence, that in the choice of books none should be found on the shelves of the young female reader, unless with the name of some approved author to give them sanction. This observance would exclude the whole family of anonymous story books, commonly called *novels*; from the multitude and inelegance of which, and above all their affected and false sensibility, it is wonderful that so many fair readers

should escape unhurt. Nothing can be a greater compliment to their original purity of mind and natural elegance, than being proof against so much intercourse with companions so unworthy of them.

If I might be indulged with leave to suggest the subject of reading which appears to unite the useful and the pleasing more than any other, I should point to the muse whom Mr. Addison selected for his signature to the spectator; the muse of history. *Clio* unites all the interest of her sister muses of the drama, with the maxims of truth, and doctrines of philosophy; whose precepts, in her sacred page, are recommended and fortified by the most brilliant examples, from the real drama of the world. Plutarch it may be presumed will be found rather more instructive, and not less entertaining than the lives and loves of a circulating library. The death of Arria with her husband, is surely as interesting, and at least as moral, as the modish exit of Eloisa, lamenting her lover and careless of her lord. Or, to come to examples nearer the present manners, is not the fourth Henry of France as respectable a rake as any noble *Rué de Paris*; and was not our own Sir Philip Sydney as accomplished a knight as even Sir Charles Grandison?

Rollin, who was no less a critic of taste than an historian of eminence, has proved how much the latter capacity contributed to the former. His *Belle Assemblée* owed much to his *Histoire Ancienne*; and certainly the subject received reflected advantage from the charms of the discussion. Never indeed can knowledge appear so lovely, as when adorned with female elegance; nor ever are the attractions of the sex so irresistible, as when beauty is refined by understanding.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XI.—NOVEMBER 19, 1793.

TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

Oὐρανὸν ἄνω ἔστιν.

Dreams descend from Jove.

MR. OBSERVER,

Of all the mental enjoyments in which mankind participates, there are perhaps but few that give a higher temporal satisfaction, than the anticipation of those pleasures for which we long have hoped. The budding rose of childhood blooms with gay delight, after the balmy shower of flattery; the full blown blossoms, the blushing glories of puberty, shoot into exuberancies with the genial gale of promise, and revel in all the felicity of actual possession; and even the venerable falling fruitage of age, with anxious solicitude wishes to procrastinate his fall; and every day he is happy, in anticipating the next.

It must be allowed, that such pleasures are often frail and transitory; and that the mortification which disappointment produces, sometimes overbalances the joy which the fleeting phantom caused.—But any thing in its excess is ominous, and every where man should be prepared for the event. He who luxuriates in abundance, has to expect evil, and should fortify his mind to receive the pressures of want. The favours of fortune are never permanent; pleasure and pain are inseparable concomitants; and as good is succeeded by misfortune, so is joy the follower of grief. Like the blue firma-

ment above us, our minds and fortunes are constantly changing. The sun that descends in glory amidst the serenity of an evening sky, frequently rises in the morning, through the gloom of clouds, and the rage of storms.

Whether real or imaginary, all pleasures are precarious; let not, therefore, those of the imagination, surely the most exquisite, be condemned as unstable, or dreaded as delusive: if their duration is short, their recurrence is frequent; if not lasting, they are at least ardent whilst they last; and though they breathe not a perpetual spring, they always yield a plentiful harvest. But the stoical apathy of Zeno, and the fiery impatience of Tantalus, are alike unqualified for such enjoyment; it is the moderate philosopher who can alone partake of them; he who can reason dispassionately without coldness, and glow with hope without catching fire.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the fastidious scrupulousness of the frigid reasoner, who tells his pupils not to be happy to day, because to-morrow they may be overwhelmed with sorrow: as well might he instruct people to despise every other comfort, every other pleasure of life; and to the soldier say, do not go to that amusement, have no share in this repast, for to-morrow you may fall in the field; to the sailor, do not go to sea, for you may be harrassed with troubles, and never more taste the happy sweets of your native land; to the merchant, do not venture so much money, for a storm may deprive you of the whole: and in like manner throw obstacles in the way of all other employments.—Such advice can alone proceed from a mind, either tinctured with superstition, or callous to sensibility; from a mind either obscur-

ed in all the melancholy madness of religion, or wrapped up in the principles of a wild philosophy of which Nature is as ignorant as himself.

I READILY grant, that mediocrity in our wishes should be observed; but the offspring of nature cherished by wisdom, ought at least to be checked with a lenient hand.

It may, perhaps, to some appear inconsistent, that what is not real should belong to Nature, and be authorized by wisdom. But with the assistance of my *motto*, I hope at once to elucidate the observation, brighten the mirror of fancy, and solve the fluctuation of doubt.

THE sensations of anticipated pleasure, are never felt with so much gratification as in our dreams; in our waking thoughts they excite joy, but in the still hour of slumber, they are productive of superlative happiness:—when awake many fortuitous circumstances may happen to perplex and discompose us; but when the body is laid asleep, and the mind disincumbered of its load, we think and act with additional force—nothing then obstructs our activity, or retards our promised bliss.—The mind, freed from her weighty companion, roams at large through the regions of fancy; and at once conceives and invents, beautifies and illustrates, amplifies and adorns.

THE justness of Homer's words—" *Dreams descend from Jove,*" must be obvious to every one, who will for a moment consider the excellency of the human soul, the indulgent kindness, and the bounteous benevolence of the Almighty. There cannot I think be a greater proof of the celestial nature of the soul of man, or its independency on matter, than the motion of the mind

when the body is at rest :—always restless, always on the wing, no terrestrial agent can stop its career ; it penetrates the realms of darkness, and imagines scenes of happiness in future worlds.

MR. ADDISON in an essay on the same subject, has left two problems for the solution of his readers, which I will here endeavour to answer in a few words, and which will be sufficient to convince the most rigid scepticism, that the pleasures which I have recommended are not to be despised.

THE elegant writer enquires, “ If a man  
“ was always happy in his dreams and misera-  
“ ble in his waking thoughts, and that his life  
“ was equally divided between them, whether  
“ he would be more happy or miserable ? If  
“ a man was a king in his dreams, and a beggar  
“ awake, and dreamed as consequentially, and in  
“ as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks,  
“ when awake ; whether would he be in reality  
“ a king or beggar, or rather whether he would  
“ not be both ? ”

HE who is miserable always hopes to be happy, and he who is happy wishes to be happier, but never hopes to be miserable : consequently the man whose life is equally divided between them must be more happy than miserable. And when poverty and wretchedness are put in the scale with grandeur and wealth, the latter will generally preponderate.

I WOULD illustrate this subject farther by relating a dream of my friend *Paraclitus* ; but that I fear I have already exceeded the bounds of good breeding, and tired your patience. I

shall, therefore, conclude this, with informing you that my friend's dream shall be the subject of a subsequent epistle.

I am,

Yours, &c.

L. D. C.

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XII. — NOVEMBER 26, 1793.

TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

MR. OBSERVER,

YOUR kind reception of my last letter, has much obliged me; and in conformity with my promise therein, I now sit down to relate the dream of my friend.

It will not be thought improper, in the first place, that I give some description of him, whose mental adventures are to be recited.

PARACLITUS is a young man, who to an enlarged understanding and extensive erudition, unites a sprightly imagination and a sanguine heart. He sometimes meets with disappointments; but the returning radiations of hope never fail to bring him comfort. He reclines upon the pillow of repose with all the confidence which conscious virtue inspires; and never wakes without having ascended the golden pillar of fame; which disappears in a mo-

ment, to check desire; yet still returns under the influence of nocturnal shades, with her little enlivening taper, to guide him to the road that leads to happiness and love.

SOME nights ago, *Paraclitus*, after his customary devotions, sunk into slumber on the down of innocence, wrapped in the silken robes of truth.

HE had not long remained in this blissful trance, when he found himself transported to a far distant and unknown country, which all the graces seemed conspiring to adorn. Every thing wore an aspect to which his eyes were strangers. He saw extensive plains fertilized by intersecting waters, and interspersed with innumerable and populous villages; round which the olive, the poplar, the citron, the vine, and orange, beautifully intermingling, sprouted spontaneously; and, at once ornamented the pomp of affluence, befriended the industriousness of poverty, and dazzled the eager eye of curiosity.

THE fields, which were divided by evergreens of an immense height, rising in all the beauteous irregularity of Nature, contained a grain that furnished surrounding millions with sustenance; and the plains adjacent, fed herds and oxen for neighbouring nations.

THE dwelling houses were not generally proportionate to the splendour of the scene; but there was a rural elegance about them, that charmed the sight; each house had its garden, its yards, and its offices; all of which were stocked with plenty, not loaded with profusion; and every object wore the face of prosperity and health.

THE dress and language, the manners and customs, of the inhabitants, were alike extraordinary. Of the men, an indefatigable attention to the different avocations of life and business, solely employed their time, and which they executed with an alacrity seldom attainable. Of the women their chief occupations were amusements, and amusements their principal desires; notwithstanding which, there was an engaging softness in their manners, a dignified serenity in their countenances, and an attractive elegance in their persons; and though unadorned with that beauty to which a *Phidias* would wish to be attached, they still commanded his respect and admiration.

IF a country unequalled for its beauties and its riches, and where the placid smile of contentment beamed in every face, before struck *Paracletus* with surprise, he was now awed with astonishment; when upon gaining the top of a little sloping hillock, a new prospect opened to his view, that presented a city, the grandeur and magnificence of which surpassed all he had ever beheld.

THIS sublime assemblage of splendid buildings was situated on the banks of a delightful river, where chearful commerce rode triumphant in the arms of Ceres. The stately houses were built of a stone, which even Parian marble could not outvie, and surrounded with spacious porticoes. The public edifices were numerous and superb, and no pains of the sculptor had been spared to beautify and adorn them. Vast numbers of people from different countries thronged the streets of the city, and crowded the avenues by which it was approached. He sometimes saw men, habited like himself, pass and repass in their chariots, with numerous retinues:

and he could distinguish ladies walking under the piazzas, somewhat like his fair country-women; though apparently devoid of some of those ornamental graces, for which the others are peculiarly eminent.

A SCENE at once so conspicuous for grandeur, gaiety, and elegance, may readily be supposed to have captivated the heart of *Paraclitus*. Enchanted and bewildered, he knew not whither he was going; but wandering through the woods until exhausted with fatigue, he threw himself down in a grove of citrons. A grotto stood detached, at a considerable distance from the houses; and moss-footed silence reigned supreme arbitress: the gentle murmur of falling waters, the passing zephyr dying on the leaves, was all the meditating child of fortune could hear:—when suddenly there appeared before him, a venerable old man, whose face bespoke a mind, exercised in the services of virtue.

“HAPPY stranger,” said he to *Paraclitus*, *how long has this wilderness been honoured with thy presence? And what is it you seek for in this ambrosial bower?*” *Fortune*,” continued he, “you surely cannot want, for you seem to possess more than the riches of the world can bestow.”

“MOST reverend sage!” replied the enraptured youth; “my wants are not many, but they are important; as the few things for which I wish, would complete my terrestrial felicity. I want to know whether this country is really possessed of those charms, which it has presented to my sight; and whether its inhabitants are worthy of that respect, to which their appearance seems to entitle them?” Without making an answer, the old

man took *Paraclitus* by the hand, and pressing it to his bosom with sympathetic benevolence, desired him to follow him.

THEY arrived at the threshold of an ancient palace, the walls of which had grown green with age:—but not waiting to examine their rugged magnificence, they ascended a marble stair-case, and entered a splendid hall, where multitudes of illustrious personages were busied in various employments, that all tended to one great end.

AT the upper part of the hall, they saw, seated on a throne of gold, hung round with diamonds, one whose silvered beard added to the dignity of a countenance furrowed over with years, and whose voice commanded the attention and respect of every beholder; he was crowned with hyacinths, and sprigs of myrtle and laurels were strewed around him. On his right hand, sat the *Dispenser of Power* waving an ebon rod; and on his left, the *Arbiter of Pleasures*, dressed in purple robes. Opposite to the golden throne, sat *Truth* and *Love*, and their offspring *Benevolence*. She cheered the drooping hopes of the indigent, attended them to their labour, and retired with them to rest. Before her walked in all the solemnity of greatness, and dignity of superiority, the *Wisdom of Instruction*.

THE old man led *Paraclitus* forward, but was no less astonished than himself, to find this noble assemblage was already acquainted with him.

THE virtuous sage on the throne stretched forth his arms to receive him—"Ab! my *Paraclitus*!" said he,—"*and art thou too come to participate the pleasures of this delightful country!*"—"I have been brought here" replied the youth,

"by some strange enchantment, and feel the most exquisite happiness in partaking of the pleasures of a place, where pleasure predominates:—but I much wish to know, if they who drive about the city in their chariots, merit the contentment they seem to enjoy."

"I have long presided over this country," resumed the sage, "and I must acknowledge those *charioteers* for a long while rejected my counsels, and despised admonition: but they are now become more reasonable, and gladly accept of lessons, which they find not so contemptible as they supposed. My two sons here, on my right and left (particularly the first) had more difficulty in making their precepts understood;—but they persevered; and I now congratulate them in having gained their long contested point.

"For those who attend not the wisdom of instruction, I hope the dictatorial voice which you hear from the opposite seat, in all the solemn pomp of austerity, may frighten them into obedience. Although it must be granted, even his doctrines are very little attended to by the men, and too serious, it would seem, to be agreeable to the female part of this brilliant community. But I trust the persuasive eloquence of his charming partner, will yet inspire them with veneration for his name; and his playful little son spur them on for the task of life with alacrity, and encourage them with cheerfulness."

PARACLITUS was just going to reply, when his heart was struck with an imaginary arrow; the smarting severity of which discomposed and awoke him. Yet who would not forfeit a king-

dom, or endure a day of pain, for such a night of happiness?

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

L. D. C.

\* \* The OBSERVER needs no excuse for postponing a subject expected by some friends. The above is his most elegant apology. The subject alluded to, in my next.

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXI. — DECEMBER 3, 1793.

*Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.*

0413.

*Then gold's dug up, the source of every ill.*

HAVING taken occasion, in some of my periodical observations, to animadvert on the mode of employing time, I had the satisfaction a few evenings ago of hearing the subject brought into consideration in a company of gentlemen well qualified to judge.

As the result of the discussion was, that it would be a good subject for an *Observer*, I have been induced to a recollection of what passed; the spirit of which I do not know that I can more agreeably give, than by allusion to the characteristic titles of the personages who composed the immortal club of the *Spectator*: as it happened fortunately that the company consisted, though on a smaller scale, (my friends will excuse me) of many of the professional characters that constituted that distinguished society.

I must premise, as a proof of the freedom and impartiality with which the conversation flowed, unclogged by any prospect or apprehension of its appearing in print, that my *short face* was by no means so readily recognized as that of the illustrious author, whose personages I presume to borrow.

THE gentleman who began the subject, we will take the liberty to distinguish by the name of *Colonel Sentry*: who, though he had not fought in the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough, was not unknown to the service; and who has enjoyed much of his life with those who were an honour to that honourable profession. He appeared to have rather more years and experience than some of his friends near him; which obtained him their obliging and friendly attention.

"Few things have surprized me more," said the *Colonel*, "than the universal *spirit of play* which I have observed to prevail in all ranks and professions of men; even some of those which are generally reputed the most respectable. Trade, for instance, seems often to partake deeply of it; or, indeed to be nearly congenial. Happily, improper examples of either occur rarely in this country; you will give me leave, therefore, to appeal to old England, where you must remember to have seen old gamblers tottering to the Alley and to 'Change, with as eager anxiety and on as hazardous hope, as animates the young spend-thrift in St. James's Street; while the coachmen and footmen of both are as busy in their subordinate strain, in the lobby or the ale-house, engaging for less, though not less engaged, than their masters. Not intending, however, to take the question on too wide a ground, let us observe the effects of this passion on social manners.

In that point of view, without any over-strained compliment to our present society, let us only suppose an impartial person, or a well-informed man if you will, to consider the manner in which we pass our evening; and to compare it with the fashionable mode in which a set of people, for I cannot consent to give them the name either of company or society, form themselves into hostile array, make ready with their purses and bank-notes, draw up round the gaming-table, for mutual plunder, and carry on the civil war. For my own part, I have so much instruction from my friends, *Sir Andrew Freeport*, and *the Templar*, and so much elegant knowledge of the *bon ton* from my neighbour," (*William Honeycomb* returned a most polite bow) "that I would not exchange my present advantage for the happiness of winning a thousand pounds, even from the best friend I have in the world."

WHEN *Mr. Honeycomb* observed that the *Colonel* had completely concluded his remark, (for, however, impatient he was to reply, no temptation could induce him to any thing like interruption;) "I am as much surprized," said he, "as my friend the *Colonel* can be; but, not on the same ground. I am astonished, I confess, that a person of his *savoir vivre*, *un homme du monde*, can entertain such antediluvian ideas. Assuredly the compliment he has been pleased to express to our society, demands in justice more than a return on our part; for nothing certainly can be more our advantage than hearing him. It is, as *Spec.* says, shortly but emphatically, *utile dulce*. But I hope our friend will have the goodness to remember the pleasure of variety; which, though I do not pretend to be a profound logician, I suppose is the same thing as variety of pleasure. Sameness of enjoyment, whatever be the subject, must *pall upon the sense*, as an ele-

gant author has it ; and must terminate in that most shocking of all sensations, or, if I may be allowed to say no sensation, *ennui*. On the contrary, after edifying on the discussion of revenues and commerce of this mighty country, and admiring the military glories of our gallant heroes and their graceful laurels ; how delightful to change the scene!—to enjoy the quick return of the revenues of *Vingt-un* and the fluctuation of *Commerce*, at the card-table ? ”

“ I beg pardon, ” interfered *Sir Andrew*, “ I should not have interrupted *Mr. Honeycomb*’s wit, (another bow) if his allusion to commerce had not reminded me of a remark that the *Colonel* began with ; which indeed I thought a little extraordinary from a man of my friend’s sense and experience. That the spirit of trade should be confounded with the spirit of gambling, I confess I did not expect to hear brought forward in account, at the close of the eighteenth century. When the credit of the nation stands higher, and by the same rule the interest of money falls lower, both at home and abroad, than at any other period ; and when these great points have been effected in proportion as trade has been extended, I desire that the question may be fairly balanced. And it might be left on that statement, without going into any items of calculation. But if besides, the different qualities of the subjects be considered ; if it be recollected that commerce civilises and harmonises mankind, unites the different and distant nations of the globe into one great whole, and while it relieves the wants of the most barbarous, multiplies the enjoyments of the most refined, I trust that no fair arbitrator will bring the nature of trade on the debit side ; without at least adding, *errors excepted*. ”

THE *Templar*, who loved a game at Whist, took advantage of *Sir Andrew's* pause, to enter his plea in favour of his clients of the card-club. "Although," said the learned advocate, "I am infinitely obliged by the complimentary opening of the *Colonel*, I must beg leave to differ from him in the unqualified extent with which he has laid down his principle. The case appears to me to lie in a nut-shell, and to be merely this; whether the great system of society is to be held an exclusive company of grave reasoners, prohibiting every amusement as contraband; or whether an appeal may not sometimes lie from the common law of conversation, to the chancery of play; or still more directly perhaps, to the equity and practice of the *House of Lords*. It may be considered whether such prohibition of cards be not trenching on *Magna Charta*, and ultimately affecting even the liberty of the press. Restraint of the ingenuity of the mind in one instance may grow into precedent for checking it in others: and the case of cards, I aver, on the laws of calculation, there are as many moot points as can occur in the Courts. Not to take up too much of your time, I shall only cite one. It is from the highest authority; *Hoyle's Reports*, p. 59. A. and C. versus B. and D.—a case as curious as any I have met with on the *doctrine of dower*, or even on the subject of *last wills and testaments*.—Spades trumps. A. leads the Ten: B. plays the Deuce:—"

—THE *Colonel* could contain no longer. —"Gentlemen, you give me no quarter. I might have stood my ground against *Honeycomb's* light troops, or even *Sir Andrew's* charge; but I must demand a parley, against the learned battery just opened; which instead of *nut-shells* as was *promised*, attacks me with the

~~heaviest cannon-law~~ I have ever experienced. But I still should rely on the generosity of my enemy, and I trust, if the grounds of my argument were fairly understood, you would cease hostilities." — The company, observing the Colonel look a little grave, pressed him to proceed:—he did, as follows:

"I hope it could not be seriously understood, that in the opinion I offered it was intended to include any of the cases that have been supposed. Morose indeed must be the cynic, who would censure with any severity the innocent relaxation from graver subjects, which is found in the gay and elegant circles to which Mr. Honeycomb so happily contributes; where the sacredness of female society precludes any possible excess; or in the sociable club of my learned friend, from whence, if we may judge from the specimen he has given us of A and B, the eloquence of the Bar seems by no means excluded. But how could my worthy friend on the other side of the table, suppose any allusion to the *honourable merchant*, when I pointed to the practices of the *pseudo-trader*. In illustration of the just eulogium he has pronounced on his respectable profession, I am sure he will give me leave to quote Lord Chatham's stigma on those who depreciate and disgrace it. "I mean not  
" my Lords, those muck-worms of the Alley and  
" vultures of the Exchange; who creep in the  
" dirt of clandestine contracts, or fatten on the  
" carrion of corruption; those pickpockets of  
" the public, who play with the property of the  
" state-creditor, and sport with the mite of the  
" widow, and the orphan's pittance; those  
" swindlers of the state, who sell what they  
" are not possessed of, and purchase what they  
" cannot pay for: I speak my Lords, of the  
" honest and industrious merchant, whose up-

“right conduct is alike the honour and support of his country; whose ships are seen wherever seas can bear or winds can waft them; the various streams of whose commerce, returning in full tides of wealth, water the country with opulence.”

THE desire of gain it must be confessed is a very general, if not an universal principle; qualified with the exceptions of some philosophical instances, which only prove the rule. But the honourable pursuit of fortune is not only a praise but a duty; and it would be extreme injustice to confound the fair fruits of genius and industry with the spoils of cunning; or attribute the principles of vice to the practice of virtue.

YET how shall we distinguish virtue from vice, honour from dishonour, or right from wrong, in the conduct of a man devoted to play? The barriers set up by reason and religion between the duties and the crimes of men, in every other instance sacred and eternal in the estimation of mankind, seems to be borne down and annihilated by the force of this extraordinary passion. I do not speak of the professed and decided gambler. In his uniform mind, there is none of either the distinction or confusion that I have mentioned. It presents a *carte noire* of infamy, undisturbed by a single ray of any virtue. My position applies to the unhappy instances of noble minds, debased by this ignoble vice: of men of honour, dishonouring every high quality they possess, by this vile passion:—whose hearts, not only pure and spotless but glowing with every generous sentiment, are infected alone by this fatal gangrene, which benumbs every feeling while it predominates, and deadens the circulation and action of every virtuous affection. How shall this paradox of

the human mind be accounted for? Is it possible to reconcile the contradiction, of opposite principles existing together in the same breast; of contrary affections in the same heart, and those of the most powerful nature too, Friendship and Enmity, eager each to act "up to the very height of its bent;" but both, the slaves of accident, and directed to action indifferently as chance shall call forth the one or the other.

"I SHALL suppose, for instance, two men connected by the closest ties of friendship, and differing only in one point; *Orgastes* is smitten with love of play; the passion of *Eugenius* is for the felicity he finds at home in his family. The nights of *Orgastes* are passed at the gaming-table, while *Eugenius* reposes on the bosom of conjugal happiness. Yet is not the latter averse from the amusements of moderate play, the *jeu de société* of a friendly party. *Orgastes* invites him to one of his friendly parties on a little country excursion. He leaves his happy home with reluctance; but appoints a speedy return to happiness heightened by short absence. They proceed; and *Eugenius* is delighted with the wit and eloquence of his friend's friends; for they were of the first class of fashion, and talents. Play is proposed. Stakes grow high, and *Eugenius* hesitates; but soon stimulated by example, and absent from the happy resource to which he would have flown if he had been near his home, he is tempted to one throw. The only difficulty is in the first step: then *facilis descensus Avernus*.—*Eugenius* is undone. And by whom?—By his friend *Orgastes*: by him, who in every other possible incident of life would have sacrificed himself for the other's happiness.—The friend then will restore to the ruined *Eugenius* the rapine of the gambler?—No:—*Orgastes* is plundered in his turn:—and if more exquisite mis-

ry can be imagined than that of the father and husband, till that cursr moment the happiest that had ever enjoyed those titles, it is the lot of *Orgastes*;—for all his friend's woes are heaped upon his head.

"RARELY, however, it must be confessed," continued the *Colonel*, "are the sentiments of affection or friendship found to flourish long in the mind polluted with this passion. Habitual intercourse and participation in scenes so fatal, gradually weaken the springs of sympathy and pity. For if the frequent spectacle of executions be found sufficient to blunt the feelings of the spectators, what residuum of tenderness shall we expect in the breast of the executioner?"

"On the whole," continued the *Colonel*, "whether this *pernicious passion in excess*, be considered on the ground of virtue or religion, in relation to morals or to manners, it will appear not blacker in its nature than ingratitude and some other odious vices, but infinitely more comprehensive in its mischiefs than any, and the cause of most. More violations of friendship, more family afflictions, more fraud and cruelty, more murder, and beyond comparison more suicide, —that last completion of crime, to which alone repentance is denied,—are directly derived from this source than from any other. It is the parent of vice, and the destroyer of virtue."

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## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

Number XIV. — December 10, 1793.

— Simplex Mundi est —

MR. OBSERVER,

YOUR reply to my letter on the subject of the *Cacoëtbes*, however favourable in the end, was ushered in with so much caution, and many professions of unwillingness to give offence, as to alarm me in no small degree; for prepared as I thought myself to meet unwelcome truths, the near approach of danger made me shrink, and I began seriously to repent of having attracted your observation, and so unnecessarily exposed myself to the observed remarks, which were to follow, (for that I considered as a thing of course,) and yet, thought I, the *Observer* has a world of good-nature; he seems inclined to temper justice with mercy, and means at last to let me down softly.

Thus encouraged I ventured to proceed, passed the *nest of hornets* unhurt, and at length arrived at a paragraph, which removed all my doubts, and left me to admire not merely the lenity but the extreme politeness of that tribunal, which I had the moment before looked up to with so much awful apprehension.

THE very flattering manner in which you have been pleased, I cannot say to answer, and I will not say to evade, but to silence my enquiries; could not fail of acting as an additional stimulus, where so little was wanting, to resume the pen;

though I must confess totally incompetent to that judicious, or *judicial* use of it, which you prescribe.

So liable to error, and so open to criticism myself, it would ill become me to animadvert on the performance of others, or to assign such limits to a brother-essayist, as I might, probably, be the first to transgress:—I shall, therefore, studiously avoid all literary remarks; and confine myself to others, I hope not invidious.

Be it yours to "*trim the quincunx*," and to superintend the culture of really a most delightful garden; whilst with becoming respect, I wheel up my *vehicle*, the contents of which, whether *rubbish* or *manure*, are entirely at your disposal.

One of your correspondents has recommended the discussion of local subjects, as peculiarly the province of an *Indian Observer*. Availing myself of this hint, which I think a good one, I shall presume to point out, what appears to me an existing grievance on the spot. But first allow me to go back a little.

WHEN I arrived in India, some two-and-twenty years ago, the extreme heat of the climate, ease, and convenience, seemed (if I may so express myself) to lead the fashion; being principally considered with respect to dress, in preference to the reigning mode of a country, where frost and snow, or cold damp weather, predominates more than half the year. A silk coat, though cheap, and easy to procure, was not on that account despised; nor was a profusion of powder and pomatum considered as a necessary load for the head. Even the light garb before-mentioned was at convivial-meetings laid aside,

and stripp'd to their sleeve-waistcoats, the young writer and the old senior merchant, agreed in allowing themselves every decent chance of coolness, and refreshment.—But alas! Sir, "*tempora mutantur*," "fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway," and cloth coats, with hair dressed *a la mode d' Europe*, are now in vogue; the long buckskin meets the short boot, whilst the strings of the one and the straps of the other, add not less weight than ornament to the knees and ancles. Even the ginghem waistcoats, which striped or plain have so long stood their ground, must, I hear, ultimately give way to the stronger Kersymere; of which I have seen complete suits worn in the hottest weather. No longer a stock or any thing like a cravat, but a monstrous roll of stuffed muslin, surrounds the neck; and the more effectually to guard against sore throats, that again is encompassed by the coat and waistcoat collars, of modern magnitude. Now as I am by no means a convert to the Spanish maxim, that, "*what keeps out cold will keep out heat*," such a dress appears to be better adapted to the frozen climate of the *Orkneys* than the warm latitude of 13. 11.—

Young citizens may perhaps call me a *Quiz* or *Quoz*, and a "*laudator temporis acti*."—The two former appellations I do not understand, and the latter remark I beg leave to observe is only applicable in part; for with some little partiality to the days of my youth, so natural at a certain age, I am not yet too old to distinguish right from wrong:—If some good customs have been given up, I can readily allow that some bad ones may have been corrected; and that upon the whole, the world is not worse now, than a hundred years ago. The perpetual and rapid succession of changes, not only in dress, but in furniture, equipage, and every other article of

of luxury, which obtains so much in Europe, though silly enough in some respects, is I know eminently useful in others; and whilst it encourages industry and ingenuity, opens a never-failing source of wealth to some, and of comfort to thousands. On the particular degree of merit which may for this reason be claimed by those who adopt every new fashion, I will not pretend to decide: they "*do good by stealth*," and would perhaps "*blush to find it fame*." But in the name of common sense, why are these comfortable customs introduced in India? Does it proceed from an excess of public spirit, that we are loaded with the produce of Great Britain, in so many cumbrous forms; and are we really sweating all this time for the good of the nation? I am particularly desirous of information on this head, as a means of ascertaining whether it proceeds from their want of patriotism, or their superior good sense, that our fair countrywomen do not conform to the fashions of Europe, in the same unlimited manner. The custom of wearing the hair in its natural state, without any sort of ornament, has in England, I hear, given place to some recent fashion; but unseduced by novelty, and uninfluenced by example, the belles of the Coast have courage enough to be unfashionable; and except on extraordinary occasions, we still see their charming tresses, flow in luxuriant ringlets down each lovely neck!

FAR be it from me to insinuate that the idea of trouble, or fatigue, can possibly occur to any lady, when dress is concerned:—on the contrary, I hope they all consider the duty of the toilet as an indispensable one; but they have only to consult their glass, to be convinced, that art can add nothing to the charms of beauty:—that they are, in short,

*When unadorn'd adorn'd the most;*

and that it is very possible to be dressed both neatly and elegantly, without giving either much trouble to Mrs. Abigail, or the friseur.

FROM the striking instance which I have given, of undeviating perseverance in a custom, easily traced back to the days of *Eve* herself, the most flattering conclusions may be drawn;—and I am much inclined to hope, that the fate of every millinery mode will, in future, depend on its being not old, or new, but well or ill calculated for use in the torrid zone. We already see that a fashion of the most remote antiquity is still in high repute amongst *our ladies*, and may naturally infer, *with them*, “*mirabile dictu!*” the charm of novelty is no more.

To the best of my recollection, I have never yet seen a muff, or a tippet, worn by any lady in India, and it is reasonable to suppose that some other paraphernalia are in like manner disused; but unacquainted as I am with a thousand little minutiae of female dress, of all which, “*with mysterious reverence I deem*,”—it is not in my power to expatiate, as I could wish, on so interesting a subject;—I shall therefore, only recommend an example, set by *ladies*, and so worthy of being followed, to the attention of *gentlemen*. I do not mean precisely that they should let their hair hang about their ears, in imitation either of *Adam* or *Eve*: but in mercy to themselves, lay aside all really superfluous incumbrances, and not despise any fashion, at once decent and convenient, because it may chance to have been in use before the deluge.

THE *unaccommodating* disposition of the English, with respect to weather, has I find been remarked by natives of the coldest climate in Europe, who have expressed great astonishment at seeing them exchange a warm room for a bleak

atmosphere, in the midst of winter, without any precaution to guard against the cold. Yet I certainly remember the time, (as I said before) when Englishmen on the Coast of Coromandel were more accomodating and condescending, at least, to guard against the heat. To this day even in Bengal, the custom of throwing off the coat in the very first company prevails, and unless it can be proved that some extraordinary change of climate has taken place, I think under certain restrictions, it might as well have been continued here.

BUT suppose for a moment we advert to the customs of other Europeans in India. The Frenchman, consulting both his ease and economy, is, at home, unburdened with all superfluous apparel, and thinks it sufficient to appear *comme il faut* when abroad; nor does he there suffer much inconvenience from the weight of his dress. To a Dutchman the coat is a mere habit of ceremony, and seems literally to be considered as a burden, which he is impatient to get rid of: indeed, so averse is he to all unnecessary incumbrances, that finding a conjee cap lighter than his own hair, or a wig, he generally wears it in preference to either. The placid Dane too goes lightly clad, and seems to think the warm kersymere and broad cloth, well supplied by silk and boglepore.

COME we now to the natives, "*those children of the sun*," who to a warm dress evidently prefer a cool one, and to a cool one none at all. Inured as they must necessarily be, to the heat of a burning climate, they still endeavour to moderate its effects; and by various ways, according to their circumstances, to induce that happy temperature, about which, many a beau from the frozen regions of the North, seems so strangely indifferent. How blunt must be his

feelings, compared to those of the Chinese! who in proportion as the heat encreases, gradually unclothes himself during the day, and is as gradually wrapped up again before the night.

AMONGST the numerous examples above-mentioned, there is something to follow, and as much to avoid ;—but I have merely quoted them, as proofs of English singularity ; and to shew, that of all the people under the sun, our countrymen alone, as if insensible of cold or heat, affect to brave all vicissitudes of climate, and obstinately to wear the same dress in every part of the world.

I SHALL now only observe, that in the short sentence, which I have chosen for my motto, are I think, comprised all the great essentials of dress, necessary for our attention in India ; and that whilst due regard is shewn to decency, neatness, and decorum, we may safely regret all unwieldy fashions, and pay some little respect to the thermometer of Fort St. George.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

IGNOTUS.

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## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XV. — DECEMBER 17, 1798.

*To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius and to mend the heart;  
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.*

POPE.

NO subject has more attracted the attention of critics, both moral and literary, than that which is so justly praised in the polished strains of Mr. Pope.---Nothing, indeed, could more powerfully elicit all the warmth of poetry, or more deservedly justify his panegyric, than the peculiar interest of the scenes he so nobly describes. The prologuist to CATO glows with the patriot flame of his author's hero. To pronounce the eulogium of Roman virtue, requires a sympathy with Roman sentiment, and the power of Roman eloquence. The poet rises with the towering theme, and becomes "himself the great sublime he draws."

BUT in considering the general utility of the STAGE, in its effects on the sentiments and conduct of men, I believe it has been seldom disputed that more advantage is derived, because deeper impression is felt, from the exhibition of domestick scenes, than the representation of royal distress, with which tragedy so pompously abounds; or than even from the sufferings of heroic virtue. And I conceive this remark is to be supported, not merely because domestic interests are more general and better understood

by mankind, than those which affect persons in elevated stations, or who move in the higher walks of life; but from the nature of the subject itself.

DISAPPOINTMENTS of ambition, defeats in battle, or the loss even of empire, although of mighty sound and apparent magnitude, do not penetrate the heart with the same poignancy as ungrateful friendship, faithless love, and domestic despair. Those exalted calamities arrest our wonder rather than our feelings. They dazzle and awe like the thunder, crushing the pride of palaces and towers; but the winged flash comes armed with sharper woe, that finds its fatal way to the humble temple of domestic happiness. In the great events of the world, misfortunes make other impressions than those of grief and despondency on the great minds which they assail. "Descent and fall," (if in speaking of great men we may be allowed to borrow one quality from Milton's unfortunate heroes, *is adverse* to the nature of ambition, which "in its proper motion *ascends*, up to its native seat." The bustle and action of the great subjects agitated by public men, animates their exertions. The general applause, if in a good cause, rewards, or even in a bad one, the attention of mankind in some degree supports their sufferings. But where is the palliative, where the relief, for the silent sorrows of domestic affliction.

BUT the sympathy of the spectator must be in proportion to the feelings represented in the scene. Who, therefore, ever felt the same interest in the fury of Bajazet, as in the lovely madness of Belvidera? And is not the virtuous tenderness of Octavia, infinitely more affecting than all the meretricious pomp of Cleopatra;

whose love might be more conspicuous, but could not be ennobled, by the contest for kingdoms, and the fate of empire?

THE revival of theatrical exhibitions in this country having recalled to my mind the foregoing train of ideas, I should feel much satisfaction if, by any application of them in the selection of dramatic subjects for representation, they might avail in any degree to contribute to the public entertainment or advantage. The elegance with which these representations are prepared and decorated, and the ability with which they are performed, give the most flattering promise of successful continuance to this delightful amusement.

THE Theatre was well opened, for the cultivation, no doubt, of a good understanding with its future *critical* acquaintance, with the admirable wit of our modern Congreve, the *Critic* of Mr. Sheridan. Nothing more promotes the interests of true taste and literature, than the exposure of what is false or unnatural. And there can be no more powerful mode of exposing it, than the happy irony and pointed wit of this incomparable piece.

THE next performance which I observe selected for representation, promises by its title, the same instruction to young travellers who enter on the journey of life; to direct them to the right road, by pointing out the wrong; and it is to be hoped will be equally successful with the other dramatic lesson.

THE merry philosopher had more followers than the melancholy sage; for it is pleasanter to be laughed out of follies, or even vices,

than to be terrified with the example of contrition, and the sufferings of the guilty. Comedy therefore has always been a more general favourite than her tragic sister. But as each derives new beauty from the contrast of their charms, it is hoped that soon again, "the tragic muse will tread the stage:"—And if the sentiments be just, which I have taken the liberty of stating, that she will appear in a domestic dress.

I do not know that I can better conclude these few thoughts on a topic principally literary, than by introducing to the attention of my readers, a literary work, equally learned and elegant, by Doctor Dunbar, philosophical professor in Aberdeen; called *The History of Mankind in rude and cultivated Ages*. And I am sure I cannot more agreeably make them acquainted with it, than in the words of a most respectable correspondent, in comment on this excellent work:—

"THE Primeval state of society, the  
" foundation of social union, and civil combinations, the origin and progress of language, from the first rude efforts of speech to the splendour of a polished tongue, the imperious sway of physical, moral and religious causes over human nature — these — and such like these — are the subjects to which the elegant author has directed his knowledge and his genius; and, while he affords information alike various and important, with regard to man in different stages of society, the enlightened mind will be pleased to observe the eloquence with which he vindicates the honour of the species from vulgar prejudice, and from the delusive theories of false philosophy.

" An original train of reasoning, a singular felicity of diction, seem to distinguish this writer, from others who have applied themselves to similar investigations; who though they have written in a luminous manner, yet it may perhaps be remarked, that many features in the character of man, in passing through successive degrees of improvement, have escaped their notice, and were destined to be observed and illustrated by the author of the essays on the history of mankind.

P.

T.

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 THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XVI. — DECEMBER 24, 1793.

*Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,  
And touch'd and sham'd by RIDICULE alone.*

POPE.

THAT there is no corrective of more influence on the minds and manners of mankind than Ridicule, is I believe generally admitted; thought its comparative power is seldom so well expressed as in the comprehensive distich of the poet.

Yet it is to be remarked, that he regards only one side of the subject; and it is to be lamented, that the reverse of the medal presents us with an ample view of the mischievous effects of this weapon in improper hands; more powerful perhaps in the cause of Folly, Vice and Irreligion, than in the legitimate service of Reason and Virtue.

TRUTH is often too confident in her own strength, and expects victory from the consciousness that her doctrines are irrefragable and immutable. But it is not by convictions of reason that men are actuated. The rudder may be powerful enough, and even that, not always, to guide; but it is the gale that impels the ship. Vice and folly know this full well; and, to direct the bark to their destined course, call in to their aid the tempting breezes of pleasure, the side-wind of interest, or the storms of passion and ambition.

DIDACTIC morals ought not to disdain the auxiliary assistance of powerful allies; whose merits, in themselves neuter, are determined by the cause in which they serve. Even the mercenary soldier is not to be fastidiously neglected, and left to the service of the wiser enemy. The passions, it is to be apprehended, are not altogether volunteers in virtue; they ought not however to be pressed, though they may honestly enough be tempted into the alliance. Well commanded and in a good cause, they will do at least Knight's service.

To bring over the passions to the side of virtue, as it must be allowed to be the most useful, so will it certainly be found the most pleasing exercise of genius. If virtue could actually *be seen*, says Cicero in an eloquent flight of philosophy, she would appear so lovely that the affections of all men would be captivated by her charms. It will therefore be no mean praise to succeed, by graces of picturesque description, to render her as visible as may be; at least to the *mind's eye*.

To expose, on the contrary, in the strong colours of wit and eloquence, the specious affectations of vice and folly, and to impress their de-

formities on the imagination, will arm the feelings as well as the judgment of mankind; and will have a much better chance, not only of deterring but correcting.

It is good, according to the common saying, to get the laughers on one's side. Is it not in every day's experience, that a tenacious arguer shall be *proof* against every proof of reason and fair argument,—ay, and against fact too,—and absolutely invincible by any thing but the laugh of the company? This is certainly fair warfare against such doughty disputants. It may perhaps be called fair *argument* also; as being the exercise of that distinguishing quality peculiar to man as a *rational* being; *animal rationale, risibile*, &c. However that may be, it appears from the "*risum teneatis*" of Horace, that the laugh against impropriety is at least classical; and we learn from the general tenour of his own admirable humour, that the best judge of moral poetics knew and practised in high perfection, as an essential friend to his moral cause, the power of Ridicule.

It is not extraordinary that our modern satirist, who possessed that power in so great a degree, and who so well imitated the Roman wit, should pronounce an high panegyric on the quality he excelled in; and which so essentially availed him and his brother-wits in *their* Augustan age, against both critical and political antagonists. It is true, however, that it was sometimes unfairly employed, even by them; though by no means with the license or abuse, that the licentious wits of Charles's Court perverted it to. *They*, as Johnson well says,—

———— " Found easier ways to fame,"  
 " Nor wish'd for Johnson's art, or Shakespear's flame,"

For it is easier to ridicule religion, than to enforce the interest of virtue with moral judgment or enlightened genius.

To the credit of English taste and good sense, the examples of the Rochesters and Buckinghams of that dissolute Court, have not been followed by the succeeding wits of their country. And if the power of Ridicule was fatally found injurious to morals and decorum, in their hands, and, in the indiscriminate praise of it by Shaftesbury, as a *test of truth*; it has fortunately, in later and better times, ranged under the immortal banner it had attempted in vain to attack: We have seen it legitimately employed by the finest talents in the noblest cause; and if the wits of France abused the powers of their raillery in turning to jest the sacred tenets of religion, we have seen the acumen of Swift, turning their own arms against them, pointed with his peculiar fire; and vindicating with victorious ridicule, the true doctrines of the church, against the *moderation of Jack*, and the *dry crusts of Peter*.

NOR must his incomparable ridicule be forgotten, in his generous defence of ancient literature. His sublime humour, in the battle of the Library, firmly seated Homer and Pindar on their Pegasus, and fairly routed the galled jades of the moderns.

THE name of Cervantes must occur to every admirer of fine humour and its eminent success. The follies of a nation, the madness of the world, sunk under the magical power of reason armed with the wit of genuine *ridicule*: the phrenzy of chivalry was reduced to the scale of reason and the spirit of honour.

It is not pleasant to recur to the abuse of so noble a faculty. But the principle of true honour, distorted by modern opinion and practice, reminds us with a sigh how widely it has aberrated from the sage scale of reason. But the mischief is not wholly modern. The fatal shaft of ridicule misdirected, was of force to bear down the rational dignity, and real honour, of one of the most accomplished noblemen in the accomplished Court of Queen Elizabeth. He was insulted by a contemptible fop. His magnanimity despised the insult, and looked down on the wretch that offered it. But the fear of ridicule, the only fear in his breast, reduced him to a level beneath him—"How can I appear at Court," said he to his friends, "if I do not meet this fellow? How will the maids of honour regard me?"

P.

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 THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

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To speak or to write justly from an observation of nature, it is necessary to have felt the sentiments of nature. He who is penetrating and ardent in the conduct of life, will probably exert a proportional force and ingenuity in the exercise of literary talents.

## FERGUSON ON SOCIETY.

WHATEVER opinion may be entertained with regard to the theory of *innate ideas*, however much the subject may have occupied human intellect, or furnished an ample field for polemic controversy, in the schools of metaphysics; it must be confessed, that the mind of man owes, if not the whole, a great share of the

perfection at which it is capable of arriving, to impressions made on the senses by external objects, and to those interesting events which friendship, jealousy, ambition or industry, in private or in public life, are calculated to produce.

CONSISTENTLY with this observation, we may remark the human mind gradually unfolding its powers from the combined influence of *natural* and *moral* causes; and although they, doubtless, hold a divided empire over our nature, yet a wider extent of dominion, and a more imperious sway, may be ascribed to the latter. Of the former, it may be said, that they affect more our *animal* than our *intellectual* frame; and while we allow that one people, enjoying a soil fruitful in the spontaneous productions of nature; a region in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, no scenes displayed but ever verdant fields and woods perpetually crowned with umbrageous honours, will in some degree, differ from another, who are urged to compensate the scantiness of a more sterile land by laborious exertions, who are roused by a tempest and soothed by a succeeding calm, and who may contemplate in the varying aspect of nature, the gaiety of spring, the splendor of summer, the opulence of harvest, and the desolation of winter; yet of these causes the influence has been more circumscribed than has been generally imagined; they indeed affect our grosser and more bodily organs, but they operate little change on that delicate *texture* on which the operations of the mind and understanding depend, nor do they seem to touch the *essentials* of human greatness or depression.

THAT man is a social animal; that a great share of his happiness is derived from being so, are opinions, the truth of which, it

is imagined, will not be controverted. Society, then, is the *theatre* on which his powers act and expand: it is on this *theatre* that effects are produced, becoming in their turn *moral causes*, which independant of soil, of climate, or of local situation, operate on the human mind, and give rise to all that is sublime or elegant, that is mean or deformed, in the character of man,

THE history of literature, of science, and of art, illustrate the above observation; for if they have arisen and been conducted to splendour among nations living under a free government, animated with the sacred enthusiasm of liberty, and engaged in those contests necessary to its preservation; they have declined with a falling people, and unprotected by the remembrance of ancient virtue, have become an easy prey to ambitious conquest, or expired under the sword of barbarism.

GREECE divided into a number of small states, jealous of each other, agitated by domestic contention and foreign wars, was the region in which literature and philosophy were destined to flourish. The Persian invasion filled the Grecian States with a dread of slavery; it inspired the Athenians with a zealous attachment to that liberty which had cost them two ages of dissensions, and every citizen catching the fire which glowed in the breast of an Aristides, a Themistocles, and a Miltiades, acquired an energy of mind and a patriot zeal, which, while it enabled them to repel the slaves of despotism, formed them for the attainment of that eloquence and those refinements, which have elevated them so high in the rank of polished nations.

THE Peloponnesian war, from the relative situation of the Grecian Islands, acquired all the

horrors of civil discord, and gave to these horrors all their power in influencing the passions, and determining the character of man; friendship and resentment, emulation and ambition, eloquence and subtilty, assumed their empire over the minds of the actors, and made impressions not easily effaced. It was amid these interesting scenes, that the Athenian genius was reared. The most striking exertions of imagination and sentiment, are excited by the presence and intercourse of men in peculiar situations; they are most vigorous when produced in the mind by the operations of its principal spring, by the emulations, the friendships, and the oppositions that are likely to arise amid the tumults of civil war; and it may be farther observed, when its danger and alarms have passed away, the tranquillity that succeeds is favourable, in a high degree, to the productions of the human mind. Peace in destroying war does not extinguish that character of feeling and intellect, to which it gave birth; but peace is followed by security and leisure, and from these arise curiosity, enquiry, and knowledge: it is therefore natural to suppose that the orator who in the troubles of civil contention animated the courage of his fellow citizens, will, in the shade of peaceful retirement, cultivate an acquaintance with the muses; that the statesman will apply that subtilty which the exigency of his country formerly demanded to the pursuits of philosophy; and that the generous mind of the soldier will be allured by the prospect, which the fine arts and polite literature open to his view.

Thus, the foaming torrent subsiding, a tranquil lake reflects the image of philosophy, politeness and elegance; thus the Athenian ge-

nius, nursed and gradually matured amid the dangers of civil contention, attained after the Peloponnesian war, the splendour of meridian glory, from which it was destined to fall under the victorious arms of the king of Macedon, on the plains of Chæronæa, when the shock that destroyed the liberties of Greece, convulsed the throne of Darius, and vibrating through the remote regions of Asia, announced the progress of *Philip's warlike son*.

THE fire which was almost extinguished in Greece, was lighted up in Rome, at a period the most favourable to the exertions of the mind; not when the Romans were a severe and purely a warlike people, nor when they had fallen from their glory, and were enervated by false refinements; but when they mixed the love of elegance, with the cares of government, and indulged, in the midst of war and faction, an inclination to study. These were the causes that conducted the genius of Rome to the splendour and refinement, which marked the age of Augustus; whose inordinate ambition and cautious temper led him to destroy the *essence* and preserve the *shadow* of freedom; to smoothe the pillow of expiring liberty, rather than rudely hurry on her death; and thus to lay the foundation of that debasement, which, operating through successive ages, at length rendered the the Roman people an easy prey to the deluge of barbarism; which in destroying their empire and defacing their character, had well nigh swept away the monuments of their former genius.

How much the rivalry, the jealousy, and even the antipathy of nations, contribute to the advancement of literature and philosophy, may be further illustrated by observing the ardour

with which they were embraced and cultivated by the turbulent states of Italy; when the followers of Mahomet urged the final flight of the Muses from their favourite residence; and let it ever be remembered, with gratitude, that Greece, with her schools and libraries, was not overwhelmed before Europe had escaped from the deluge of barbarism; and that the seeds of science were not scattered by the wind, before the Italian soil was prepared for their reception.

T.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XVIII. — JANUARY 7, 1794.

" ————— *mores hominum.*"

MOA.

THE structure of the human body has been accurately described; its functions have been explained, and the mutual dependencies of its parts have been illustrated, by the Anatomist and Naturalist; they have been able to explore the causes of the feebleness of childhood, of the blooming honours of youth, of the strength of maturer years, and of the mournful debility of age: but the Philosopher and Metaphysician have encountered more difficulty in applying themselves to the study of the mind; the delicacy of its nature, the secrecy of its principles, the wonderful extent and variety of its powers, have often eluded research and excited astonishment.—The subject, however, being the most interesting that can attract the investigation of man; it has, in all cultivated ages, occupied much of his attention, and a conscious pride must be felt in acknowledging

that there are a few to whom the high honour belongs, of having in some degree, laid open the Philosophy of the human mind, of having traced the causes of its ascension, from the impotence of infantine exertion, to the vigour of intellect and grandeur of genius.

Without following the eloquent *Citizen of Geneva*, through the labyrinth of fanciful theory; without accompanying the keen spirit of his opponent, *Helvetius*, in a series of acute inquiry; this much may, with certainty, be affirmed, that the moment a child makes its appearance in the world, that moment does it enter the school of experience; that though some share may be allowed to *hereditary, or inherent qualities*, yet in this school, the human mind is trained up in the principles of virtue and excellence; or in those of vice or debasement. If this observation be true, with regard to an individual, it must be equally so when applied to nations; and we accordingly observe them gradually rising from ignorance to knowledge, falling from glory to corruption, from the operation of causes, that have no original existence in the mind; but which are produced in the bosom of society. The influence of *natural and moral causes*, over human nature, was remarked in a former *Observer*; but while we contracted within a narrow limit the dominion of the former, we allowed to the latter a wider latitude; and in contemplating the power of war, of conquest, of ambition, and emulation, we perceived their sway to be so imperious that they were able to controul the influence of climate, and to establish, by their native force, a peculiarity of *National Character*. Mutual jealousy and inward contention exalted the genius of Greece; but while remote ages recognize and admire her glories, they cannot fail to be struck

with that beautiful variety of character, which, under the influence of a similar climate, and natural causes nearly the same, has marked the different states of which she was composed.

The beauteous aspect and effeminate mind of an Ionian; the athletic powers of a Theban; the literature and refinement of an Athenian; and the rigid virtues of a Spartan, exhibit a picture of human manners, in which the *light* and the *shade*, "the grave the gay, the lively and severe," are so exquisitely blended, that we are irresistibly led to enquire, what could have occasioned this *uniformity* amidst *variety*, which has constituted a *beauty* that was to civilize mankind; to tranquilize the boisterous feelings of the rude barbarian; to enamour his heart, and to make him sacrifice at the altar of her charms? Should it be answered, that *she* was the offspring of laws and government; that she was nursed and rose to maturity in the school of generous emulation; and that her *graces* were long preserved by the affection which the Grecian republics, amid the jealousies by which they were agitated, bore to a favourite child, with whom all were proud to claim alliance; it is imagined her origin, her progress, and her perfection, are accounted for on principles consistent with human nature, and that the sway of those causes which philosophers have called *moral*, is proved to be extensive.

In the transient glance which we have taken at the history of Greece and Rome, some of the leading causes which have operated the grandeur and the decline of those illustrious nations have been traced; by a farther consideration of the subject we are induced to remark the destiny which seems to await mankind, in the different steps of their progress and their fall.—

One system of government and of manners seems to rise upon the ruins of another, while the second, again, giving away to destructive causes, forms the basis of a third; thus, are we carried round in a perpetual revolution, from ignorance to knowledge, from knowledge to ignorance, from barbarity to refinement, and from refinement to barbarity; thus literature and philosophy arise, flourish, and die; are again animated, put forth their blossoms and acquire their former splendour.

A few wandering shepherds on the banks of the Tiber, and the rape of the Sabine virgins, laid the foundation of an empire that was to astonish mankind by its progress, and awe them into subjection by the extent of its power; that was to exhibit a succession of statesmen, and of heroes; of victories, of triumphs, and of glory, that were to fill the world with renown, to shine through the darkness of barbaric ignorance, and to diffuse illumination over modern Europe.—An illustrious philosopher has explored the causes that produced, and an eloquent historian narrated the events that attended, the decline of the Roman empire; they have exhibited the sinking fabric in various degrees of corruption, until it was finally destroyed by the inhabitants of the German forests.

THE wandering and predatory spirit which characterized the German in his woods, was to give rise to those more general migrations that urged the Barbarians towards the Southern regions of Europe, when the feeble light of Roman legislation, and the faint rays of Roman literature, were well nigh extinguished by martial horde, or "horde moving with dreadful sweep, and giving to the vanquished world another form." If, however, we might hazard an opi-

nion, on a subject which has been so fruitful a source of learned discussion, we should be inclined to believe that the hatred which the rude nations of the North bore to those that they conquered, was not so inveterate as has been supposed; that if their impetuous valour, their dissonant joy, filled the minds of the Italians and their neighbours with awful terror, *they in their turn* were, in some degree, touched with reverence and admiration at the sight of that elegance and those accomplishments which they were partly to destroy.

THE turbulent passions formerly accustomed to rage without restraint, were to be moderated; the ardour for war was to be regulated by the maxims of punctilious and romantic honour; the love of the sex once debased by grossness and brutality, was to be refined by sentiment and feeling, to be expressed by tenderness of demeanour and delicacy of language, and the institutions of chivalry were to arise upon the ruins of the Roman government: those institutions that were to spread a charming influence over the manners of Europe, that were cherished by the power of beauty and the charms of love, when the bright eye of his mistress lightened up in the bosom of the enamoured knight the fire of ambition, and made him exclaim, when performing a feat of valour, *Ab! si ma Dame me voyait!*

T,

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XIX. — JANUARY 14, 1794.

*"The proper study of mankind is man."*

POPE.

If the ancients, ranging in the fields of fancy and traversing the wide regions of possibility, were able to acquire perfection in works of imagination—if they were able to elevate the human mind by the sublimity of poetry, or warm it by the fire of eloquence; the moderns, not inferior, perhaps, in these attainments, have excelled them far in the pursuits of philosophy, in the application of *her* laws to the arts of life, and the investigation of truth. The schools of antiquity, the *gardens* of Epicurus, the *portico* of Zeno, the *lyceum* of Aristotle, were each distinguished by their favourite *dogmas*; which, too frequently, having no existence but in the wildness and vivacity of imagination, were brought forward to solve the phenomena of Nature: they led to endless error, presented false mediums of contemplation, and entangled the mind in the intricacies of its own delusions. It belonged to a more recent *æra*, in the history of the world, to be adorned with men, who passing the narrow limits of scholastic literature, read the history and the laws of nature in her own ample and instructive page: it belonged to Bacon, to Newton, to Voltaire, and other illustrious names, to shew the difference between *hypothesis* and *science*, to demonstrate that we are to ascend the peaceful regions of truth, by the gradations of experiment; that, having

left the enchanted enclosures of deceitful theory, and launched out into the wide ocean of enquiry, we can alone find relief in the harbour of reason, and rest on the bosom of philosophy. It is this mode of reasoning, first adapted to the explication of nature, and afterwards applied to the elucidation of human affairs, that the OBSERVER assumed, when, in two former papers, his humble attempts were exerted to trace out those circumstances in the history of man that have raised him to eminence or sunk him to depression, and by an appeal to actual fact, to establish some general laws, with regard to his nature. Consistently with his plan, the rise and fall of the Roman empire, the migration of the barbaric nations of Germany, and the institutions of chivalry, were remarked, and perhaps accounted for, from an attentive observation of those facts which history has recorded.

THE philosophic historian, who in writing the history of the German tribes, has bequeathed to posterity in a most valuable treasure, has furnished information on this subject which it were improper to neglect. A rude people, not under the restraints, which in more cultivated society moderate the passions, and amend the heart, are apt to indulge in violent emotions: impatient of controul, and averse from the details of industry, they have no feelings which they do not gratify; and in the pursuits of hunting, they procure a subsistence, and supersede the minute labours of agriculture, to which it would be painful for them to condescend.

THE spirit of war and fondness for exploit, diffuse a congenial influence, through their religion, and their God is the *God of Battles*; in the hour of danger, he protects the hero, gives vigour to his arm, and confidence to his mind;

not unacquainted with the tenderness of love, women are regarded with respect, and while they adorn the quiet scenes of domestic life, they sometimes sit in the artless councils of their tribes, and influence the measures of its government—such, by an appeal to the writings of the immortal Tacitus, could be shewn to be the leading features in the character of those nations, by whom the Roman empire was subverted, who while they entertained some degree of contempt for the effeminate minds and dissolute manners of the conquered, were not altogether insensible to the aspect of cultivation and elegance that opened to their view.—“ In general it may be affirmed,” says an elegant and ingenious author, “ that rude nations are touched with some degree of reverence or admiration at the sight of dignified appearance; that they honour at some distance that state of arts towards which they are tending, and that it is only in cases where the distance is too immense for their respect, or conception, that they acquiesce in their condition with apparent insensibility, and allow their superiors to possess unenvied greatness.” \*

THE German, then, did not acquiesce in his condition with insensibility, but in contemplating surrounding refinement, he felt the force of imitation; his military ardour was humanized not repressed. Christianity exalted his piety whilst it moderated his superstition; his love of the sex was sublimed into admiration; and the rude decorations of his shield, while he wandered in his native forests, were *now* to be exchanged for those brilliant ornaments that shone on the arms of a knight, those *arms* which, next to his God and his mistress, he regarded with enthusi-

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\* Dunbar's Essays.

asim,—*which were the companions of his youth when he gloried in his strength, and the solace of his age when he wept over his weakness*:—and the emblematic figures of which were to lay the foundations of *heraldry*, which the pride of nobility and the servility of their dependants, have dignified with such importance.

A system of manners romantic yet noble, bold yet tender, was soon to be sullied. The ardour of devotion and of love, which warmed the breast of the pious and enamoured knight, did not escape the watchful eye of priesthood, and the ministers of a pure and holy religion were to belie their humble master, by practising upon unguarded sensibility. Devotion and love were so intimately connected, that the priest, in discharging the functions of the *one*, too often interfered in the affairs of the *other*; he not only undertook to prepare the mind for joys of heaven, but he assumed the province of administering to earthly pleasures, became conversant in all the mysteries of love, and it is to be feared, that instead of the solemn cares of his profession,

*"Far other dreams his erring soul employ—"*

*"Far other raptures of unholy joy."*

It was at this period that society was to be insulted by an abuse of its brightest ornament, that the fairest of the creation were to be immured in the

*"Deep solitude" and "the awful cell,"*

that the eye of beauty was to be obscured in monasteries and in silence, or to light the unhallowed ardours of priesthood. Happily, in more recent times, the piety, the moral conduct, and the profound learning, of the ministers of our religion, have wiped off the stain which we are

obliged, though reluctantly, to impute—to their predecessors; and have shown themselves not unworthy of that:—master, who has exhibited an example to the world which cannot be imitated without the security of immortal happiness.

THE discovery of America, and the voyages that explored the coasts of India; commerce with its various and endless details, and navigation, its sister art, produced a change in the manners of Europe, that was hostile to the delusions of chivalry and to the impositions of priestcraft; they were to be dispelled by the bright rays of knowledge; and the enchanted castle, with its Elysians gardens, were to vanish at the touch of reason. Thus has the *Observer* endeavoured to trace the various stages of improvement and decline, in the history of nations; and if the subject has appeared to be rather grave for the generality of his readers, let it, at the same time, be remembered, that to know that a people have been great, and the means by which they have risen to that greatness; to know that they have fallen, and the causes that have produced their fall, are events of an instructive nature, in the present scenes of convulsion that exist in Europe; and, let us, living under a free government, while we cast a weeping eye towards the misery that afflicts, or has afflicted surrounding states, learn to avoid the unhappiness which we deplore, and while we reflect on the splendour of Greece and Rome, let us rival their worth,

“Live o’er each scene,”

and be what we admire.

T.

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## THE INDIAN OBSERVER,

NUMBER XX. — JANUARY 21, 1794.

The sweet enthusiast, from her *sacred* store;  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to *solemn sounds*,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,

DRYDEN,

HAVING taken occasion in a former paper, to offer a few remarks on the sister arts of *Poetry* and *Painting*, I embrace with much pleasure the present opportunity of considering a sweetly congenial subject, the charms and the power of *Music*.

THE former considerations were suggested by contemplation of the eminence which the Painter's art has attained among us; so high even in this limited and remote society, as not easily to be exceeded in its own genial soil, or in scenes of the most extensive example and encouragement. For where can be more justly admired the exquisite touches of the pencil, animating the ivory with the improved elegance of minuteness, while it preserves in the faithful feature, the constant memorial of an absent friend? \* Where can be more completely displayed, *en grand*, the characteristic virtues of the statesman and the warrior; or the pious dignity of the venerable sage†:—the well finished book of life closing before him, and seeming to give

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\* The miniatures and drawings, by Mr. Smart.

† The pictures of Lord C. Gen. M. and Mr. B. by Mr. Home.

place to visions of immortality ! Nor are wanting the noblest monuments of the art ; historical records to posterity, of the scenes of conquest and glory that have distinguished this country ; of conquest, sharing her triumphs with clemency ; and of glory, crowning in death her favourite son \*.

My readers must at once anticipate the occasion that suggests my present subject, in recollecting the refined and exalted entertainment soon to be given to the public ear, in the performance of selected *sacred music*. Dull indeed would be the observation, and cold the sentiments, that were not impressed and attracted by a subject in itself and its purpose so sacred, and in this country so perfectly novel.

THE powerful influence of music has been so generally felt and acknowledged in all ages, that it seems almost unnecessary to expatiate on it with any illustrations. Nothing indeed can more plainly prove its paramount power over the mind, than its ancient honours in the earlier ages of mankind ; when it was the chosen medium for the publication and recommendation of the laws ; for inculcating the doctrines of morality and the examples of history ; and for inciting to the practice of the highest duties, the precepts of religion, and the worship of the gods. Codes and systems of these divine and moral duties were compiled in verse, and chaunted in full choral assembly of the people ; for verse and song were synonymous. It is well known, that from the first great example and father of epic poetry,

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\* The reception by Lord C. of the Hostage-Princes, by Mr. Home and Mr. Devis ; and the death of Col. Moorhouse by Mr. H. To this immediate circle of society, it would have been unnecessary to specify particulars. But the Observer hopes it will not appear foreign to his purpose to advert to such interesting Indian subjects ; and especially to point out to his remoter readers, the pleasing reflection, that talents are found in India, adequate to the high task of recording them.

to the wild warblings of our own minstrel bards, the author was the finger of his own works. Music was his only means of publication; and Apollo his only patron. And it is observable among our polished neighbours of the continent, on the classic ground of Italy, where though not in such bright blaze, yet certainly are to be found *traces of the ancient flame*, the *improvisatori*, or extempore composers of verses, are obliged to have recourse to the auxiliary powers of Music.

POETRY, indeed, implies in some degree, the properties of music. It is one of the branches into which this great and extensive subject is divided; *musica poetica*; metrical sound being evidently a species of *harmony*. *Musica harmonica*, however, is contradistinguished to the other five parts into which *Porphyry* distributes this comprehensive art, as the science of disposing and conducting sounds vocal and instrumental, separating them at just intervals, or combining with due proportion and relation to each other. This noble skill, embracing the other lovely harmony of poetry, or, in Milton's warm expression,

*"Married to immortal verse"*

is omnipotent over every passion. It regulates the violence of rage, and animates the langour of despondency; it assuages the stings of pain, and gives new sense to pleasure; it calls forth the best energies of the soul; and while its universal command can subdue and correct the vices of the mind, it knows also to exalt the noblest virtues by its divine enthusiasm.

On the sublimest of all subjects, it is peculiarly observable, that the power of *music* triumphs over other arts. In them the greatest masters have in vain attempted to personify to the imagination the ineffable attributes of the Deity,

or to represent the sacred mysteries of immortal existence. The infernal regions of Angelo or Danté, though blazoned with the brightest colouring that painting or poetry could give them, disappoint the mind with expression evidently and infinitely imperfect. Of the former indeed, though from a genius so sublime, the effect to the eye has appeared directly the contrary to what the imagination expects; and the flaming limbs of the Dæmons are perhaps truly criticised, as rather ridiculous than terrible.

If any glance of mortal ken could soar "from earth to heaven," or penetrate the mysteries of other worlds, it may fairly be pronounced, even by English critics, without any imputation of partiality, that, the poet of *Paradise* possessed the peculiar power. Certainly the sublime horrors of hell have never been so powerfully portrayed by human imagination; and his astonishing creative genius has with more daring wing than any other, passed "the flaming bounds." But the most that genius can do, is to *create new combinations* of ideas originally received through the *senses*. So received, they are compared, distinguished and classed, or mixed and multiplied, by *reflection*. But the materials can be only supplied from the experience of sensation: and invention is no more than the discovery of new modes of representing them. It is to be feared, therefore, that if Milton succeeded better in his description of the fallen angels, than of those who enjoyed

"Heaven's purest light,"

that the cause may be traced to the imperfections of human nature; less qualified by experience to imagine the perfect purity of the divine attributes and celestial enjoyments, than the errors of disobedience and pride, and their consequent punishments.

For the warmest admirer of our immortal poet must confess that even *his*

"Seraph-wing of extasy,"

fails under him, when he aspires to display the glories of heaven and the Majesty of the Almighty.

So in his truly sacred poem, of *Paradise regained*, the powers even of *his* fancy cannot avail him. Heaven is too high for mortal wing to soar: too vast for human understanding to comprehend: too perfect for poetical panegyric to praise.—In the emphatical words of the great critic on the subject of *Sacred Poetry*, no less eminent for the acumen of his mind than the piety of his heart, "Omnipotence cannot be exalted; "Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved."

If the noblest strains of poetry and sublimest images of painting be thus defective, they must yield the palm to the power of *sacred music*; which though he cannot amplify or improve infinity or perfection, can yet exalt the soul more highly than any other human means, to adore them; and inspire more of the sublime and enthusiastic fervour suitable to the sacred subject:—

"Can take the prisoned soul,—

"And lap it in Elysium."

On this sublime effect of *sacred song*, the feelings of every hearer must speak for themselves. To them the appeal may safely be made, if we may judge from the experience of the late celebrated *commemoration of Handel*, in his own immortal music. As the full choir was animated with but one unison strain, and every concurring instrument poured forth the same swell of harmony, so the transported hearers seem-

ed to be informed with but one soul; and all that soul to be possessed alone with the sacred enthusiasm.

It is evidently impossible to reason on effects like these. — The best explanation will be found perhaps in the high praise and preference which the great poet gives to the sister-art which he admired.

“ But let my due feet never fail  
 “ To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
 “ And love the high embowed roof,  
 “ With antique pillars massy proof,  
 “ And storied windows richly dight,  
 “ Casting a dim religious light :  
 “ There let the pealing organ blow  
 “ To the full-voiced Choir below ;  
 “ In service high and anthems clear,  
 “ As may with sweetness thro’ mine ear  
 “ Dissolve me into extasies,  
 “ And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.”

P.

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXI.—JANUARY 28, 1794.

*Song charms the Sense, and Eloquence the Soul.*

MILTON.

MR. OBSERVER,

I HOPE you will by no means imagine, from the motto I have chosen, that any invidious comparison is intended between the powers of *Music* and of *Oratory*. No man is more charmed with the *concord of sweet sounds* than myself. And if I submit to you a few thoughts on the

subject of Eloquence, and a very brilliant example of its extraordinary excellence from a great and venerable master, you will please to consider my present address more as a theme for any further observations you may make on the power of the *Arts*, than a disputation against those with which you have already favoured the public.

HISTORY in its brightest æras furnishes abundant and constant proof of the commanding power of Oratory. It roused nations from their lethargy; and lighted up the dormant fires of patriotism: it rallied retreating armies in the field; and in the public councils, and the forum, led obedient senates, and fixed the wavering multitude: it directed, in every state, the public voice and action; and in the most perilous events, dictated the fate of empire. The thunder of Demosthenes repelled the power, and baffled the corrupt policy of Philip: the patriot fire of Cicero annihilated Catiline, and saved the Mistress of the World: and the *Orator* was acknowledged *the father of his country*:— so virtue “was crowned,” but *Eloquence* “won the cause.”

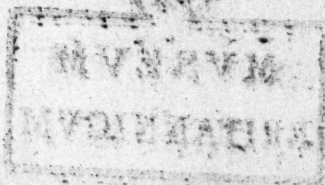
WHAT must have been its sublime effects, supported by such auxiliaries as virtue and patriotism, and directed to such an object as the happiness of mankind, when we see it so powerful even to the basest purposes of interest and ambition, and in wicked confederacy with the most baneful principles? Its great scenes of exertion are those, which are in themselves most eventful in their consequences; national commotions, and revolutions of kingdoms. From these promises, the modern eye naturally turns to that unhappy country, which for four fatal years has been the theatre of national calamity. And he who traces the progress of that calamitous drama, from the first act of deposition

of royalty in the national senate, to the murderous catastrophe on the national scaffold, will see how the abuse of popular eloquence prevailed, to madden the multitude; and if not intended to effect the final mischief, as lately has been suggested in some posthumous proofs, yet how fatally powerful it was to light a flame that could not be extinguished. The extraordinary talents of *Mirabeau*, and their omnipotent effect in the Assembly of France, are too well known. And though it may be some consolation to those, whose love of human nature revolts from the unnatural association of the blackest vices with the brightest abilities, to find that *his* were not the principles which have since been acted upon, to the horror of mankind; yet, giving him credit, as *Cato's* candour did to *Cæsar*, for some better qualities, but taking the eloquence of both into the account, may we not exclaim against the French demagogue, with the Roman patriot against the dictator,

"Curse on his virtues! They've undone his country."

BUT to turn to the more pleasing view of the subject, where the finest talents combat on the side of truth, we have seen their triumph in the noblest cause; in the cause of religion, law, and order; in defence of every sacred post, and barrier, essential not alone to the security and happiness of mankind, but to the very existence of society. The sublime comprehension of that penetrating genius\*, which in the early dawn of democracy, saw the destructive principle of general conflagration that was to flame in its meridian, gave the alarm to the world; and his warning voice was heard. The baleful influence, threatening every confine of humanity, was averted; and the portentous meteor, consumed in its own fires, passes away for ever.

\* Mr. Burke.



My subject has led me further than I intended; and into some observations, which though collateral to it, may seem perhaps not quite consistent with the plan you have hitherto pursued. For I have remarked, Mr. *Observer*, that among the various topics you have touched on, no political discussion has found a place. I assure you it is by no means my intention to institute one; but my subject naturally involved allusion to its great masters, and the political scene of their powers.—When you consider painting, poetry, or music, your examples are from Raphael, Milton, or Handel: can modern oratory be better illustrated, than by the names of Burke, Fox, or Sheridan—Murray, Wedderburne, and Dundas?

Another name remains,

—“*Clarum et venerabile nomen—Gentibus,*”—

the celebrity of which in this noble talent, whether we contemplate the fame of the father, or the son's hereditary talents, is an eminent proof of the transcendent powers of oratory. But with every respect for the present name of Pitt, and the eminent abilities now displayed in the British Senate, I believe it will be agreed that their most brilliant exertions can hardly equal the sublime eloquence of the late Lord Chatham.

In the immediate dearth of modern debate, it may not, I hope, be unacceptable to your readers, if you insert the following eloquent specimen of the *old school*, pronounced by the great orator, on the employment of the *American Indians* in the war.

In the course of the debate on an address to his Majesty, Nov. 17, 1777, Lord Suffolk, secretary of state, had defended that measure, on

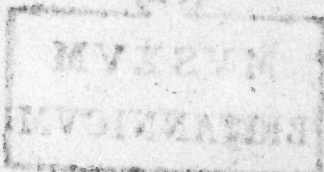


the principle " that it was justifiable to use all  
" the means that God and Nature put into our  
" hands."

" I AM astonished!" (exclaimed Lord CHATHAM, as he rose)—" shocked! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country: principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

" My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention: but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. " That God and Nature put into our hands!" I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and Nature; but I know, that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.—What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife.—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating; literally, my Lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

" THESE abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that *right reverend* Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God: I appeal to the wisdom and the law of *this learned* Bench, to de-



fend and support the justice of their country: I call upon the Bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the learned Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution; I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own: I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character: I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord \* frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the *protestant religion*, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the inquisition, if these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war! *hell-hounds, I say, of savage war.* Spain armed herself with blood-hounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

\* Lord EFFINGHAM.—Lord EFFINGHAM HOWARD was Lord High Admiral of England against the Spanish armada; the destruction of which is represented in the tapestry.

" My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual enquiry. And I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House, and this country, from this sin.

" My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles."

SUCH was the sudden burst of eloquence, that I am persuaded, if the question could have been instantly put to the vote, their Lordships would have forgotten they were *politicians*, and remembered only they were *men*: that the decision would have been without a dissent; and that he would have effected as a speaker, what he had perfected in his glorious war as a minister;—" without dividing, to destroy party; without corrupting, to make a venal age unanimous."

I fear I have transgressed your limits, but, I hope, not your plan. Without however risking either further,

I remain, your's,

HORTENSIVS.

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I am much obliged to my correspondent *Hortensius*; and accept in perfect good part,

his explanation; that while he extols his favorite art, he means not to depreciate any other. Nor can his essay, and the eminent instance he adduces, be considered as foreign to the plan of a paper, one humble part of which was originally intended for the discussion of subjects of literature; especially as he has, if not by comparison, by juxtaposition, brought back the mind to the topic of my last, which so immediately claims the attention and praise of every *Indian Observer*; SACRED MUSIC.

HORTENSIVS, I hope will not have failed to attend the noble performance, intended for the noblest object. He will then bear witness to the wonders of that divine art; and if his favourite orator of Rome, who it may be observed knew the merits of melody from the correcting music he employed to regulate his voice,—if pleading for clemency to his client he could extort tears from Cæsar, in the seat of judgment;—the enthusiastic strains of harmony, heightening eloquence, more sacred and certainly not less sublime, the eloquence of *boly writ* itself, the hallowed fire that touched the inspired lips of the prophets;—such consecrated strains surely will not be found less powerful, to actuate the bosom with the finest feelings, and to sway the best affections of the heart to the noblest purposes.

I SHALL conclude these considerations with a remarkable instance of the influence of these united powers, eloquence of style and composition of harmony, in sacred music.

It is well known that the celebrated doctor Swift was a most orthodox admirer of this grand subject, and eminently attentive to improve it in his famous cathedral of St. Patrick. None of the arts however had in those days ad-

vanced in much progress of improvement in Ireland. She had long warbled her own wild notes with native melody; but Handel had been more heard of, than heard. His divine compositions were little known, and oratorios only coming into fashion.

A certain noble Lord, though not of very *sacred manners*, meeting the Dean at the first performance of the *Messiah*, was however so struck with the sublimity both of the music and the words, that he begged to know from the Dean, the author of the latter. "Will you read his Book, my Lord, says Swift, if I lend it to you?"—"Most certainly, my dear Doctor:—he writes admirably."—Swift sent him a Bible:—and his Lordship was a convert.

P.

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 THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXII. — FEBRUARY 4, 1794.

*—Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi.*

VIRGIL.

Here also are the rewards of glory.

It is somewhat curious to observe, that though no two qualities of the human mind differ more essentially than pride and vanity, yet none have been more frequently confounded. The *first* in its true sense is one of the noblest endowments that can adorn the character of man; it gives an elevation to sentiment that cannot stoop to meanness, and a rectitude to conduct that sets vice at defiance; it teaches us that without a proper feeling of our own dignity, there can be no virtue; and, while it animates us to aspire at excellence, it chastens us with modesty in our pursuits. The *second* is generally the concomitant of ignorance and imbecility; and as it prevents a man from duly estimating the

powers of his own mind, it incites him to boast of exertions which he never made; to assume merit to which he is not entitled; and to crown himself with those laurels, which the good and the wise have awarded to virtue and to genius.

ALLIED to these characteristics of individuals are the features of national character; and if the Greeks have merited the applause of posterity for their learning and accomplishments, they have no less deserved its censure, for that immoderate vanity, which led them into so unjust a contempt of surrounding nations; and to treat with unfilial ingratitude enlightened Egypt, the venerable parent from whom they derived the blessings of religion, and the benefits of knowledge: but if this national vanity is properly the object of reprobation, far different is that pride, which is apt to rise in a generous breast, from the contemplation of a free government and virtuous laws, the happy effects of which are able to dignify a people, to cherish independence, and to diffuse splendour and renown to the most distant establishments of an extensive empire.

WHETHER we consider the wideness of dominion, the immensity of wealth, the variety of resource, the wisdom of civil or the power of military institutions, we must allow that neither ancient or modern times have produced an establishment, remote from the mother country, that commands so much of our regard and astonishment, as that under which we have the felicity to live.

To trace the gradual steps by which our Indian empire has ascended, from the limited territory, and unaspiring views of a few commercial factors, to the superior rank it now holds among the nations of Hindūstan, were foreign

to the views of the *Observer*, and possibly too arduous for his abilities; but the while he shrinks from a design so aspiring, he cannot help remarking, that if territorial acquisitions, obtained by the force of arms, and maintained by the right of conquest, have too often given rise to violations of morality, to tyrannic oppression and to bloodshed, much less indeed of this criminality can be imputed to the English nation than to any other whom the allurements of Oriental opulence has invited to the establishment of dominion in India.

UNTAINTED by the cruelty of Mahomedan fanaticism, which drove the disciples of the Koran to the perpetration of crimes at which humanity shudders, unstained with the insidious principles of the priests of Jesuitism, who conduct their missions by the laws of perfidy, who belie their holy master, and number non-resistance and abject submission among the evangelical virtues, our countrymen have exerted a mild, yet firm sway over these kingdoms, which the revolutions of fortune and the events of war have subjected to their authority; and established a system of government, in which the peculiar character of the Hindû has acquiesced with a prospect of happiness, which has not been obscured by the horrors of despotism,

THE wide empire of Imperial Rome, obliged her to maintain military establishments remote from the seat of government; and her consuls on the *theatre* of Asia, displayed a heroism not unworthy the admiration of succeeding ages. But my readers, who are well conversant in the history of India, and have observed the progress of our empire from rude beginnings to the present pinnacle of its glory, will recollect, with conscious pride, that the warlike exploits of our

countrymen on the plains of Hindustan, will yield the palm of renown to no Roman name—that the subtle and intriguing spirit of the Hindo, that the martial ardour of the Musselman, have faded before the indefatigable exertion and the towering genius of those illustrious heroes, to whom we are in a great degree indebted for our fame, our wealth, and our security.

WHAT language can pronounce the venerated names of *Lawrence*, of *Clive*, and of *Coot*, without admiration? Is there a breast among us that does not glow with the most fervid gratitude, at the remembrance of the dangers they have removed, and the lasting advantages they have established?—Are there not many of my friends now in the army, who have fought under the conquering banners of the last mentioned warrior? Do they not recollect when the Mysorean monarch spread consuming flames over the Carnatic; when the solitary wanderer might have traversed its plains without seeing one man, one woman, one child, one living thing of any description whatever? Should it be asked *who* delivered us from this misery? *Who* at length, with a handful of men, discomfited the triumphant foe, within a few days march of our capital? The answer is *Coot*! May his virtues be revered, and his fame be immortal!

In the early ages of the world, when neither industry nor arts had as yet enabled man to encounter and subdue the various dangers with which he was perpetually annoyed, those who destroyed monsters, or repelled invaders, were worshipped with the adoration due to the Gods; and as they were the benefactors of mankind, gratitude bestowed upon them divine honours. The applause excited by important achievements, in modern times, has not been

less genuine, though it has been confined within the bounds of decency and reason, and there are none who do not look up with grateful admiration to the fine portraits of the two heroes of our late glorious war, hung in the spacious and elegant hall of which they are the distinguished ornaments.\*

PERHAPS the annals of no nation can furnish an example of more exalted benevolence, of more wisdom in legislation, or of more renown in arms, than have been displayed in the character of the illustrious personage, who in the bosom of his kingdom, and under the walls of his capital, humbled our formidable foe; and dictated a peace to the ambitious Sultaun of Mysore, which must perpetuate the name of the noble Marquis, and shew to after ages that in him were united the rare qualities of a consummate statesman and a gallant soldier. Those, then, who know with what energy the eye transmits into the soul the impressions it receives from the contemplation of an exquisite painting, will be delighted with the resemblance, exhibited in the picture of the great character we have presumed to mention; they will also rejoice in a plan, the completion of which will place near him the portrait of the venerated and departed hero, to whose merits we have endeavoured to render a sincere, though inadequate tribute, of grateful admiration! †

T.

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\* The Portraits of MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, and SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS, executed by Mr. Home, at the desire of the settlement of MADRAS, and hung in the *Exchange Room* at that Presidency: the most spacious and elegant building in India.

† A subscription at this time set on foot, for a Portrait of SIR EYRE COORE, to be placed with those abovementioned, finished on the same plan, and by the same Artist.—The proposal succeeded, and the Portrait, drawn in Mr. Home's best style, now adorns the walls of the *Exchange*.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER.  
 NUMBER XXIII. — FEBRUARY 21, 1794.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas*

OVID.

Of transmutations new and strange I tell.

Among the extraordinary discoveries with which this ingenious age has abounded, none appear more curious than a late experiment in chemics, which is said to have succeeded admirably. Modern ingenuity seems indeed to have abundantly surpassed ancient researches, not only in the success but in the subjects of its exercise. The transmutation of metals, for example, it is well known, employed the learned attention of centuries; and the distinguished epithets of the Greek orators was transferred to certain *golden* philosophers of the crucible, who pursued through a disappointed life the rich dream of *alchemy*. Their want of success is the more to be lamented, as their pursuit was doubtless disinterested, and persevered in merely for the advancement of learning.

THE process however still remains fruitless; and the subject of it, it is to be feared, will long continue the grand *desideratum* in the world of science.

BUT the newly acquired knowledge may be considered at least as equivalent in point of curiosity, and more so as to use. The change of lead or iron into gold, though it carries with it something very pleasing to the imagination, would be found in effect little advantageous

to the *Midas* who should accomplish it, or to the *Peru or Mexico*, where it should be accomplished.—The modern discovery, on the contrary, of the transmutability of the human body to a *spermaceti candle*, (for such is the extraordinary subject of the ingenious and successful research to which I allude) cannot fail of being equally beneficial to the projector and the public.

My reader will probably be as much surprised as I confess myself to have been, if he has not happened to meet with an account of this transformation, in some of the late publications. But it comes to us so circumstantially related, that by a new process of chemistry just discovered, the best spermaceti may be procured from dead human bodies, that it challenges peculiar attention.

WHETHER this new metamorphose be considered in a moral or literary light, it will be found equally satisfactory. No mean master of philosophy, the universal Shakespeare, has already moralised on the contrasted state to which the material part of us, even of kings and heroes, is subject:

“ Great Alexander, dead and turn'd to clay,

“ May stop a hole to keep the wind away :

“ Strange, that the flesh which kept the world in awe

“ Should stop a gap, to hide the winter's flaw.”

How much more pleasing the contemplation, especially to the literary labourer, that his earthy part, after having been animated by the genius of his mind, should not degenerate into the unworthy offices foreseen by Hamlet: but on the contrary should aspire to the generous purpose of repaying the favours it had received from its old companion—of shining with grate-

ful flame on the study of those very pages, which the labours of the mind had composed by the less brilliant glimmerings of the lamp!

It was long a doubt among the learned, whether spermaceti were a mineral or an animal substance. On that head, if any difference of opinion could have remained, it would now be entirely cleared up in favour of the latter hypothesis by the late noble experiment, proving exclusively of its cetaceous origin, from which the favourers of that hypothesis deduce it, that it may be procured from a much nobler animal subject, "not very like a whale," to recur to Hamlet again, but much superior.

It is to be observed, that in considering this novel question, it is only regarded in a philosophical point of view, contradistinguished to any judgement that may be formed on its propriety, considered on more high and solemn grounds. The advantages of the science of anatomy to the conservation of health and prolongation of life, are too well known to be insisted on; and the penitent practice of malefactors becoming benefactors to their country, by the disposal of their *personal property* after their decease, appears to have flourished in the time of the Spectator, from *the bargain* recorded by him, sold by "*a Bitch* who was to be hanged in chains." Whether this particular privilege should be extended, and a general power of self-alienation be allowed, even for the useful and new lights intended by the modern discovery, it is not for an humble observer to decide:—doubtless, the present luminaries of church and state will either warmly support, or entirely extinguish, the new project, as it may deserve. In the mean time, supposing it not to be snuffed out the moment it has been lighted, it may be

varied into more general view; and we may be permitted to speculate on the various supply that might be found from human nature, for the different sorts of lights required in the purposes of life.

The relation between body and mind, though not particularly understood, is generally admitted; and their reciprocal influence is universally felt. It is pretty clear, therefore, in distributing the several subjects of the supposed corporeal *translumination*, that the character which each has sustained before it, is to regulate the class of luminary in which he is posthumously to shine. So it may appear literally, according to the beautiful metaphor of the poet,

"Even in our ashes live our wonted fires."

INDIAN objects naturally occur to Indian observation, and the most splendid first strike the eye. The high Behaudee, for instance, when his mortal fire is out, would blaze away with peculiar propriety in the brilliant branch-lights that we have heard of in Calcutta, preceding the pomp; while the buck might continue to burn in a flaming massaul, still lighting the nocturnal lads, as Falstaff proposed to his luminous friend Bardolph; who may be mentioned indeed on this occasion, as at the same time an anticipation of the plan, and an authority for the practice.

THE native chiefs who shine in war, might continue in splendour, lighted up on the walls they have defended; or more naturally still, in rockets to be thrown from them: and the brunette beauties of the country, not less killing, could add the brightness of their eyes to the brilliancy of the *blue-lights*, and still dazzle the beholders.

THE gentle maiden, untimely torn from a world she had just began to adorn, should still beam the purest ray from the virgin-wax taper, to communicate the chaste affections of surviving lovers; and the nuptial torch should be lighted at the same instant by the united and "wonted fires" of the happy wedded pair who had lived and died together; and who shine a constant and equal example of the holy flame.

SPENDTHRIFTS would be candles lighted at both ends, and a miser would continue to die, as the snuff of a wick on a save-all. The little ductile wax, lighted without warmth, might, like its constituent the *petit maitre*, attend his mistress to the toilet, and then—go out: while the bully, vapouring below in a huge flambeau, should emit volumes of smoke from very little fire.

THE hypocrite, the traitor to his friend, the systematic seducer, the deep designer of fraud, and the man of self, would all be worthy candidates for the honor of illuminating one side of the dark lantern.

IRASCIBLE men, subject to sudden fits and starts of passion, would bounce about very naturally in squibs and crackers; and if obstinately choleric, might arrive at the dignity of fireworks.

A PLAIN steady man and a decent mould-candle might agree very well; but a dirty fellow should be a dipped tallow; and a mean scoundrel a farthing candle.

AUTHORS would very naturally be ardent to relumine their garrets; and the plagiarist would be quite at home, as a thief in their candle.

How admirably would democrats be displayed in firebrands, — and the advocates for equality crackle in a general conflagration.

LAWYERS, according to the use of the legal lights of their "brief candle" in life, would either guide the dark way of the traveller, from the friendly beacon; or puzzle him, as *ignes fatui*, in the labyrinth.

BONFIRES, rejoicing for glorious successes, would require the ardour of the soldier who had fallen to acquire them: — patriots and heroes would burn in the frankincense, and still live grateful to the sense of their country: — and the man of God might continue to enlighten the people, from the watch-tower on high.

P.

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXIV. — FEBRUARY 18, 1794.

*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*

MR. OBSERVER,

HAVING lately read in the Roman history, the account of the celebrated contest between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, the conduct of the elder of the first mentioned heroes, who plunged his dagger into the bosom of his sister, because she wept for the loss of her lover, and stained the glory of his triumph with the blood of the innocent, struck me as deserving some attention: I therefore beg leave to submit to your *observation*, the following remarks on this curious event.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, more difficult than the just estimation of a human character.— Merit and demerit consist not in actions themselves, but in those principles from whence they flow; as those lie deep in the human soul, they can only become visible from their effects, and men are exceedingly apt to be deceived from reasoning from effect to cause. Here the utmost care must be exerted, many circumstances must be canvassed, and different actions will serve mutually to explain each other. An action great in itself, and splendid in its appearance, may proceed from principles as mean and ignoble as the action is great.

WHEN I hear of a great action, I think of a great man; but if upon a strict examination into his character, I find no resemblance and agreement betwixt the action and the tenor of his conduct, he immediately sinks in my estimation: I recal those sentiments which I formerly pronounced, and even that action itself, so lately the object of my admiration, I will resolve into principles which merit but little praise.

THERE is a consistency and uniformity in the human conduct; and though every action of a great man be not equally illustrious, yet they will all correspond, in some measure, with those noble sentiments which have assumed the government of his mind.

LET us then measure the conduct of *Horatius* by this standard, and that no part of his merit may be concealed, if he has any, I shall present him in all his glory. Behold then the Roman champions advancing to the field of fame—see the two *Horatii* expiring on the bed of honour; see *Horatius* himself alone stretching

out his hand to decide between contending nations; see the fate of armies placed upon the point of his sword. View him again arrayed in honour and victory; led triumphant amid the shouts of thousands, who follow him in the procession to the triumphal gate; before him the spoils of Alba, and armed with the victorious sword.

Stop for a moment—behold another scene! See the same *Horatius* (if you can believe him to be the same) regardless of the bloom of youth, the tenderness of sex, and the connections of nature, sheathe his sword in the bosom of his sister! And what was her crime? It was because she shed a tear for her departed lover, that she expressed those feelings natural to a woman, and those sentiments which became a bride! Is true greatness of mind consistent with such brutality? Is the love of our country compatible with inhumanity? Or the spirit of a hero with the cruelty of a daemon? Had he subdued empires, and had he conquered worlds, this action stripped him of all his glory, because it shews him to be devoid of those principles from whence only could arise the merit of his former conduct. Let us then regard every noble principle as unallied with his ferocious nature, and explain his conduct from motives more probable and consistent.

THESE (strange as it may seem) were no other than self interest and the love of life. *Horatius* was too wise to have declined the combat; by his refusal, he saw himself exposed to the indignation of his brothers and vengeance of his incensed country. Apprehensive of the consequences, and trusting to his skill in arms, he marches to action; his conduct there is perfectly consistent; he saved himself the part of the engagement, and at last more fortunate than brave,

he effected by his cunning what the valour of his brothers could not accomplish. This was the spring of his conduct, this the source of his glory! Upon what plea then could he lay claim to an indulgence of his crime, to the gratitude of his country, or to the admiration of posterity? But allow him for a moment to possess that merit, and to wear those laurels, to which he is not entitled, yet still it appears that the murder of his sister was a crime of such unnatural barbarity, as ought to have been punished with death.

No merit surely can exempt a man from obedience to the primary laws of nature, on the strict observance of which good government and human happiness depend. The first law of nature, and first end of government, is the safety and security of life; and if the violation of the law is allowed to pass with impunity, or if former merit be able to screen the criminal from punishment, the consequences must be alarming.

BUT the case of *Horatius* will be deemed extremely singular:—let it be asked, were the services of *Horatius* just sufficient to place him above the sanction of the law? And could not services somewhat less entitle another to the same indulgence? Did his merit precisely entitle him to commit an act of murder? And might not the same merit also have warranted a repetition of the same crime. Thus others inferior to *Horatius*, might have embued their hands in human blood, and defended themselves from justice upon the same principles, and *Horatius* himself might have continued to perpetrate the same horrid act a second and a third time against every law of nature and society. Whither then does such a precedent lead? It leads to the introduction of mutual fears, suspicions, and terrors among individuals; it leads to injustice and

oppression of every kind; it leads to the very dissolution of all government; and perhaps the dissolution of the Roman monarchy commonly attributed to the rape of *Lucretia*, and the pride of *Tarquin*, may be traced back to the reign of *Tullus*, and the murder of the sister of *Horatius*. The execution of *Horatius*, on the contrary, would have produced the noblest effects; it would have taught this important doctrine to the infant state—that no antecedent merit will free a man from subjection to the laws of nature; it would have instructed posterity in those maxims of justice and equity which ought to enter into the genius of every government; it would have made the reign of *Tullus* memorable in the records of history, and rendered his name immortal in all succeeding ages.

I am,

MR. OBSERVER,

Your very obedient Servant,

T.

DECIUS.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXV. — FEBRUARY 25, 1794.

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In Paradise, of all things common else.  
By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men;  
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

MILTON.

It will not appear extraordinary that the subject of marriage, should in all ages and countries, have so much attracted the attention, both

of legislators and philosophers, when it is recollected that no event in human life is so essentially important to mankind.

THERE is a common, but not the less forcible expression, in speaking of those of either sex who enter into the holy state of matrimony, "that they have changed their situation." Much certainly is to be inferred from this emphatical phrase; absolute change of situation implying necessarily a dereliction of objects which had surrounded one's former place, or post in society; and in consequence, as nature permits not a *vacuum*, other objects and lines of relation must arise, and a new perspective be displayed to the mind's eye.

It is on this ground, of a totally new train of ideas being generated in those who make this important change in their situation, that some refining casuists scruple not to maintain that the whole identity of the person is altered; and that the new-married Benedicks and blushing brides, especially if they have been at all antiquated in their respective previous capacities, become quite different men and women.

WHETHER this be not pushing a little too far, Mr. Locke's system, of consciousness being the criterion of a man's being himself, is too delicate a point to be rashly decided on; especially when applied to so serious a subject as matrimony; for, from admitting it in too much latitude, consequences inconvenient enough both to the dignity and permanence of wedlock might ensue. The argument might be too retrospective; and sometimes prove, perhaps, that the unconscious lover, absent to every thing and every thought but the charms of his mistress, was be-

side himself, as the phrase is, a little too soon, and before his other self was legitimately communicated to him.

But I rather conceive that these particular considerations ought not to be too curiously pursued, and that the question should be viewed on the fairest ground, and with the most respectful and candid consideration,—in the words of Milton, who, grand on every subject, and peculiarly so on this, "with mysterious reverence."

It is remarkable, however, that this illustrious authority to whom I am obliged in my motto for his sublime eulogy on WEDDED LOVE, is among the foremost of those who would impair the inviolability of the matrimonial sanction, still more than is admitted even in the laxity of modern manners, by the defence and recommendation of divorce on principles unthought of in the less refined provisions of our jurisprudence, on grounds merely of mental dissatisfaction or disagreement of temper.

THIS spiritual doctrine of divorce maintained by Milton, might consist very well with his sensibility; as it evidently originated in his mind from the misfortune of his matrimonial adventure. But it does not appear to have made any impression on the feelings or judgments of men since his time till the present; which, among the other wonders it has teemed with, has brought forward in higher perfection than was imagined even by Milton, his favourite system.

I do not recollect to have seen this new plan of matrimonial variety brought forward to much public notice; though it has flourished with infinite success in France for a year or two past: and has been happily transplanted to the genial clime of Mauritius. But it does not ap-

pear, with other democratical doctrines of independent rights, to have reached our Indian coasts.

It is peculiarly observable, and not a little in favour of the modern *patriots* of France, that they should have the honour of reviving and effecting the free-spirited plan of the celebrated secretary of Cromwell. Theirs indeed seems to have improved on that of Milton, as might be expected when it is considered that his was a partial measure in his own cause; limited and defined too in a very strict manner, as admissible only in cases of incurable discord and aversion.—But our more liberal and galant reformers of the new republic dispense their unmarrying licence on the broad bottom of unrestrained inclination:—except indeed in one particular; which seems to be a great concession on the part of these sticklers for the rights of men and women:—a month's notice, as in the case of hired servants, must be given to the wife before she is turned off:—and *vice versa*. This, however, is very humanely calculated in favour of the person to be repudiated, and seems to excel the ancient *Laconic* code of Lyeurgus; which must be confessed to have been a little too precipitate as well as promiscuous. Little option was left to the Spartan dame, as to subsequent choice, and little time to exercise it; but a whole month of grace is allowed to the fair modern republican, to discriminate between successive suitors, and select a second husband. By this equitable provision it may so occur, that though constant revolutions happen in the family, the *wife*; like the *royal person*; shall never die; but that the matrimonial, like the royal crowns, without ever suffering an interval of singleness, shall *demise* instantaneously. Thus every month brings its husband; and the whole year may be a round of *honey-moons*!

THE minute regulations of the *nouveau code matrimonial*, so it is called, do equal credit to the inventors of this variegated wedlock. The appropriation of the family, naturally attracted much attention; but the refined rules adopted on that subject might be tiresome in detail. Suffice it to observe, that the obvious distribution of nature is attended to; in consigning the daughters to the care of their mother; the sons, to the father; and, as in the instance of royalty again, preference is given and obedience paid to the *reigning husband*. So, *rex de facto* is always supposed *rex de jure*.

BUT the most shining distinction of this liberal code, is the reference of all matrimonial duties, to the Commonwealth, as opposed to every religious establishment. All sanctions and considerations of religion are utterly annihilated, and Patriotism alone occupies the soul. Marriage rites are no more: the awful Altar no more consecrates the trembling vow of the blushing maiden:—now under Trees of Liberty, the fearless Bride pronounces her promise, —“to love, honour, and obey” the equal laws, the appetites and instincts of pure *natural society*; — and to be a true and staunch subject of the Republic.

I do not know that I should have been induced to attend so much to this subject, curious as it is, if accounts had not lately occurred of its having, as hinted before, found its way with much success on this side the Cape, and actually paired and unpaired many happy couples, in the Isle of France. But I have been incited to give it the more observation, in our matrimonial sphere, from the conscious triumph which society here must feel, and for the advantage which contrast gives. The experiment was perhaps cruel to the wretched Helot;

but it proved the judgment of the master, who intoxicated his slave to be exhibited in that brutal state, as an example of disgust to the youth of Sparta.—But here, it is only for the pleasure of regarding the contrast, the happy and triumphant contrast, of constancy and love, to fickleness and folly.

Surely no warning example can be wanting, where eminent patterns for admiration and imitation fill the married and the constant scene:—examples so pre-eminent in this country, as contradistinguished to most others, that I doubt not my reader has anticipated me; from experience if married, if single from observation; that from whatever happy coinciding causes, society in this country can boast more constancy, domestic attachment, and matrimonial happiness, than most.—If, oh! mysterious law! the base profanation of thy name and duties obtained attention, it was to bring forward thy transcendent charms in higher lustre:—for, to conclude as I began, with the great poet:—

“Far be it, that I should writ thee sin or blame,  
 “Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 “Perpetual fountain of domestick sweets!  
 “Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
 “Present or past, as saints and patriarchs used.  
 “Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 “His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings.

only person who has been known to suffer under the rancorous hate and persecution of an unnatural mother, the hard fate of *Savage* hath excited general astonishment, and we still execrate the memory of a woman so monstrously depraved as to attempt taking away that life, which, having herself given, she was by Nature destined to preserve.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER,  
NUMBER XXVI. — MARCH 4, 1794.

Crudelis tu quibus Mater!

ALTHOUGH it hath been one man's lot to suffer under the rancorous hate and persecution of an unnatural mother, the hard fate of *Savage* hath excited general astonishment, and we still execrate the memory of a woman so monstrously depraved as to attempt taking away that life, which, having herself given, she was by Nature destined to preserve.

HERE a most unwelcome truth obtrudes itself on our recollection; for, shocking to relate! the sense of shame has too often superseded that strong tie of affection which unites the mother to her child; and in order to conceal at least a natural fault, the most barbarous and unnatural of all crimes hath been committed.—But the sentiment abovementioned, so lovely in its consequences, could not, for obvious reasons, have operated with equal force on the mother of *Savage*; I therefore hope and believe, that no similar instance of maternal hate and meditated vengeance, hath ever stained the page of history.

THERE is, however, a third species of cruelty, of which (proceeding as it does from a far different motive) the fair perpetrators themselves are not aware. What would a fond, a doating mother say, was she accused of cruelly treating her only son, that darling child, on whose welfare her very existence seems to depend? Such language might be considered as an insult, and would perhaps be answered by tears and reproaches. But harsh as the term may appear

when so applied, in this there is no deceit; whilst under the smooth exterior of mistaken indulgence, lurks a baneful poison, which saps the principles of filial duty, and induces a sullen habit of perverseness, not easy to correct. Sown by a mother's hand, the seeds of disobedience take a deeper root, and too often blast with their produce all her fondest wishes.

It is indeed wonderful to think, that in spite of experience and conviction, so many in other respects very sensible women, should in this one instance, put themselves on a level with the weakest of their sex, and by a constant acquiescence in every wayward wish, and infantine caprice of their little favorites, not only confirm bad dispositions, but often corrupt such as are naturally good. Unbridled licence is inevitably productive of disrespect; and the fond mother perceives her authority lessening by degrees, till at length the order of nature is inverted, and she bows to the tiny idol she hath set up.

FAIN would the poor lady retract her error; but alas! it is now too late; and what at an earlier period might have cost but a faint struggle, is become an undertaking far beyond her courage to attempt. At this indeed critical juncture, happy is it for the child if its father yet lives, to assert that prerogative which God and Nature have given him, and which the mother hath so weakly yielded up.

THOUGH the charge of *cruelty* may have become familiar to many of your fair readers, this being a distinct species of it, I have perhaps not expressed myself with sufficient delicacy on so tender a subject; but however I may have failed in that respect, I would wish to have it understood, that I am neither an advocate for

the harsh treatment of children, nor an unfeeling observer of female weakness; on the contrary, I love the dear children, and not less their fair mothers, and sincerely pity whilst I condemn: but having been too often a witness of the foible abovementioned, and its very serious consequences, I have made this humble attempt to prevent one by correcting the other, which could I flatter myself that it might succeed in one single instance, would afford me more satisfaction than I have language to express.

AND here let me, in justice to the sex, add my sincere tribute of applause to those more prudent matrons, who, uninfluenced by their own immediate feelings, and deaf to "the cries of infant woe," can refuse where it is improper to grant; and avoiding all extremes either of severity or indulgence, put it out of the power of malice itself to call them, in any sense of the term, *cruel mothers*.

To such more properly belongs the office of inculcating what they themselves practice, whilst I can only preach. In the hands then of these fair advocates I leave the important cause of filial and maternal happiness; not doubting but their good example and persuasive eloquence, added to the relative situation of both parties, may produce effects, little to be expected from the well meant endeavours of an anonymous scribbler.

IGNOTUS.

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## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXVII. — MARCH 25, 1794.

Language, in every species, is the power of maintaining social in-  
tercourse among creatures of the same order.

MR. OBSERVER,

By those who have surveyed the progress of human nature, from the dawn of social union, to the various relations which arise among a polished people, it has been justly remarked, that manners and language have kept pace with each other; that as new ideas arose, new terms were invented by which they might be expressed; and that in proportion to the increasing refinement and enlargement of the mind, language becomes more elegant and copious.

To the above observation there are not many exceptions; though it deserves, at the same time to be remembered, that, notwithstanding the connection between language and manners is obvious, a variety of causes may give a superior degree of confinement to the *first*, while the *second* is characterised by a considerable share of rudeness, and the *second* may attain a degree of elegance which language would not lead us to expect.

HAVING premised these general observations respecting the progress of language, it may not be displeasing to remark the wonderful distinction which the hand of Providence has established between man and the inferior animals, in giving him the power of expressing the sensations of his soul, and the operations of his un-

the harsh treatment of children, nor an unfeeling observer of female weakness; on the contrary, I love the dear children, and not less their fair mothers, and sincerely pity whilst I condemn: but having been too often a witness of the foible abovementioned, and its very serious consequences, I have made this humble attempt to prevent one by correcting the other, which could I flatter myself that it might succeed in one single instance, would afford me more satisfaction than I have language to express.

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IGNOTUS.

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## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXVII. — MARCH 12, 1794.

Language, in every species, is the power of maintaining social intercourse among creatures of the same order.

MR. OBSERVER,

By those who have surveyed the progress of human nature, from the dawn of social union, to the various relations which arise among a polished people, it has been justly remarked, that manners and language have kept pace with each other; that as new ideas arose, new terms were invented by which they might be expressed; and that in proportion to the increasing refinement and enlargement of the mind, language becomes more elegant and copious.

To the above observation there are not many exceptions; though it deserves, at the same time to be remembered, that, notwithstanding the connection between language and manners is obvious, a variety of causes may give a superior degree of confinement to the *first*, while the *second* is characterised by a considerable share of rudeness, and the *second* may attain a degree of elegance which language would not lead us to expect.

HAVING premised these general observations respecting the progress of language, it may not be displeasing to remark the wonderful distinction which the hand of Providence has established between man and the inferior animals, in giving him the power of expressing the sensations of his soul, and the operations of his un-

derstanding, by certain *artificial signs*; which by mutual consent, are understood and recognised.

In the early ages of society, when the wants and desires of mankind were simple and circumscribed, when the intellectual faculties were, as yet, in a great degree, dormant, and when the feelings of the heart were the prompters and directors of human actions, the extent and variety of *artificial language* was not required; love and hatred, attachment and aversion, were felt by the soul, and expressed by the countenance.

The infancy of man in a state of social union, has not been improperly compared to the infancy of an individual, and if we examine with attention how readily and with what powerful expression the sensations of pleasure or pain are depicted in the face of a child; with what facility a tender and affectionate mother understands the silent and scarcely articulate language of the darling object of her solicitous care; we shall be induced to believe, that previous to the multiplication of ideas, and the æra of civilization, the language which obtained among men consisted more of sensations which animated the countenance, of passions which fired the eye, than of articulate sounds and complicated phrase.

In what corner of the earth, or at what æra of the world, mankind first emerged from a state of nature, and aspired to the attainments of the understanding, and the honours of civil life; in what manner the refinement, and the various tongues which now exist, were diffused over so wide an extent of the habitable globe, we assume not the province of determining;

but, while we feel disinclined to enter so difficult a field of discussion, we are led to recur to the observation with which we prefaced this paper.

By whatever means, then, the spell was broken by which the sphere of human knowledge was narrowed and obscured: it is evident, as the mind became stored with new ideas, signs, or words, by which they might be indicated, would be sought after with an eagerness proportioned to the magnitude and importance of the object. There is no passion more prevalent, because, there is none more delightful, in the human mind, than that by which we are determined to social intercourse; it is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that the sensations of joy and grief, of love and resentment, and the possession of a new thought, will all strive for utterance, that they may be conveyed to some person of congenial feelings. Feeble is the admiration arising from contemplating the arch of Heaven, dull the sensations occasioned by the foaming torrent, the raging ocean, the awful precipice, or the lofty tower; cold the love, and hollow the friendship, that do not vent themselves in expressions by which they may be felt by another, and reflected back to their original possessor with exalted delight: and that such delight arises from what has been justly called the social principle, needs no demonstration. "A mutual intercourse," says an ingenious author, "gradually opens latent powers; and the extension of this intercourse is gradually attended with new exertions of intellect: let all the powers and elements of nature conspire to serve one man: let the sun rise and set at his command, the sea and rivers roll at his pleasure, and the earth furnish spontaneously whatever may be useful or agreeable to him, he will still be miserable till you give him some one person

at least, with whom he may share his happiness, and whose esteem and friendship he may enjoy."

Thus, the above elegant quotation informs us with what ardour man naturally seeks for language to convey to those round him a knowledge of his pleasures and his pain; and as one individual expects a return of that confidence which he has imparted to another, it is not surprising that a desire of happiness should lead society, by voluntary and mutual compact, to agree that certain objects, sensations, and ideas, should be expressed by *certain* names. Hence the origin of *artificial language*; and it is curious to observe the languages by which at length a Demosthenes, a Cicero, and a Chatham, were enabled to operate on the conviction of nations.—To stir and agitate them with a love of virtue and patriotism, may be ascribed from its beginning, to the simple principle to which I have adverted.

I am,

MR. OBSERVER,

Your obedient servant,

T.

PHILOLOGUS.

TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

DEAR MR. OBSERVER,

Do, tell me, whether your very wise correspondent last week, with the Latin name, as my husband told me, be not an old bachelor. But I am sure he is, he talks with so much authority, about the father correcting the errors of the *poor lady* forsooth!—and how happy it would be for the child that the father should live to *assert his prerogative*!

BACHELORS *wives*, you must know, Mr. Observer, are always best tutored. So I suppose he thinks, when he talks of our little tiny idols that we set up,—dear little things!—and that we invert the order of nature by loving them dearly,—that it would be a very pretty way to keep up the order of nature, to assert his prerogative over the poor lady in every respect, as well as the care of her little idol.

Now, give me leave to let this Old Bachelor into a secret.

He knows very little about his prerogative, as he calls it. And if he did, it's ten to one, he would not know how to make the right use of it. For I will leave it to you, Mr. Observer, if there are not nine husbands out of ten, who spoil children more than the mothers do?

Then he comes, with his tribute of *ap-  
plause to the more prudent matrons*—uninfluenced by their immediate feelings.—Perhaps they may not have so great merit in that.

However, I confess there is some of his letter very passable, when he calls us *fair* perpetrators, and leaves his cause in the hands of *fair* advocates;—and I am half tempted to forgive him, if he will fairly tell me what he is.

From what my good man tells me about his name, *Ignotus*, I sadly suspect he is a *husband incog.*

I am,

Dear Mr. Observer,

Your constant reader,

PHILOCLEA.

P. S.—I forgot to thank you for all that you said the other day, about attachments and matrimonial happiness. Indeed it was very pretty, and very true, in spite of these Old Bachelors.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXVIII. — MARCH 1847.

*Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.*

No this: but call your boys, and come yourself.

MADRAS TRANSLATOR.

WHAT a transition it would be from the delectable lounge, of legs on one corner of the table, and pens and ink on the other, to the jolting springs of country-made carriages, or the grunts of country-made carriers, commonly called palankeen-boys, instead of writing florid epistles on every possible subject, if in this country were to adopt the friendly hint of the Roman poet, — and meet and converse like people in other parts of the world, in *propria persona*.

EVEN in these wonderful and teeming times, of uniform change and inveterate novelty; so mighty a revolution can hardly be hoped for. An Englishman would be as soon persuaded to give up his *Habeas Corpus*, as an East-Indian his *Burrab Chokey*; the *Magna Charta* of the one is not so much read as the *chits* of the other; and people of business here are of so much more weight than at home, that it would be as difficult to move a merchant of Madras to the *Exchange* as to keep a London broker from it.

One of my correspondents some time ago very ingeniously discussed this disposition to letters, though perhaps with too much severity. Whether in the petty but constant and universal manufacture of *Chits* which prevails here, it deserves his appellation of *cacoethes scribendi*, must be left to the judgement of the learned. But, be it worthy of praise or blame, the fact is certainly, notorious, that in no part of the world is to be seen in more practice or perfection, the *Art of Scribbling*.—And, as another of my Auxiliary friends remarked, in his late favour, that manners and language keep pace with each other, it is observable, that in this favourite instance an appropriate phrase has been very expressively applied. The small scale on which this literary intercourse is carried on, naturally suggests a pretty little infantine idea. The term *Chit*, therefore, which is well known to mean nothing more or less than a little child, is very properly adopted to signify this baby correspondence. So in the poetical authority for this word, adduced by Doctor Johnson as descriptive of certain little politicians,

"These will appear such *Chits* in story,"

"'Twill turn all politics to jest."

Political *Chits*, however, at least of anv polemical or controversial cast, are happily not very common in this country.—Discussions of that heating nature are better calculated for cooler climates.

THE superiority of talent of the gentler sex, in all the pleasurable and elegant intercourses of life, is universally acknowledged; and not in any instances more, than in the facility of taste with which they communicate their ideas both in conversation and correspondence.—This double power is happily expressed in the com-

pound epithet, descriptive of the two arts in which they excel;—*chit-chat*: evidently importing the ready faculty both of pen and tongue: powers very honourably recognised and expressly recorded by no less authority than the Spectator himself: who, my fair readers will remember, makes very handsome mention of a *femle society*, who were distinguished by the name of the *chit-chat-club*.

I HAVE heard it remarked that, whatever may be the causes, the climate of India has not been found congenial to the institution of clubs. But if such a one as has been just mentioned were set on foot, the advantages resulting therefrom would no doubt be powerful incentives to its support.

When it is remembered that business and pleasure turn equally on the common medium of *Chits*, and that skill and readiness in writing them, ought therefore, according to Horace, to gain every suffrage, as uniting the *utile dulci*, the writing branch of the institution will certainly recommend itself.

AND as to the other, still more constantly in demand, though perhaps not of such important use, the power of *small-talk*, its conveniency in general, but particularly in public places, in the performance either of a long Concerto or Sermon, is too obvious to be insisted on.

ON the subject of the constant little literary communication that flourishes here, it is observable that the modifications of style and address, as requisite to different persons and subjects, are by no means sufficiently ascertained; especially in the conclusion; which will be al-

lowed to be the most desirable part of most performances. The scale of incipient address, for instance, though varying considerably in its degrees from the distant *Sir* to *My dearest Friend*!—yet admits not half so many colours and distinctions as the termination of a *Chit*. From *your humble servant*, proceeding with great respect, obediently, sincerely, truly, &c. with all the variations of *very* and *most*,—about thirty seven variations may be counted before we come to *thine with everlasting attachment*! Is it not absolutely necessary, to the carrying on both public and private affairs with correctness, that these delicate distinctions should be understood? My female students, it is hoped, will be particularly careful, even of a *Dear Sir*, when they know that a promise of marriage was extracted by some old-fashioned casuists out of a very innocent flourish that only intended love and affection.

As to superscriptions, little difficulty remains; the general rule now being to write the word *Esquire* after every name whatsoever that is not military or ecclesiastic. This is an admirable expedient to prevent both trouble and offence, by equalizing all professions and stations; and is an high improvement on the levelling system of equality introduced elsewhere, which appeared to partake a little of envy, in endeavouring to pull down dignities and orders: but this, in the nobler spirit of emulation, aspires, with manly arrogance to itself, and without derogation from others.

To return to the prevalence and use of the *Chit*, and consequently the desirableness of a *Chit Society*, with proper professors to promote its practice and science, especially among young gentlemen and ladies newly arrived from Eu-

rope, I have only to add my hopes of being favoured with a few *chits* on the subject, with additional hints and proposals.

### THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXIX. — MARCH 25, 1794.

Our loose preambles are too long,  
On French translation and Italian song;  
Dare to have sense perceived, insert the stage,  
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage;  
Such plays alone should please a British ear,  
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

POPE.

If such were the patriotic remonstrance of the poet at the beginning of the century, the same sentiments would have been expressed by him at least with equal zeal in later times. For it is certain that French fashions and French taste established, principally under the magnificent auspices of Louis XIV. a very general sway in Europe; which was long arrogated, especially in matters of literature, with a high spirit of critical monopoly.

MEN are too apt to give credit to proud pretensions; to suppose that where much is assumed, something is deserved; and indolently to pay the debt that insolence exacts, rather than take the trouble of examining the account.

Thus the French critics remained in almost undisturbed possession of the dictatorial chair, even after the decline of the splendour of

their country; which in the earlier conquests and glory of Louis had given a plausible pre-eminence to their literature as well as their arms.

The munificence of the Court had also contributed not a little to dignify the claims of the *Beaux Esprits* of France. They were gratified with ample reward, and honoured with high distinction. Embodied in societies and academies, they were protected by royal favour, and commanded national respect; and mutually supported by the *esprit de corps*, which prevails as strongly in literary association as any other, they were enabled long to maintain their sovereignty, especially in the branches of humane and polite learning. In the more abstruse researches, indeed, of philosophy moral and natural, as the original genius of *Bacon* pointed out the path, so the persevering powers of *Locke* and *Grotius* and *Newton* pursued their successful way.

But though England and her allies could thus boast of victorious commanders in the great warfare of literature, as they did in effect in the military field, against the encroaching ambition of their neighbour; yet could they not stem or rival the progress of their language and style of composition, the correctness of their poetry and antithesis of their prose, their coolness of criticism and regularity of taste; inculcated as all these have been and exemplified, from the *Rapins* and the *Perraults*, to their great and admired partisan *Voltaire*.

It were an undertaking too diffuse for my limits, to enter on a particular consideration of the subjects to which I have alluded. But I cannot omit one remark as to that species of poetry which is generally admitted to be of the highest

order, the *Epic*, as demonstrative in the instance of the great name I have quoted, of the rigid rules and partial taste which his elegant country was too willing to adopt, relative to that noble subject. It is a certain fact, that Voltaire's *Henriade* was generally esteemed in France as the best of all Epic Poems! His own opinion is very easily collected, from his disquisition into the demerits of all others, particularly the *Paradise Lost* of Milton.

There are, however, who think that the dramatic Muse ought to have precedence among the Nine, and particularly that the Tragic is entitled to the first place. Still more immediately personifying the actions and passions of men through the boundless regions of Nature from whence to select variety, the Drama admits and perhaps requires higher flights of fancy, than the works of the Historic or Epic Muse. Here, therefore, peculiarly interferes the regulation of of unfeeling art, and timid taste. The Critic of Ferney, unable to soar with the "ample Pinion" of the Avon-Eagle, censures his noble daring as wild and eccentric,—and while Shakespear is gazed at by

"Existence as he scorns her bounded reign,

"And panting Time toils after him in vain,—

we are very coolly told that he has violated *all the unities*.

The same spirit of insipid correctness crept very generally some years ago into the criticism and composition of comedies. The other extreme of licentious abuse, which had taken its rise from, and was too congenial to, the court of Charles II. certainly required correction. But it was unfortunate that the corrective which was applied, by the Act for licensing the

stage, or the fashion of *French translation* that followed, suppressed the true comic spirit with the false and improper, and left nothing but sentimental dregs behind. Then ensued the reign of dulness, affecting the distinction of elegance, and sensibility shining in studied sentences: and the yawning audiences, undisturbed by mirth or vulgar humour, were gently lulled with dialogue without wit, plot without interest, and sentiment without virtue.

A BRIGHTER era dawned on the British theatre, when the admirable author of the *School for Scandal* (even to the remotest parts it is hardly necessary to particularise the name of *Sheridan*) demonstrated how consistent with decorum may be the most exquisite humour, and that the finest wit may best promote the moral purpose of the stage.

It has been a peculiarly pleasing exercise of *Indian observation*, to see a subject of such excellent use and entertainment, as the theatrical is allowed to be, cultivated with such happy success, in this scene. The above thoughts have been thrown together, for the purpose of promoting its best cultivation; and to point to those parterres of the garden, where it may yield the richest fruit. It cannot ripen on the sickly scyon of *French translation*, or the barren stock of *Italian song*. The inferiority of the latter must have been obvious to all, who heard the late contradistinguished excellence of the manly and natural strains of *Handel*. And of the *inferior comedy*, whether it be direct plagiarism from other languages, or the late invented *snip-snap* reply and pantomime dialogue, usurping the place of natural incident and moral entertainment,—whether it be *English farce* or foreign

entre-met, — surely, no reader or spectator, acquainted with Shakespear and some of his successors on the scene, will hesitate to pronounce a preference.

A LATE tragic instance, in real life, which he so exactly portrayed, may not be an unworthy tribute of record, to the immortal Father of the Drama.

AFTER a desperate action between a smuggling-vessel and a King's cutter, the captain of the former boarded his enemy. The commander of the cutter was in the power of the conqueror, who in the act of striking, withheld his hand — "I cannot kill him, he is so like my father!" — My reader will instantly remember Lady Macbeth and Duncan, 'Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it!' — Every sensible heart will form the comment.

P.

It has been a peculiarly pleasing exercise of wit and fancy, to see a ship of such excellent and extraordinary construction, as the theatrical is allowed to be, employed in such happy scenes, in this scene. The above thoughts have been thrown together, for the purpose of promoting a better cultivation, and to point to those parties.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXX. — APRIL 1, 1794.

*Laudumque immensa cupido,*

VIRGIL.

— And boundless thirst of fame.

OUR great moral poet tells us, in some of his didactic satires, or epistles, I forget which, that *hope* is the most comfortable and constant companion of our life: — that it sticks to our last sand, consoles even dissolution itself, — nor "quits us when we die."

I hope that none of my readers will be indisposed to the opinion of the poetical moralist, so supporting as it is to the mind in "the various turns of fate below;" and I trust therefore it may not be displeasing to them if I endeavour to enter on the subject with some particularity as to the objects of that ruling passion in the minds of our countrymen, in this country.

Power, wealth, and fame (in its best sense) are, in all parts of the world, the great objects of human pursuit. Exceptions, it is true, may be adduced, of conduct, independent of all these allowed attractions, disinterested even as to fame, and *turning solely on its own axis*, of pure benevolence and liberality. But the rarity of such exception is the strongest demonstration of the generally rule.

It is not, however, by any means intended to depreciate the aspiring views of ambition, the industrious attentions of commerce, or the honourable pursuit of glory. The respective principles that prompt to each, on the supposition always that they act through just and proper means, are admirably conducive to public prosperity, and consequently to private happiness.

As to the first, although it must be allowed, that desire of *power* or public sway cannot and ought not to have much immediate operation as to individual ambition, in settlements far distant from the sources of authority in the state, and which are in their nature commercial and military rather than colonial; yet are not to be excluded the fair prospects and hopes of stations the most honourable, to be deserved through gradations of either service, and ultimately attained by merit; as in some instances

has been happily exemplified, and it is to be hoped, will be in many more.

It will not be necessary to expatiate on the next branch of the question, the successful pursuit of fair emolument in this country, from the commercial and political service of the state. It is a fortunate concurrence indeed, where, as in the flourishing establishment of our commerce and power in this country, the advantage of individuals is so amply supported by, and promoted in proportion to, the prosperity of the public. And it is a peculiarly pleasing subject of observation, that not only those who are in the immediate service of these establishments partake so amply their prosperity; but that they who pursue their own commercial projects under the public protection, are both able and willing to give effectual aid to the public cause: as appears in the late equipments of private vessels, and the liberal subscriptions for that purpose. This is the true commercial circulation of protection received, and assistance repaid. The rich streams that have flowed through the arteries of protected trade, return through the grateful veins, to support the source from whence they issued.

Thus it has been pleasing to contemplate the influence of honourable and public spirited motives, in those pursuits where they are not generally expected to be found; at least, not so much as in others. For it must be acknowledged, that the third subject intended to be considered, the pure and disinterested love of fame, is particularly appropriate to the profession of arms. Every honourable breast, it is true, must be animated by it; but it is obvious, that it belongs more to the military character than any other; that it is more directly the ob-

ject of the soldier, and that the means of attaining it, according to the usual acceptation, and in the general eye of mankind, are more immediately competent to the dangers and triumphs of war, than any other walk of life.

THIS will be the more readily admitted, when the qualities requisite to military service, and those naturally arising from it, are recollected to be of the most generous nature. Contempt of danger, patience of fatigue, sacrifice of every convenience and indulgence,—of any selfish consideration whatsoever, that can interfere with the character of a soldier;—promptitude in obeying command, and temper in exercising it; in captivity, fidelity and fortitude, and towards the captive, clemency; in fine, prudence in the plan, zeal in the action, and moderation in the victory:—these are some of the characteristic qualities of the military profession, of which it is not extraordinary that the companion should be a disinterested passion for glory.

A GENEROUS sympathy also with the situations of others, and affectionate attachment in consequence to the fellow-sufferers of hardships and dangers, must be more often the lesson, and more deeply impressed, in the rugged school of military experience, than in other smoother habits of life. But of the various instances of fellow sufferings among military men, whether in the fatigues of the field or the cruelties of captivity, it is certain that no country can be more fertile than this. It cannot be doubted, from the happy example of those who have survived them, that this country can also boast in proportion, the virtues consequent on trials so severe:

———“ Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,

“ Where justice gives the laurel:—

“ The inextinguishable spark which fires

“ The souls of patriots:—

“ Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.”

THE *Indian Observer*, must have forfeited his title, if he had not paid attention to the subject of an anniversary observance which occurred on the 23d of the month:—the liberation of our countrymen from the prisons of the Mysore Monarch, in the year 1784. Consideration of their military suffering led principally to the few foregoing thoughts on the military condition and character. And a contemplation of their happy release having suggested the following lines, thrown together, as I understand, rather on the spur of the occasion, than with any critical care, I shall take the liberty of concluding this paper with them, as applicable to the latter part of my subject.

\* IN life's career, what various scenes

The mingled prospect form?

Sorrows surround;—joy intervenes;

Sunshine succeeds the storm.

Dejected now, the merchant sees

His richest hope o'erthrown:—

Another venture!—Wealth and ease

His warmest wishes crown.

Behold yon hapless lover lie—

Hear him his torments breathe:

Now, see his triumph's ecstasy,

Bless'd with love's happiest wreath.

Hark! was not that the Patriot's groan

Amidst the *Rights of Men*?

Despair not virtue: justice soon

Shall vindicate her reign.

Then civil strife, if fought more fell

Can wring the generous mind,

Speak noble hearts:—'tis yours to tell

In barbarous chains confined.

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\* These lines were written and spoken by Mr. BOYD, at the Anniversary Entertainment abovementioned.

The dying hero, proud of death  
In honourable war,  
Embraces fate, and his last breath  
Triumphs in every scar.

But say, ye, whose barbarian doom  
Imposed the Tyrant's chain,—

In dungeon sunk,—a living tomb,—  
In almost hopeless pain!

Say, could ye hope that equal fate  
Had blessings yet in store?  
That joys should follow, sure though late,  
And Fortune frown no more?

—That glory's sun again should rise,  
Through fate, severely kind;

As gold the fiercest fire defies,  
Approved, enhanced, refined.

Yes, noble friends! in life's career

You've reached the honoured goals  
And social happiness is here,  
And friendship's flow of soul.

And here no changes intervene,  
No varied prospect's found;

Life's drama boasts this constant scene,—  
*Friendship with honour crowned.*

The Tyrant's iron was a fleeting pain;—  
Constant the joys of sweet affection's chain.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXXI. — APRIL 8, 1794.

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,  
 Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:—  
 By Actions?—Those, uncertainty divides;  
 By Passions?—These, dissimulation hides:  
 Opinions?—They still take a wider range;  
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.  
*Manners with fortunes; Humours twin with climes,  
 Tenets with books, and Principles with times.*

POPE.

To repress, as it might seem, the pride  
 of human research; and to repel the vain pretensions  
 of human genius, the wisest of men has  
 pronounced, *that there is nothing new under the Sun.*

THE great Satirist, at the head of my paper,  
 gives a reasoned opinion, which must appear  
 still more derogatory to the dignity and  
 value of the pursuits of the human mind,—*that  
 there is no constancy or uniformity to be found in the  
 human character.*

ON the first position it may not be requisite  
 here to make further remarks, than what  
 may vindicate it from any apparent consequence  
 as discouraging to learning. Properly considered,  
 it ought rather to operate as an incentive  
 to investigation; and to a laudable emulation at  
 least, in the recovery of long lost arts, or the  
 exercise of those transmitted from ancient store.  
 And though, in the remote and abstract sense, as  
 intended by the royal Philosopher, it may be  
 agreed that there is nothing actually new in  
 nature; yet industrious research in tracing her

secret, and in the moral world, judicious combinations of ideas and correction of systems may claim the merit, morally speaking, of invention, and confer the crown of genius even on modern talents, exercising new means at least for the great object, — the wisdom and happiness of mankind.

But if the poet's censure be just, that the spirit of change pervades the actions, passions, and opinions of men, what will avail the most fertile fancy, towards the improvement of wisdom; or the best original disposition, to the attainment of moral happiness?

It has been remarked that the acknowledged superiority of the ancients in the higher walks of literature, — a superiority never brought into serious question I believe since the decided defeat of the *modern* Don Quixotes Bentley and Wotton, by Temple, Berkeley, and Swift, — might be principally attributed to the scrupulous and sedulous care with which those great ancient masters limited themselves to the pursuit of their respective lines of study and learning.

This care included not only a persevering attention to finish their works with the highest polish, on the critical revisal after a patient interval of *nine years*, — but an exclusive attachment each to the object of his pursuit. They knew that no man could serve two Muses, but that by a divided attempt to propitiate both mistresses, he would deserve neither; — each devoted him-

\* *Nonum prematur in annum.* Hor. — It is a curious anecdote of a modern royal Author, that he has extended the term of quiescence to his works, (and they were not few) to thirty years. Till that period shall have elapsed after the death of the late King of Sweden, his works are not to be published or inspected.

self to one; and like the patient knights of romance, gained finally the reward of his constant toils.

Of the great father of Epic poetry we do not know any other composition than the Iliad; except a little *jeu d'esprit* of the battle of the frogs and mice: which though rather light perhaps and burlesque, it must be remembered it is still a battle.

THE extraordinary and chaste solicitude is well known, with which his Epic successor (*sequiturque patrem*) endeavoured to give perfection to the *Æneid*: a solicitude so nice, that he desired, by his *last will*, the poem should be burned; on account of supposed inaccuracies. Fortunately the *Executor* was a classical friend, who preferred his taste to his duty. Virgil's works were also few; but excellent in proportion.

THE same continuity of pursuit and care of excellence, are seen through the long illustrious line of Greek and Roman philosophers, orators, historians and poets. The former disputed and harangued in the schools, each the professor of his peculiar art: and the fair pages of Clio and her faithful sisters were pure and unmixed with baser matter. How different the multifarious medley of modern authors! and the motley produce of that wonderful modern engine the Press, groaning at the same time, and perhaps from the same hand, with folios of divinity and duodecimos of scandal. It is almost in vain to hunt after the real character, or the proper talents, of some of our fashionable authors, in a modern book-case. They elude the pursuit like Proteus, and assume a new form at every turn. A grave philosopher on one shelf, will be found frisking

in epigram or lying in lampoon on another; and history herself, in all her charms, may be detected in very dangerous assignations with scepticism and metaphysics; and committing *her character* very suspiciously with some *infidel* favourites.

When only the weakness incident thus to wanton change and fickleness is insisted on, in literary pursuits, it may not be necessary to take occasion of avowing a proportionate respect and admiration for the eminent merits of those who, constant to the cause of truth, intellectual and moral, investigate her recesses with the rays of heat, taste, and who reflect, even in these days, back to the luminous models of ancient time, the brilliant and steady lights of genius and virtue.

But as the mutability of character intended in my motto is rather moral than intellectual, relating more to the sentiments than the operations of the mind, it may be proper to descend from the literary sphere, to step on the walks, and observe the conduct of men; and then decide whether "manners turn with fortune."

On that question, little experience of the world will be requisite to form a general decision. But care ought to be observed, not to pronounce it with absolute censure. It is at least perfectly natural to the heart of man, to feel elation in prosperity and dejection in distress. Those uncommon and rare spirits, who are unmoved and *unchanged* by either, are heroical exceptions, to the general rule founded on the human character.

On the other hand, it is to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, that excessive in-

stances of upstart pride and callous good fortune, or of abject despair and dejection in adversity, ought not to be admitted as characteristic of mankind. That they sometimes occur, many have seen; that their contraries often exist, more have opportunity of shewing: but when they do happen, all perhaps ought to concur, that they should be rather pined as fallings than condemned as vices; contemptible more than criminal; arising from the same impotence of mind, and equally unable to bear the frigid blasts of adversity, or the torrid rays of a too prosperous and vertical sun.

THIS might lead me to the change of "humours with climes;" but the foregoing reflections had not carried me further than I foresaw. That changeability, however, with the others mentioned, may be resumed in a future paper. Though as to "tenets changing with books," the discussion perhaps may not be exactly in point in this country, where it must be confessed, reading is not an epidemical disease. "Principles with times," it is feared may to some degree be applied to all:—but, after all by no means in the great extent it is generally received; nor with justice be imputed to many great and high characters in political life; against whom this, and common-place railing, are charged by their adversaries, in default of argument and defiance of candour.

Thus drank, thus moralized the Colony  
and then drank again as a proof that he was in  
earnest. There may be much good sense in  
the worthy veteran's observation, but is it that  
kind of wisdom which the INDIAN OBSERVER

at the same price: "Care of the  
-no of Numb XXXII. 1. April 1794  
-lived a good constitution and let us have pagoda

—Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love—  
-retained and made good use of might have en-

—Come, What shall we drink? said  
Colonel Gorge to Mr. Punjam.

—I regret not having done so, and am now en-  
deavouring to pick up the pieces of the broken  
the ice-way. "And yet, Sir, there are men much

G. "Pooh! I mean what shall we say  
much more prudent than I have been, whom I

—Why, Sir, what think you of health  
and pagodas?

G. "With all my heart; it is without ex-  
ception, the best toast we Indians can drink of.

So, here's health and pagodas. You are a young  
fellow, Punjam, and enjoy one of those creature-

requisites in perfection; the other will come of  
course; remember, that time must be taken by

the forelock, or you may some thirty years hence  
find yourself in the same situation as myself, and

many others, whose want both of health and  
wealth occasions our looking back with regret to

opportunities lost, and advice disregarded. My  
constitution and my purse are for ever at vari-

ance; the first says, retire, Gorge, and recruit  
a debilitated frame in your native country. Purse

replies, take no such advice, Gorge; for depend  
upon it that one meal of ox-cheek per diem is

a bad regimen for invalids; and whilst our  
funds are so low, what else can you expect in

England? So the purse carries it hollow:—Well,  
here's health and pagodas."

Thus drank, thus moralized the Colonel, and then drank again, as a proof that he was in earnest. There may be much good sense in the worthy veteran's observation, but it is that kind of wisdom which any body may purchase at the same price: "*Ecce Signum*," Mr Observer, here am I, now, who, like old Gorget, have out-lived a good constitution, and let as many pagodas slip through my hands unnecessarily, as, if retained and made good use of, might have enabled me e'er now, to return home, with a moderate independance. Like our friend Gorget too, I regret not having done so, and am now endeavouring, as the sailors term it, to "bring up the lee-way." And yet, Sir, there are men much younger than I, now, as full as I shall be, and much more prudent than I have been, whom I see without envy, or the smallest particle of emulation; for there is a certain necessity to be observed in oeconomy, below which, (so justly is avarice called the vice of age) old people are too apt to descend, whilst their unfledged juniors soar above it. But when in the vigour of youth, I see a man so eager to hoard and amass wealth, as to deny himself the conveniences, and almost the necessaries of life, I consider him as a kind of *monstrum horrendum*, unfit to associate with the ordinary race of mortals, and exhibited only like a beacon, to be seen and avoided. To such men what can either health or riches avail? The former will in all probability be sacrificed at the shrine of avarice; and the acquisitions of a toilsome life, which, alas! must be left behind, dissipated in a thousand idle ways by an extravagant heir. The golden mean which I have hinted at, though so difficult of access to young and old, is I flatter myself more easily attainable by us middle aged people, who with sufficient experience to avoid mad good-nature on one hand, may yet have phan-

thropy enough left to steer clear of mean self love on the other. After all, we must allow it is a ticklish navigation, and that we are too often deceived by the apparent breadth of the channel. But dropping metaphors, and supposing the much desired acquisition of pagodas to have taken place, unless we have the good sense to make a proper use of them, it may surely be asked *what for?* The gold might for us as well have been worshipped in the shape of a *Gautmy* at *Agger-nault*, thrown away in guineas at an election in England, or still slept undiscovered in the bowels of the earth. The deviations from the only proper and enviable use of riches, so emphatically expressed in my motto, are as various as the dispositions of men. Thus in one rich family, we see an ostentatious display of plate, equipage and attendants, without the smallest spark of real friendship or hospitality; in another gripping avarice, in a third unbounded profusion. Alas! how far from happy must be the possessors of millions, thus hoarded, squandered, or abused. But where, as often happens, (and God forbid it should not) affluence is attended by generosity not too lavish, or economy not too rigid, and a disposition to promote society and good neighbourhood, it becomes indeed a real blessing, to ourselves and others, and cannot fail to constitute a most essential part of our happiness. By whatever name the sages of antiquity may, in their great wisdom, have spoken of riches, such as the *irritamenta malorum*, &c. every wise man now living will admit that they are likewise incitements to virtue, and that the already kind and benevolent disposition is thereby furnished with the most effectual means of gratification. For my own part, I am strongly tempted to consider the wise men of every age and nation who have been most pointed in their invectives on this subject, as so many hypocritical foxes, villi-

lying the really sweet grapes, which are not within their reach. *How, then, shall I do?* Having so freely given my opinion respecting the conduct of others, it is but fair to acknowledge that I am by no means satisfied with my own; that I find it difficult to imitate what I admire, and that in the proper regulation of expence there is a peculiar knack, method, or *je ne sais quoi*, which I have never been able to attain:—on the contrary, I have a certain talent at getting rid of all my superfluous cash, and sometimes a little more, in the most easy imperceptible manner, imaginable, inasmuch that I often wonder how it could have passed through my hands in so short a time. Of mad good nature my enemies cannot accuse me, and my own conscience acquits me of mean self-love, so that steering as I seem to do, along the middle channel, I am puzzled to conceive why I make no more way, but am still baffled and retarded in my course. In plain language (from which my motto has twice seduced me,) I mean to be very prudent and to live considerably within my income: I accordingly prescribe certain bounds to my expences, which are on no account to be exceeded; but some new and unforeseen want is constantly arising, which not to gratify would be mean and miserable, (at least so I argue); besides what is the use of money, say I, if we deny ourselves the conveniences it is intended to supply? This argument is decisive, and the purchase made; but that once done, an immediate stop must be put to all such extra expences. Unfortunately, however, the next month, or week, or day, some fresh want is discovered, it's urgency canvassed, the intended use of money called in, as before, in aid of my own inclination; and finally this want too is supplied. New resolutions are now made,

and henceforward I am to be very æconomical: new wants occur, and the same farce is again played over; so that I begin to despair of ever practising what I am so ready to praise. The shortness and uncertainty of life are sometimes appealed to, and invariably espouse the cause of inclination against æconomy: no wonder then if the latter, when opposed to so formidable a rival, is constantly obliged to give way. To prevent this happening in future, I know of but one method which seems to promise success.

Before I proceed, give me leave to observe, that the custom of drinking healths, &c. clearly implies a hope of some good arising from them, or rather a confidence in their efficacy. I proposed therefore, to *denounce* every species of extravagance, and to *decree* that whosoever shall drink the favourite toast of Colonel Gorget, "*bealth and pagodas*," be obliged to add, *with prudence sufficient to make a proper use of them*: and this on pain either of the *guillotine* or a tumbler of salt water, as may be deemed most consistent with freedom and equality.

IGNOTUS.

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXXIII. — APRIL 22, 1794.

*Facit indignatio versum.*

JUV.

If any apology were requisite for dedicating this *Observer* to the following spirited poem, the highest possible authority might be referred to, in the example of the *Spectator*. The readers

of that admirable work will remember the happy introduction of some *poetical papers*, doing equal honour to the authors, and pleasure to the public.

WHEN such an inimitable example is referred to, it must be, as *the Observer* took early occasion to premise, and from experience finds ample reason to know, at a most respectful and awful distance. But he hopes to be more excused in such reference, by the merit of the following, than any attempt of his own.—The candid critic will not however expect the parched plains of India, or bungaloes in the land-winds, will hardly tempt the Aonian maids, wont to disport,—fanned by the fragrant zephyrs,—on the banks of Tibur and of Thames, in the Virgilian villa or the Twickenham grotto. But though our poet's verse swell not with Pollio's praises, nor aspires to invoke the nymphs of Solyma; yet it is hoped that the well chosen interests, in this country, of the subjects he treats, and the manly boldness and poetical spirit with which they are discussed, will well repay the attention of Indian readers,

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### AN ADDRESS

TO THE

### COMPANY'S SERVANTS:

WRITTEN WHEN THE INDIA BILLS APPEARED IN THE BEGINNING OF 1785; WITH OCCASIONAL ADDITIONS.

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IN Orient climes, where griping tyrants reign,  
And passive Indians drag the slavish chain:  
Where sickly dams, their noxious influence shed,  
And burning suns strike Europeans dead;  
Where senates (tho' 'tis fellow subjects feel)  
Erect the inquisition and the wheel;  
Shall one of Freedom's sons presume t' engage,  
Despotic power and vindictive rage;

Opposing justice, to the mighty throng,  
 Who from design, or ignorance, are wrong?  
 Yes, Truth inspires and animates his song.

Outcasts of every country, hither roam,  
 And 'stead of halters, villains find a home,  
 Some Britons too, regardless of their trust,  
 Become rapacious, cruel and unjust.  
 Accurs'd be all the vile, degen'rate race,  
 The slaves of av'rice, and the tools of place;  
 The cringing herd, the proud oppressive throng,  
 Doers themselves, or advocates of wrong;  
 Yet let not censure undistinguish'd fall,  
 Illiberal censure,—that includes us all;  
 Av'rice in power, to oppression drives,  
 Premiers in England, and in India, Clives;  
 And who deserve most from their country—they,  
 Who sav'd an empire, or threw one away?  
 Perish the wretch! who'd plead a villain's cause,  
 Approve injustice or pervert the laws:  
 But indiscriminate vengeance, why pursue?  
 Degrading thousands, for a scoundrel few.

Say ye, who know mankind, what happy place,  
 Is blest supremely, in a blameless race—  
 Say, are to Europe's shores alone confin'd,  
 Goodness of heart and rectitude of mind?  
 Must virtue, honour, taste, and feeling die,  
 Transplanted hither from a northern sky?  
 At what degree, receding from the line,  
 Must worth and knowledge first begin to shine?  
 Here vice and ignorance, triumphant rule,  
 And every man's a scoundrel or a fool.  
 So cries the vulgar prejudice, which blinds,  
 Contracts and hardens all ignoble minds.

Hail Swartz! dispenser of unerring truth,  
 Pattern of age, and monitor of youth,  
 Pure in your heart, the pious ardours glow,  
 Pure from your lips the sacred precepts flow;  
 Pure in your life, their energy appears,  
 Soften'd, improv'd, and dignified by years.

That martial ardour in these climes can dwell,  
 Let Coote, Smith, Lawrence, and their armies tell.  
 That generous feelings are not dead or weak,  
 Let the glad orphan, and the widow speak.  
 What friend to man, who hears th' affecting theme,  
 But glows at Campbell's and Kirkpatrick's name?  
 Exalted souls, accept a stranger's praise,  
 Who would not sink, but dignify his lays.  
 Let vice to vice the venal meed impart,  
 Be yours what flows spontaneous from the heart;  
 Be yours the thanks, the hapless orphan owes,  
 For unhop'd comfort, and for lessen'd woes.  
 Be yours such thanks, as must reproach the vile,  
 The Virgin's blushes, and the Infant's smile.

Here knowledge by benevolence refin'd,  
 Forms mighty plans, to benefit mankind,  
 From distant lands, their useful stores to bring,  
 In barren wilds, to make rich harvests spring,  
 With mighty banks, the river's course restrain,  
 And pour new treasures o'er the thirsty plain,  
 Sources of wealth unfold, unknown before,  
 To guard from want the hovel of the poor,  
 And while such varied worth our *World* displays,  
 Be mine the honour to record and praise.

That suffering virtue here aspires to fame,  
 Let Tippoo's captives, to the world proclaim,  
 Shock'd at the thought with pity and disdain,  
 Joy beats for entrance at my heart in vain.  
 I hear sad groans, from deep, dark dungeons rise,  
 (The moans of *Freedom* 'neath *Oppression's* skies!)  
 Where sunk in horrors, and convuls'd with pains,  
 Indignant Britons shake their galling chains.

If these sad scenes, the gen'rous soul impress  
 With sympathetic feeling, for distress,  
 Let mildness and humanity assuage,  
 The giddy transports of intemp'rate rage.  
 And when the menial hireling meekly stands,  
 With trembling frame, and supplicating hands;  
 Repress blind *wrath*, let gentle mercy move,  
 And when you punish, punish to improve:—  
 Ye powers of soft benignity! what can  
 Make man exert the tyrant over man?

'Tis cowardice, by Heavens! the truly brave,  
Disdain to strike an unresisting slave.  
But few such crimes—Yes, spite of party rage,  
Truth shall be told, and in an Indian page.  
Statesmen may err, but candour must maintain,  
We hold the Natives with too loose a rein;  
Train'd to submission, arrogance with fears,  
And indolence, with avarice appears:  
Subtle they crouch, beneath superior pow'r,  
But unrestrain'd, insult, betray, devour.  
Feeble with pride, with superstition, knaves,  
They will be tyrants, or they must be slaves.  
Far as tradition can their conduct trace,  
The same characteristics mark the race.  
Change first, the fervour of this burning clime,  
Then banish errors, sanctified by time.  
Reverse the order of the rolling year,  
Then hope, that Liberty will flourish here:—  
Our laws, religion, customs, they detest,  
Convinc'd their own are wisest, purest, best:  
Indians will not enjoy, perversely blind,  
The God-like freedom of an English mind:  
Give them, of liberty, the amplest share  
Their present habits can with safety bear,  
Think not at once, to change, by hopes, or fears,  
The abject slav'ry of unnumber'd years.  
In slow progression, human wisdom draws,  
Mildness with force, and liberty with laws:  
When full, the social energies expand,  
Burst as in Britain forth, in freedom grand.  
Our complicated forms to introduce,  
Would be unjust and cruel, without use.  
Shock not the prejudice you can't remove,  
O'erturn not ancient systems, but improve.  
Our legal subtleties restricted sway,  
Would only teach them, how to disobey;  
Unlike a native despot's iron hand,  
Remorseless, crushing all a prostrate land,  
Yet all, who know this country, must agree  
That we grow slaves, while slaves are growing free;  
Denied a right that should to all extend,  
The sacred intercourse, 'tween friend and friend,  
Expos'd, and in strict statute fetters bound,  
The legal prey, of every harpy round—  
Beware, Britannia! lest misjudging law  
Destroys that power, it only meant to awe.

Beware! lest warn'd by real or fancied woes,  
 You blind your friends, and liberate your foes.  
 Britons, to freedom's glorious blessings born,  
 Should view th' enslavers of mankind with scorn;  
 With love fraternal, brother Britons own,  
 Alike, in England and the torrid zone;  
 O'er injur'd worth, should spread a seven-fold shield,  
 And draw the sword which Justice bids them wield.

Exiles from those best blessings, Heaven can send,  
 The fond, fond parent, and the early friend,  
 Entwin'd with every fibre of the heart—  
 Say ye who've felt, how dreadful 'twas to part?  
 What more afflictions are we doom'd to bear?  
 Distress, disease, captivity severe.  
 What our rewards? when sickness shakes the frame,  
 And life's last ember casts a doubtful gleam.  
 Can we, before the vital spirit flies,  
 Seek renovation, under native skies?  
 Those who have wealth may go—all must resign,  
 And empty coffers suit not health's decline.  
 Sad choice! to starve, or hopeless pains endure,  
 Rejuvenescence is not for the poor.  
 What more rewards?—Should one become a pest,  
 The public odium fastens on the rest,  
 By partial laws insulted and confus'd,  
 By vileness call'd, the vilest of mankind,  
 Defeated Generals, Admirals who fled,  
 (While envy scowls from each unlaurell'd head)  
 The ins and outs whose mad contending rage,  
 The state dismember'd, and convuls'd the age,  
 Contractors, sharpers, pickpockets, and jews,  
 The dregs of senates, pillories, and stews,  
 All join, with friendly ardour to declaim,  
 And our delinquency, th' exhaustless theme:  
 A league like this would raise to spirit brave  
 The torpid meanness of an Asian slave,  
 And shall not we, assert our birth-right dare?  
 Not tell the wrongs, th' indignities we bear!  
 Heavens! are we lost to glory and to shame,  
 Or bear we aught of Britons but the name?  
 Yes, here, even here, great liberty inspires,  
 The social virtues and the patriot fires.  
 Nor need Britannia blush her sons to own,  
 Their minds elate to honour's walks are prone.  
 Like our great ancestors then let us stand,  
 Against the proud oppressors of the land.

Like them the voice of freedom boldly raise,  
 With Roman firmness spurn tyrannic ways,  
 Bid Kings and Senates the right road discern,  
 Just to the just; and to the lawless stern,  
 Gentle, yet steadfast; loyal, yet unaw'd;  
 And future ages shall our deeds applaud.

Whether we shiver underneath the pole,  
 Or o'er our heads, the world's enlightner roll;  
 Whether enjoying pleasure, rank and wealth,  
 Or lost to joy, to competence, and health;  
 Superior rising to the vulgar springs,  
 And changing scenes of sublunary things;  
 With minds untainted with the lust of gold,  
 Honor unsullied, honesty unsold,  
 Prepar'd alike, for happiness or ill,  
 Let us remember—we are Britons still.

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXXIV. — APRIL 29, 1794.

*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*

Various our tastes, and each pursues his own.

Seldom favoured with friendly communications,  
 I am the more obliged by the following: which, without  
 further preface, I have the pleasure of laying before my  
 readers.

TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

SIR,

It was not without much pleasure that I  
 saw in some of your former lucubrations, dis-  
 quisitions into the merits of the several arts that  
 adorn and improve society; with well-timed  
 observations, calculated to incite the public at-  
 tention to their promotion and encouragement.

THOUGH neither artist or connoisseur, author or critic, I profess myself an *amateur* of every thing agreeable. Approving, therefore, as far as my limited talent will admit, of the ingenious researches with which you have favoured the public, into the comparative powers of poetry and oratory, painting and music, give me leave to express my surprise that the latter, which has been generally supposed to be the most attractive of any, appears not to be popular or fashionable at present. I know, Sir, according to the proverb, that it is in vain to *argue on state*; or to demonstrate to the mind that it *must* be pleased. Persuasion against the feelings has no more effect than conviction against the will; which, according to a very high though facetious authority, produces only a continuance in the same opinion. But the understanding may be called in aid with some success, especially if seconded with a little honest pride, to dissuade from frivolous levities, and adopt habits at least—which may grow into inclinations,—for elegant amusements and rational pleasure.

HAMLET strongly argues his mother “to *assume* a virtue, if she has it not.” It is rather extraordinary, that those to whom Stepdame Nature has denied refinement of intellect or sensibility of soul, should not desire to dissemble their defects; and by assuming proper appearances, endeavour to catch something of the reality. This would be at least an innocent, and might be an useful affection.

EVEN in subjects more serious, hypocrisy has been considered as a compliment to virtue; and is a proof of some remnant of sense in the *professor*, by his attempt to conform, in appearance, to the right understanding of mankind. But not to be too serious on the subject on

which I address you,—which, no doubt, your penetration has discovered to be neither more nor less than the *private* attendance of our *public* concerts,—can you account, Sir, with all your acute *observing*, for this extraordinary fact; or rather this negative of fact and taste? No hearers of Handel's chosen strains; no enraptured admirers of the nicely touched key, the swelling string, or the still more melodious harmony of the various voice.

As I am little better than an unfledged *Griffin*, according to the fashionable phrase here, and newly arrived from a distant residence,—the empty benches of the concert-room naturally suggested an idea to me, that some high attractive entertainments, of very superior order, reigned throughout the accomplished society. Learned *Lyceums* presented themselves to my imagination; or, still more attractive, because heightened with female taste and beauty, the elegant *Conversazione*, *des Bals parés*, and *Fêtes al fresco*.—Alas!—none of these. — *Tredrille* triumphed, *alone*,—in preference: unless rivalled a little, by the younger favourite *Vingt un*: whose name modestly enough denotes the limit of attention due to him; and that it is all thrown away, if continued beyond the years of discretion.

The following just picture, from the master-hand of *Armstrong*, will better elucidate than I can pretend to do, the merits of this admirable art. Whoever reads it with “music in his soul,” will require no other comment:—and whoever sees it without that congenial light, stands already sentenced and ex-communicated by the chief judge of the human heart.

THAS is charm, a pow'r that sways the breast;  
 Bids every passion revel or be still;  
 Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;  
 Can soothe distraction, and almost despair.  
 That pow'r is music: far beyond the stretch  
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;  
 Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,  
 Who move no passion justly but contempt:  
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)  
 Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace,  
 The fault is ours: we hear those monstrous arts:  
 Good Heaven! we praise them; we with loudest peals  
 Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,  
 And wish insipid shew of rapture, die,  
 Of idiot notes impertinently long.  
 But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,  
 A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,  
 Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,  
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;  
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,  
 In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains  
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast,  
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,  
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.  
 Such was the bard whose heavenly strains of old  
 Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.  
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,  
 The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,  
 And tam'd the savage nations with his song;  
 And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,  
 Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;  
 Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable pow'rs of Hell,  
 And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.  
 Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,  
 Expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain,  
 Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;  
 And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd  
 One pow'r, of physic, melody and song.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER. XXXV. — MAY 6, 1794.

To investigate the fountain of ancient lore, doth marvellously enrich  
the streams of modern knowledge!

BROWN.

HAVING taken the liberty, in a former paper, after the example of a great authority, to avail myself of an original poetical work of this country, I am induced on the present occasion to court the powerful assistance of an equally learned and elegant disquisition, which has just appeared in Oriental Literature: the preface to the *Institutes of Menu*, the ancient Sanscrit Code, translated by the celebrated President of the Asiatic Society. What can be more worthy *Indian Observation* than such a work from such a translator?

AND though I have been a little forestalled by my friend and neighbour, the weekly reporter of *Quicquid Agitur*,\* by insertion of part of the preface in his multifarious column; I hope my present adoption of the subject, will not be disagreeable to him, occupied as he may be with sieges and battles, armies and fleets,—nor unacceptable to my readers.

## THE PREFACE.

THERE is certainly a strong resemblance, though obscured and faded by time, between our *Menu* with his divine bull, whom he names as *Dherma* himself, or the genius of abstract Justice, and the *Mneues* of Egypt, with his companion or symbol, *Apis*; and though we should be constantly on our guard against the delusion

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\* The motto to the *Hircarran*.

of etymological conjecture, yet we cannot but admit, that *Minas* and *Mneues* or *Mneius*, have only Greek terminations, but that the crude noun is composed in the same radical letters both in Greek and in Sanscrit. That *Apis* and *Mneues*, says the analyst of ancient mythology, were both representations of some personage, appears from the testimony of *Lycophron* and his scholiast; and that personage was the same who in *Creta* was styled *Minos*, and was also represented under the emblem of the Minotaur. *Diodorus*, who confines him to *Egypt*, speaks of him by the title of the bull *Mneus*, as the first law-giver, and says, 'that he lived after the age of the gods and heroes, when a change was made in the manner of life among men; that he was a man of a most exalted soul, and a great promoter of civil society, which he benefited by his laws: that those laws were unwritten, and received by him from the chief Egyptian Deity *Hermes*, who conferred them on the world as a gift of the highest importance.' He was the same adds my learned friend, with *Minos*, whom the Egyptians represented as their first king, and principal benefactor, who first sacrificed to the gods, and brought about a great change in diet. If *Minos*, the son of *Jupiter*, whom the *Cretans*, from national vanity, might have made a native of their own Island, was really the same person with *Menu*, the son of *Brahma*, we have the good fortune to restore, by means of Indian literature, the most celebrated system of heathen jurisprudence, and this work might have been entitled the laws of *Minos*: but the paradox is too singular to be confidently asserted, and the geographical part of the book, with most of the allusions to natural history, must indubitably have been written after the Hindu race had settled to the south of *Himalaya*.

WE cannot but remark, that the word *Menu*, has no relation whatever to the Moon; and that it was the seventh not the first, of that name, whom the Brahmens believe to have been preserved in an ark from the general deluge; him they call the *Child of the Sun*, to distinguish him from our Legislator; but they assign to his brother *Yama*, the office (which the Greeks were pleased to confer on *Minos*) of judge in the shades below.

THE name of *Menu*, is clearly derived (like *menes*, *mens*, and *mind*) from the root *mene* to understand, and it signifies, as all the *Pandits* agree, intelli-

gent, particularly in the Doctrines of the *Veda*, which the composer of our *Dharma Sastra*, must have studied very diligently; since great numbers of its texts, changed only in a few syllables for the sake of the measure, are interspersed through the work, and cited at length in the commentaries; the public may, therefore, assure themselves, that they now possess a considerable part of the Hindu scripture, without the dulness of its profane ritual, or much of its mystical jargon.

DARA Shucun, was persuaded, and not without sound reason, that the first Menu of the *Brahmens*, could be no other than the progenitor of mankind, to whom *Jews*, *Christians*, and *Mussulmans* unite in giving the name of *Adam*; but whoever he might have been, he is highly honoured by name in the *Veda* itself, where it is declared, 'that whatever Menu pronounced was a medicine for the Soul;' and the sage *Vishvaspati*, now supposed to preside over the planet *Jupiter*, says in his own law-tract, that, Menu held the first rank among Legislators; because he had expressed in his code the whole sense of the *Veda*; that no code was approved which contradicted Menu; that other *Sastras*, and treatises on grammar or logick, retained splendour so long only, as Menu, who taught the way to just wealth, to virtue, and to final happiness, was not seen in competition with them; *Vyasa* too, the son of *Parasara* before mentioned, has decided, that 'the *Veda* with its *Angas*, or the six compositions deduced from it, the revealed system of medicine, the *Puranas*, or sacred histories, and the code of Menu, were four works of supreme authority, which ought never to be shaken by arguments merely human.'

It is the general opinion of *Pandits* that *Brahma* taught his laws to Menu, in a hundred thousand verses, which Menu explained to the primitive world in the very words of the book now translated, where he names himself after the manner of ancient Sages, in the third person; but, in a short preface to the law-tract of *Haredi*, it is asserted, 'that Menu, having written the laws of *Brahma* in a hundred thousand *stocas* or couplets, arranged under twenty-four heads in a thousand chapters, delivered the work to *Haredi*, the sage among gods who abridged it; for the use of mankind, in twelve thousand verses, and gave them to a son of *Bhriga*, named *Sumati*, who,

for greater ease to the human race, reduced them to four thousand; that mortals read only the second abridgement by *Sumati*, while the gods of the lower heaven, and the band of celestial musicians, are engaged in studying the primary code, beginning with the fifth verse, a little varied, of the work now extant on earth: but that nothing remains of *Hared's* abridgement, except an elegant Epitome of the ninth original title, on the administration of Justice. Now, since these institutes consist only of two thousand six hundred and eighty five verses, they cannot be the whole work ascribed to *Sumati*, which is probably distinguished by the name of the *Vridha* or ancient, *Manava*, and cannot be found entire; though several passages from it which have been preserved by tradition are occasionally cited in the new digest.

A NUMBER of glosses or comments on *Menu* were composed by the *Munis* or old philosophers, whose treatises, together with that before us, constitute the *Dherma-Sastra* in a collective sense, or body of law; among the more modern commentaries, that called *Medhatit'hi*, that by *Govindaraja*, and that by *Dharanidhera*, were once in the greatest repute; but the first was reckoned prolix and unequal; the second, concise but obscure; the third, often erroneous. At length *Culluca Bhatta*, who after a painful course of study, and the collection of numerous manuscripts, produced a work, of which it may, perhaps, be said very truly, that it is the shortest and most learned; the deepest, yet the most agreeable, commentary, ever composed on any author, ancient or modern, European or Asiatick. The *Pandits* care so little for genuine chronology, that none of them can tell me the age of *Culluca*, whom they always name with applause; but he informs us, himself, that he was a Brahmen of the *Varindra* tribe, whose family has been long settled in Gaur or Bengal, but that he had chosen his residence among the learned, on the banks of the holy *Gasy*. His text and interpretation, I have almost implicitly followed, though I had myself collected many copies of *Menu*, and among them a manuscript of a very ancient date. His gloss is here printed in Italics; and any reader, who may choose to pass it over as if unprinted, will have in Roman letters an exact version of the original, and may form some idea of its character and structure, as well as of the

Sanskrit idiom; which must necessarily be preserved in a verbal translation: and a translation, not scrupulously verbal, would have been highly improper in a work on so delicate and momentous a subject, as private and general jurisprudence.

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TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXXVI. — MAY 13, 1794

*Excerpta quædam.*

I AM very much flattered by the approbation, with which my last extract from the learned preface to the translation of *Menu*, has been received; and I proceed therefore, with much pleasure, to the conclusion of that elegant performance.

I hope also, it will not be unacceptable to the curiosity of my readers, to see the remainder of my paper dedicated to a specimen of the work itself: especially on a subject so interesting as the ancient code matrimonial, of two or three thousand years ago.

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THE PREFACE.

SHOULD a series of *Brâhmins* omit, for three generations, the reading of *Menu*, their sacerdotal class, as all the *Pandits* assure me, would in strictness be forfeited; but they must explain it only to their pupils of the three highest classes; and the *Brâhmins*, who read it with me, requested most earnestly that his name might be concealed; nor would he have read it for any consideration on a forbidden day of the moon, or without the ceremonies prescribed in the second and fourth chapters for a lecture on the *Veda*: so great, indeed, is

the idea of sanctity annexed to this book, that when the chief native magistrate at *Benares* endeavoured, at my request, to procure a *Persian* translation of it, before I had a hope of being at any time able to understand the original, the *Pandits* of his court unanimously and positively refused to assist in the work; nor should I have procured it at all, if a wealthy *Hindu*, a *Gayā*, had not caused the version to be made by some of his dependants, at the desire of my friend Mr. Law. The *Persian* translation of *Menu*, like all others from the *Sanscrit* into that language, is a rude intermixture of the text, loosely rendered, with some old or new comment, and often with the crude notions of the translator; and, though it expresses the general sense of the original, yet it swarms with errors imputable partly to haste, and partly to ignorance: thus where *Menu* says, that *emissaries are the eyes of a prince*; the *Persian* phrase makes him ascribe four eyes to the person of a king: for the word *char*, which means an emissary in *Sanscrit*, signifies four in the popular dialect,

THE work, now presented to the *European* world, contains abundance of curious matter extremely interesting both to speculative lawyers and antiquaries; with many beauties, which need not be pointed out, and with many blemishes, which cannot be justified or palliated. It is a system of despotism and priestcraft; both indeed limited by law, but artfully conspiring to give mutual support, though with mutual checks; it is filled with strange conceits in metaphysics and natural philosophy, with idle superstitions, and with a scheme of theology most obscurely figurative, and consequently liable to dangerous misconception: it abounds with minute and childish formalities, with ceremonies generally absurd and often ridiculous; the punishments are partial and fanciful, for some crimes dreadfully cruel, for others reprehensibly slight; and the very morals, though rigid enough on the whole, are in one or two instances (as in the case of light oaths and of pious perjury) unaccountably relaxed; nevertheless, a spirit of sublime devotion, of benevolence to mankind, and of amiable tenderness to all sentient creatures, pervades the whole work; the style of it has a certain austere majesty, that sounds like the language of legislation, and extorts a respectful awe; the sentiments of independence on all beings but God, and the harsh admonitions

even to kings are truly noble; and the many panegyrics on the *Gayatri*, the *Mother*, as it is called, of the *Veda*, prove the author to have adored (not the visible material sun, but) that divine and incomparably greater light, to use the words of the most venerable text in the Indian scripture, which illumines all, delights all, from which all proceed, to which all must return, and which alone can irradiate (not our visual organ merely, but our souls and) our intellects. Whatever opinion in short may be formed of Menu and his laws, in a country happily enlightened by sound philosophy and the only true revelation, it must be remembered, that those laws are actually revered, as the word of the most high, by nations of great importance to the political and commercial interests of *Europe*, and particularly by many millions of *Hindu* subjects, whose well directed industry would add largely to the wealth of *Britain*, and who ask no more in return than protection for their persons and places of abode, justice in their temporal concerns, indulgence to the prejudices of their religion, and the benefit of those laws, which they have been taught to believe sacred, and which alone they can possibly comprehend.

### ON MARRIAGE;

#### OR, ON THE SECOND ORDER.

1. THE discipline of a student in the three *Vedas* may be continued for thirty-six years, in the house of his preceptor, or for half that time, or for quarter of it, or until he perfectly comprehend them:

2. A student, whose rules have not been violated, may assume the order of a married man, after he has read in succession a *sachā* or branch, from each of the three, or from two, or from any one of them.

3. Being justly applauded for the strict preformance of his duty, and having received from his natural or spiritual father the sacred gift of the *Veda*, let him sit on an elegant bed, decked with a garland of flowers; and let his father honour him, before his nuptials, with a present of a cow.

4. LET the twice born man, having gained the consent of his venerable guide, and having performed his ablution with stated ceremonies on his return home, as

\* the law directs, espouse a wife of the same class with himself and endued with marks of excellence.

5 \* SHE, who is not descended from his *paternal* or *maternal* ancestors within the sixth degree, and who is not *known by her family name* to be of the same primitive stock with his father or mother, is eligible by a twice born man for nuptials and holy union :

6 \* IN connecting himself with a wife, let him studiously avoid the ten following families, be they ever so great, or ever so rich in kine, goats, sheep, gold and grain :

7 \* THE family, which has omitted prescribed acts of religion ; that, which has produced no male children ; that in which the *Veda* has not been read ; that, which has thick hair on the body ; and those, which have been subject to hemorrhoids, to phthisics, to dyspepsia, to epilepsy, to leprosy, and to elephantiasis.

8 \* LET him not marry a girl with reddish hair, nor with any deformed limb ; nor one troubled with habitual sickness ; not one either with no hair or with too much ; nor one immoderately talkative ; nor one with inflamed eyes ;

9 \* NOR one with the name of a consellation, of a tree, or of a river, of a barbarous nation, or of a mountain, or a winged creature, a snake, or a slave ; nor with any name raising an image of terrour.

10 \* LET him chuse for his wife a girl, whose form has no defect ; who has an agreeable name ; who walks gracefully like a phenicopteros, or like a young elephant ; whose hair and teeth are moderate respectively in quantity and in size ; whose body has exquisite softness.

11 \* HER who has no brother, or whose father is not well known, let no sensible man espouse, through fear lest, *in the former case*, her father should take her first son as his own, *to form his obsequies* ; or *in the second case*, lest an illicit marriage should be contracted.

12 \* FOR the first marriage of the twice born classes, a woman of the same class is recommended ; but for such, as are impelled by inclination to marry again, women in the direct order of the classes, are to be preferred.

13 'A *Sudra* woman must only be the wife of a *Sudra*; she and a *Vaisya*, of a *Vaisya*; they two and a *Cshatriya*, of a *Cshatriya*; those two and a *Brahmani*, of a *Brahmen*.

14 'A woman of the servile class is not mentioned, even in the recital of any ancient story, as the first wife of a *Brahmen* or of a *Cshatriya*, though in the greatest difficulty to find a suitable match.

15 'MEN of twice born classes, who, through weakness of intellect, irregularly marry women of the lowest class, very soon degrade their families and progeny to the state of *Sudras*:

16 'ACCORDING to *Atri* and to (*Gotama*) the son of *Utathya*, he, who thus marries a woman of a servile class, if he be a priest, is degraded instantly; according to *Saunaca*, on the birth of a son, if he be a warrior; and, if he be a merchant, on the birth of a son's son, according to (*me*) *Bhrigu*:

17 'A *Brahmen*, if he take a *Sudra* to his bed, as his first wife, sinks to the regions of torment; if he beget a child by her, he loses his priestly rank:

18 'His sacrifices to the gods, his oblations to the manes, and his hospitable attentions to strangers, must be supplied principally by her; but the gods and manes will not eat such offerings; nor can heaven be attained by such hospitality.

19 'For the crime of him, who thus illegally drinks the moisture of a *Sudra's* lips, who is tainted by her breath, and who even begets a child upon her body, the law declares no expiation.

## TO THE OBSERVER.

*Mon ami, Monsieur l'Observateur,*

HAVING had the honour of reading very honourable mention of the *Family-name*, from which I pretend to trace descent, in a paper of yours some two or three months ago, I have been anxious ever since to return you my *baisemains* for your recollection of the *Honeycombs*.

A LATE favour, from one of your correspondents, Mr. *Melophilos* (I do not recollect the family, but imagine he must be from *Italy*) gives an additional *spur*: which, however, I hope will not be found troublesome to your *willing side*—of the question.

INDEED, Sir, he *talked* very charmingly of the *conversazione*, — he dressed up the *bal pares* very prettily, — and he hinted the *al fresco* in the most airy and *gentil* manner possible.

I HOPE you and he will permit me to add my humble *bachelor's mite*: — If I cannot contribute to the *conversazione*, I undertake to assist it with the most regular rap of the box; and to pinch and snuff applause at the proper periods: — *Quant au bal paré, je suis TOUJOURS PRET*; — and for *al fresco*, in-quant to a me.

May I be permitted to press to your polite and pleasurable *observation*, the latter scene and opportunity of entertainment, so congenial to the clime we enjoy, and to the disposition which I hope we all possess; The card table, I see, has its attractions: and the battle, I have heard young *Sentry* say, has its power: but without encroachment on the due prerogative of either, might not we, (and in we I have the presumption of including some female tastes in the number) hope for the enjoyments of a lovely evening, and something like Vauxhall in India.

Yours *con sincerità*,

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, JUN.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXXVII. — MAY 20, 1795.

*Vix ea nasci ra voco.*

Rare is the rightful claim to genuine praise.

AMONG the pretenders, who in various ways attempt to impose on the credulity of their fellow creatures, it is not be wondered that literary impostors should be found; In contemplating the charms of literary fame, and taking into the account the proverbial vanity of authors, some allowance may fairly be made for a little deception, in the means used to attain the object.

PLAGIARISM, is perhaps, the most innocent imposture that can be played off against the public. If it be detected, it is evident that no evil ensues: on the contrary, it brings forward in a strong contrast, and with the highest constructive compliment, the original beauties which the Plagiarist had aspired to appropriate: and even if it should succeed, where is the essential or moral harm?—Not like the hypocrite in religion or the serious duties of life, the literary impostor gratifies an innocent vanity; for, though contemptible enough as to the person, that can hardly be called criminal which has no injurious consequences either to individuals or society.

I was desirous to clear my way on this subject, and to remove as effectually as I could, the serious imputations that might be conceived to lie against those who indulge a little in literary thefts; before I presume to come to the particular mention of some eminent names, generally

considered as examples of original genius, but whom a minute investigation will perhaps find in the train of industrious imitators.

WHEN the name of Rousseau is mentioned, the singular character of the philosopher and the more unique conduct of the man, immediately suggests the idea of a proud independent genius; viewing all literary obligation with at least as much disdain, as he affected to reject all other favour or assistance. Yet it will require no very elaborate research and comparison to discover the precisely identical ideas and arguments of Montagné and Locke, in the nervous pages of the *contract social*, and the eloquent philosophy of the *Emile*. It is true, that the thoughts of the gay old essayist, as well as the moral logic of the English philosopher, assume a more lively form, and are adorned in brighter colours, by the style and imagination of Rousseau. But these are secondary praises; and the original merit is in the original production; however successful may have been the subordinate skill of transplantation.

THE *Nouvelle Heloise* will naturally occur to the admirers of Rousseau, as a work brilliant with original beauty, and animated with peculiar genius. Such it must be owned, is the judgment extorted from many, by the rich elegance of style, and the warmth of colouring and imagery, with which this extraordinary work abounds. But the misfortune will be, when we allow that it has some claim to these distinctions, it will be found that they are the worst parts of the work; alike inconsistent with the amiable feelings of nature and the correct dictates of morality and religion. There may be novelty in imagining, and luxurious imagination in depicting, the co-existence and consistency of sensu-

ality with sentiment, of indelicacy of conduct with refinement of sensibility. But it had been better for the reputation of Rousseau, and perhaps the morals of his readers, if he had indulged his plagiarisms a little further; and in addition to the ground work of his character from Richardson's *Clarissa*, and the admirable letters of the real *Heloise*, had preserved the delicacy of mind and dignity of virtue which peculiarly characterised the latter:—although misrepresented \* in such contrary colours by Mr. Pope.

WHOEVER will take the trouble of comparing Rousseau's writings, especially on education, with the authors abovementioned, to whom may be particularly added Plato and Seneca among the ancients, with Crousaz, and many learned modern writers, will be equally convinced of, and surprised at, the extraordinary contributions he has levied from their funds of literature; in a process possessing the true criterion of plagiarism; which is, a distinguishing series of ideas or argument; or, continued peculiarity of style, for sentences together.

Of these criminal sallies of our author his learned contemporaries and rivals could not be ignorant, though it does not appear, except in a curious book, *Les Plagiats de J. J. R.* that he was often reproached with them. The *proximus ardet* might serve as a check to some of his literary neighbours. Of his famous satirist Voltaire particularly, it is well recorded in the *bon mot* of Mrs. Montague, that *his* genius and gratitude to Shakespeare, were in the same pro-

\* It is a very remarkable fact, contrary to Pope's scandal, that *Eloisa* was actually married to *Abelard*; but concealed it, from delicacy (in those times) to his clerical fame and character. Yet the poet makes her "curse all laws, but those which love has made";—and exclaims against marriage,

"Not *Cæsar's* Empress would I deign to prove:

"No; make me Mistress to the man I love."

portion.—The French critic had said, that the English poet was nothing more than an *un grand fuyeur*.—"Great and grand runner done," said Mrs. M.—"qu'il a fortifié un tel en bien ingrat." I intended to have added a few thoughts, which perhaps would more have surprised some of my readers, against the affected originality of Sterne;—a favourite, and supposed original. Voltaire, if his testimony may be admitted, has long ago, in the *Morceau Francois*, traced him as a copier of Rabelais and Swift:—and in a late ingenious treatise by Doctor Ferriar, he is more particularly examined, as a faithful follower of Bruscombille, Marivaux, and *verbatim* in his sermons, of Bishop Hall.—But the Doctor tempers his ingenious research with much candour; and Sterne's admirers will hardly object to his concluding observation.

"Such are the casual notes, with the collection of which I have sometimes diverted a vacant half-hour. They leave Sterne in possession of every praise but that of curious erudition, to which he had no great pretence, and of unparalleled originality, which ignorance only can ascribe to any polished writer. It would be enjoining an impossible task to exact much knowledge on subjects frequently treated, and yet to prohibit the use of thoughts and expressions rendered familiar by study, merely because they had been occupied by former authors. There is a kind of imitation which the ancients encouraged, and which even our Gothic criticism admits, when acknowledged. But justice cannot permit the polygraphic copy to be celebrated at the expence of the original."

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER,

NUMBER XXXVIII — May 27, 1793.

Pleasure is nought but Virtue's gayer name;  
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;  
 Virtue the root, and Pleasure is the flower,  
 And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

YOUNG.

THE polite *nonchalance* of my friend and correspondent *Honeycomb Junior*, will I hope forgive my delay of acknowledgment and attention to his letter. Though I confess I am the less pardonable in the neglect, as I have heard his subject much approved, and his mode of recommending it highly admired; particularly by those fair and elegant critics, whose applause must be to Mr. *Honeycomb*, the most flattering tribute.

My readers will recollect the gallant expostulation of my correspondent, on the neglect of the few amusements offered to the Public, and the dearth of some others, which are not only established by fashion in other countries, but peculiarly recommended and justified by the genial clime.

BUT however, disposed my friend Mr. *Honeycomb* may be to contribute to the *Conversazione*, or to promote the *Al Fresco*, the *Bal paré*, the *Comedie*, and the *Concert*,—it is to be feared that *Trédille* has too firmly established her reign, There are no pleasures of society equal to the solid philosophy of a *Sans-prendre*, no dramatic scene so interesting as the finesses of a *band* well played, no music to be compared with the *Mataidores*, nor any *bon mot* so victorious as a *Vole*

*in preference* :—The Muses, their sister-Graces, disappear before the *six-premiers* :—and Shakespeare's self yields, silent and neglected, to the superior genius of *Spadille*.

It was not very extraordinary, though considered by our censorial poets as worthy of their satire, that cards should be the resource of antiquated devotees to pleasure; whose early years had not, by judicious pursuits or more amiable attachments, prepared a better reversion for the decline of life. So Pope, in his nervous line, points out

——“ How Vice her votaries rewards,

“ A youth of folly,—an old age of cards!”

And so it is as little surprising, that the frail female, as frail in charms as in character, but who unfortunately had given all her attention to the former, regardless of the superior permanent attractions that secure esteem,---should continue to wander in the only paths she had trodden, familiar from habit, though despoiled of the temptations which had formerly bloomed there,---that the *Ghosts of Beauty*,

——“ Still round and round should glide,

“ And haunt the places where their honour died.”

But the wonder is, that the fashion should at all exist, that in the fairest stage of life, beauty and youth,---and in others a little more advanced, taste, spirit and understanding; should forego the proper objects of their attention and enjoyment, and sacrifice their powers to a dull idol, the only resource of those whose antiquated or confined faculties can worship no other, and whose barren shrine can reward its votaries neither with the pleasures of mind or sense.

I BELIEVE it was Socrates who, in his peculiar mode of conveying instruction by proposing questions to those with whom he reasoned, heard the various solutions on the subject stated by him, of the comparative value of any human good. Some thought, as perhaps the general practice would also infer, that *riches* were the *summum bonum*: some, more stoical, gave the palm to virtue; and others, not very inconsistently with general opinion, declared in favour of *health*; but none divined the answer reserved by the Sage himself,---*TIME*; which well employed, can secure and improve all other advantages; but which, lost or mis-spent, can never be recovered or corrected.

WHAT would the old Philosopher have said,—and let it be recollected that he was an *Attic* Philosopher,—if he had seen the delights and elegancies of conversation and literature, and the fine arts of Athens, sacrificed to a barbarous annihilation of time in the Gothic spirit of gambling! If he had seen the eloquence of the *Forum* and the *Lyceum*, and the still more interesting scenes of Sophocles and the divine melody of his Chorus, deserted for the dice-box! Cards were an invention reserved for the ingenuity of later times, and unknown in the city sacred to *Minerva*.

BUT, not wishing to appear too grave on the subject of pleasure, it is with much pleasure I can congratulate those who admire the most rational,—and they are not few, although want of system and co-operation has hitherto prevented their success,—that the most agreeable prospect is presented in the spacious and elegant theatre, rapidly advancing to perfection under the liberal care of the society who have undertaken it.

WITH them, the public are assured that the hint of a wish entertained by many, will receive at least due attention: a wish, if it be consistent with their general plan, as it apparently would well be with their extensive command of ground, that a public promenade might be instituted, under such regulations as taste and judgment may dictate, that the pleasures of society may be promoted, and the advantages of the climate enjoyed.—And, as violent reforms are supposed to be dangerous, two or three Tredrille tables may still be tolerated for those who persist in their worship of images.

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XXXIX. — JUNE 3, 1794.

——— *Vedo meliora proboque ;*  
*Detiora sequor* ———

6V12.

——— I see the right and approve it ;  
 Condemn the wrong, yet follow it.

IN contemplating the multitude and variety of passions, which influence the mind of man ; the inconsistencies and evils which they generate ; the causes by which they are produced, and the sources from whence they spring ; we find a field for ethical disquisition, extensive in its prospect and curious in its plan :—a field through which the philosophic travellers have roamed, for upwards of two thousand years ; and from which, many have returned with the reward of their pilgrimage. The rays of exalted genius, have in different ages gleamed over the

ocean of uncertainty, to guide the helpless benighted wanderers clear of its rocks, and its shallows. Success has generally crowned their benevolent endeavours: for if they could not lull the storms of barbaric ignorance, they at least helped to check their violence.

THOSE dignified and illustrious moralists, that have adorned the annals of Grecian and Roman history; no less eminent for the wisdom and number of their precepts, than for the perspicuity and elegance with which they delivered them, left but few general maxims for the modern world to supply. But every revolving age displays new wonders to our view. At the close of every century, a race appears dissimilar from the last: new opinions beget new customs, and new customs beget new follies; they by consequence are productive of vices, in former ages known only in the gross. To obviate those, affords to the moralist in every age, if not new subjects, at least, fresh matter, for the discussion of old ones.

FROM the celebrity which the moral writers of the most polished nations of modern Europe have justly gained, but particularly those of Great Britain, it may very reasonably be supposed, that little care is now required to enlighten that branch of philosophy, or to improve mankind: yet the kind encouragement which the humble *Essay* meets with, in this polished though detached society; the indulgence with which its pages are regarded even by the critical judge, and the general credit allowed to its design, is a sufficient proof that the World is still willing to hear the lesson of morality.

THAT the power to think is stronger than the power to act; that the human mind cannot

always perform the laws which she prescribes; and that though we see the right road, we have not the fortitude to follow it; are questions that have employed the pens of both ancient and modern writers.

MANY are the testimonies which can be produced to illustrate and prove the position; but, I know of none more striking, than the writings and life of that elegant and philosophic poet, from whom I take my motto. In his writings are found observations that can instruct the philosopher; spirit that can warm the breast of avarice, and sympathy that can comfort the heart of affliction; whilst in his life we behold one continued scene of wanton and unrestrained dissoluteness, of preposterous and enormous extravagance; of thoughtless and misguided folly.

HOWEVER strange this appears, true it is, that every one is more or less affected in this manner;—for I believe it will be allowed, that it is much easier to dictate, than to obey; that the universal propensity of mankind to err, no prudence can elude; and that even wisdom is unable to withstand the calls of passion. Of this weakness, from which all the calamities incident to life undoubtedly take their rise, it becomes necessary to enquire the cause.

IF we scrutinize the motives by which our minds are actuated, from the effects which they occasion; it will be found, that there is an innate principle in the mind, which throws off restraint, and disdains command; that supercedes judgment and enchains reason.

THIS primordial quality is termed inclination, a desire of yielding to the calls of nature; and this inclination has for its concomitants,

imbecility and error: from which follow a train of evils, that all the tenets of philosophy are inadequate to counteract.

It must, indeed, be granted, that our desires are often virtuous; but, he who has examined mankind attentively through the different stages of life; from the haunts of poverty, to the mansions of opulence; will not hesitate to declare, that they are more frequently productive of evil, than of good; and that instead of the garden of promise, they shew us only the rugged heaths of disappointment.

Yet hope is not to be discouraged; destitute of the charms which she supplies, dreary indeed would be our prospect. She invigorates the languor of age, and stimulates the youthful to diligence; she tunes the heart to the lyre of gladness, and cheers the despondency of neglected genius; she restores the smiles of disappointed beauty, and animates the rosy loveliness of female modesty.

Hope, therefore, in a moderate degree, promotes happiness; but to hope in such a manner, is one of those difficulties, of which we all see the propriety, yet few can overcome. Hope, is a subtle power that steals imperceptibly upon the mind, and conquers it, by unforeseen and indirect approaches. Perspicacity may discover the allusion; philosophy may tell us of its deception, and inform us how to avoid the snare:—but where is the prudence that will conduct us from it? Had DIOGENES possessed practical wisdom, in proportion to his other qualifications, he would have held one of the most distinguished places amongst the ancient philosophers—he would have passed a more orderly, and surely a happier life; he never would have tasted the bit-

terness of his Cretan captivity; the cruelty of ZENIDAS; nor the scorns of fortune. And who does not wish, that the unfortunate, unhappy, SAVAGE, could have himself adhered to the moral precepts of his "*Wanderer*?" These are pointed instances of the ascendancy of passion over reason; of the predominancy of folly in minds, at once calculated to instruct and humanize mankind.

BUT multifarious are the examples even in common life, of the force of the same agency. You cannot enter a family of any description, without finding them at some time of the day, busied about that, which they are conscious is wrong.

SCANDAL is almost always tinged with malignity; consequently it must always be accounted a vice; and as such it must be obvious to every one: all are convinced it is wrong, yet are there few entirely free from it. *Envy* finds its way into the tranquility of cottage retirement; harrasses and perplexes the social hour of the middle class of life; and interrupts the refined enjoyments of polished society. *Scandal*, her legitimate daughter, never fails to attend her through these various scenes. The reputations of friends and neighbours, blaze around the evening fires of the village; every fault is magnified to a crime; the blushing maiden titers at the dishonor of a rival; and children prattle the disgrace of families. The sober merchant, after completing his contract, or negotiating his bond, but particularly after the success of some hazardous venture, returns home, big with the news of a brother citizen's distresses: the story is related to his solicitous spouse; the fond mother gives it to her daughters, with additional embellishments; from them it goes to their

companions ; and so on, from one acquaintance to another, receiving improvements at every reiteration : till the unfortunate trader, at last loses his credit in reality, and is exposed to the malevolence of slander by him, whom perhaps he wished to assist. But above all, in the higher orders of life, we find slander ever on the wing. In the drawing-room we behold an assemblage of beauty ornamented by accomplishments, of wit refined by taste, and of learning improved by elegance :---yet it would appear, those advantages have only been given them, for the purpose of disrobing each other of their charms and acquirements. The *tete a-tete* party in the corner, aims at the mirth and joyous gaiety of the circle ; whilst the circle, divided into different parties, forgets the common enemy, and meditates vengeance on its own rebellious subjects. Reputations die in a whisper, and characters are killed in a glance. The dropping of a fan is deemed an assignation, and the picking it up, immediate ruin. The smile of complacency or approbation, is thought cowardice or servility ; and the praise of merit, dissimulation or fraud. The whole misfortunes of a family are rehearsed, to asperse and vilify its descendants : every tale of infamy is recounted as music to the ear :---Thus circulates the busy lie, like the doubly-armed bee, feeding the tastes of some, and stinging others to the quick.

IN this manner does *scandal* lacerate the association in all ranks of life ; though the most moderate understanding in any of them, is sensible of its impropriety.

MANY renowned names might be mentioned, that have been proof against the common weaknesses of mankind ; but they still had

their own peculiar failings, which they were unable to oppose.

THE wisdom and penetration of Solon, the cautious perseverance of Periander, and the prudence and virtue of the Spartan legislator, were conspicuously splendid; but nevertheless, they still were men; and they saw errors in themselves, that their fortitude could not subdue, and their reason could not amend.—That noble and exalted philosopher and critic, the constant and firm intimate of Ammonius and Oregin, fell a prey to the cruel tyranny of Aurelian; by rushing with a too ardent and impetuous zeal, in defence of the cause he loved. *Galileo* knew, and felt his faults; yet even after his first captivity, wanted the power to correct them. The accomplished and philosophic citizen of *Geneva*, had many blemishes, which he could not do away: and that dignified and stern moralist of *England*, the immortal author of the *Rambler*, possessed at once, all the force of judgment and weakness of prejudice.

BUT I have only enumerated the failings of those celebrated personages, to shew the fallibility of human nature; and that though faults are only venial, they are never so much so, as to be neglected. For to conclude in the words of that great man whom I have just mentioned, "Nothing can supply the want of prudence; for negligence and irregularity long continued, make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

L. D. C.

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## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XL. — JUNE 10, 1794.

*Eh, nova progenies!*

VIRGIL

Lo! a new race!

TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR,

I HARDLY know any subject more worthy observation, or more interesting to the various curiosity of the public in *India*, than the arrival of an *Europe* ship. Observe every countenance and every enquiry: you will find a characteristic anxiety, curiously proportioned not only to the nature and importance of the subject, but the temperament and taste of the enquirer.

It is not always, for example, even in the great article of public intelligence, that the greatest impatience of curiosity is found in those who might appear from situation to be most interested in public events. Nay, it often happens in a ratio directly contrary, when we see the most generous solicitude for political actors and actions, displayed by persons, whom we should imagine most distant from their sphere of attraction.

D d :

THIS, however, with due submission to the *esprit de corps* of the Quidnuncs, being a passion rather factitious and acquired than natural to the heart, cannot operate so forcibly or constantly as others founded in natural and congenial principles. Of these most powerful in their operation, and most productive of anxious sensibility in the mind, almost all the objects are expected, in the wondrous floating *microcosm* from the opposite hemisphere.

THE sighs and tears of love, separated by half the globe, are wafted in the faithful bosom of the sail, the only solace for the sorrows of separation. After months of silence, and uncertainty of the fate of those nearest and dearest to us, friendship again converses; renews again and again the faithful attachment consecrated by absence, and stimulated by the anxiety of a long silent interval.

If the gay flattery of hope, and the fairy fancies of imagination, be as some sylphic minds conceive, superior in nature and sway in the more regulated and ascertained impressions of experienced friendship and love, what must be the animated sensibility of the aspiring youth, on the approach of the Europe streamers?

—————“Courtied by every wind that gives them play!”—————

What scope for fancy! What room for indulgence of the imagination!—The lillies and roses, the graces and accomplishments of Europe! Not merely the creatures of imagination, but formed on the charming models which have already attached the admiration of the envying and aspiring bachelor. If the power of the cause may be judged from the effect, powerful indeed must be this eager anticipation of galantry; testified as it is in the emulous attentions of the

*Leanders* of the beach, scorning alike the Surf and Hellespont, in the offers of service to the unknown *Hero's* of the voyage.

IN another line, very justifiable and natural, though not quite so romantic as the former, intermingling a little prudential curiosity with friendly enquiry, you must have observed a certain strain of attention on the part of resident friends here, to the health and views of old acquaintances who had returned to Europe. The civil service justifies at least some civil inquisitiveness—"Pray, do you know my friend \*\*\*\*\*? Has he purchased,—and is he settled,—or has he any thoughts of coming out again?"

THE commerical spirit of curiosity may be almost too various to describe, and too deep to penetrate. Extending to all the links of trade that compose the great communication between the produce and consumption of the West and the East,—the real omnipotent chain, vainly attempted by the proud tyranny of Xerxes, to command the ocean, and pointing to all quarters of the globe, the anxiety of the merchant is in consequence proportioned to the importance of his objects. The price currents, are his state-papers; the rates of exchange, his revolutions; and bills of lading and letters of invoice, are the substantial *billets doux*, that

"Speed the rich intercourse from soul to soul,

"And waft a *lack* from Indus to the Pole."

THE mighty genius of commerce will forgive me, if in adverting to that great subject, a corollary observation occurs on its commanding influence, though *invested* with less influence and importance than on the grand scale. As a specimen of reciprocal desire of knowledge, who

Has not observed the appropriate reply of the judicious Purser, to the political enquiries of the Quidnuncs? "Is administration as firm as ever? Are not the democrats *bore de combat*?"—"I assure you, Sir, Europe articles, especially good wine, are not to be had for love, money, or respondentia. As to claret, pray, what does the best English sell for now?"

On the convivial subject, the social appetite with which the *bon-vivant* hungers and thirsts for Europe news cannot be forgotten—"What have you this year?"—"Blew and Herbert and Brown and Whiteford."—Thus twinkles the rainbow of convivial curiosity among the others:

"*Omnis Arrippum decuit coler et res.*"

P.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XLI. — JUNE 17, 1794.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitis?*

HORACE.

THE celebrated Sanscrit work, with the Preface to which I formerly presented my readers, seems to have acquired additional value, and to interest the mind more particularly in its perusal and praise, from the death of its learned and accomplished translator. It appears, the last legacy of the treasures of his literature to the world; unfortunate for the world, that treasures so precious as those which Sir *William Jones* possessed, should perish with the possessor!—that he could not bequeath to mankind those penetrating powers which explored the language and learning of all climes and ages;—that the example of his character can no longer attract the admiration, and prompt the imitation of men, as a living model of every social, moral, and religious virtue.

THE following passage is taken from the conclusion of his learned and elegant version of the institutes of *Menu*; and will be found, I hope, sufficiently new and curious to the attention of the reader, both in the subject, and the manner in which it is treated.

## ON TRANSMIGRATION AND FINAL BEATITUDE.

1.—‘ O THOU, who art free from sin, *said the devout sages*, thou hast declared the whole system of duties ordained for the four classes of men: explain to us now, from the first principles, the ultimate retribution for their deeds.

2.—BHRIGU, whose heart was the pure essence of virtue; who proceeded from *Menu* himself, thus addressed the great sages: ‘ Hear the infallible rules for *the fruit of deeds* in this universe.

3.—‘ ACTION, either mental, verbal, or corporeal, bears good or evil fruit, *as itself is good or evil*; and from the actions of men proceed their various transmutations in the highest, the mean, and the lowest degree:

4.—‘ Of that threefold action, connected with bodily functions, disposed in three classes, and consisting of ten orders, be it known in this world, that the heart is the instigator.

5.—‘ DEVISING means to appropriate the wealth of other men, resolving on any forbidden deed, and conceiving notions of atheism, or materialism, are the three bad acts of the mind.

6.—‘ SCURRILOUS language, falsehood, indiscriminate backbiting, and useless tattle, are the four bad acts of the tongue:

7.—‘ TAKING effects not given, hurting sentient creatures without the sanction of law, and criminal intercourse with the wife of another, are three bad acts of the body; *and all the ten, have their opposites, which are good in an equal degree.*

8.—A RATIONAL creature has a reward or a punishment for mental acts, in his mind; for verbal acts, in his organs of speech; for corporeal acts, in his bodily frame.

9.—FOR sinful acts mostly corporeal, a man shall assume *after death* a vegetable or mineral form; for such acts mostly verbal, the form of a bird or a beast, for acts mostly mental, the lowest of human conditions:

10.—HE, whose firm understanding obtains a command over his words, a command over his whole body, may justly be called a *tridaudi*, or *triple commander*, not a mere anchorite, who bears three visible slaves.

11.—THE man, who exerts this triple self-command with respect to all animated creatures, wholly subduing both lust and wrath, shall by those means attain beatitude.

12.—THAT substance, which gives a power of motion to the body, the wise call *eshetrajnya* or *jivatman*, the vital spirit; and that body, which thence derives active functions, they name *bhutatman* or *composed of elements*.

13.—ANOTHER internal spirit, called *mahat*, or *the great soul*, attends the birth of all creatures imbodyed, and thence in all mortal forms is conveyed a preception either pleasing or painful.

14.—THOSE two, the vital spirits and reasonable soul, are closely united with five elements, but connected with the supreme spirit or divine essence, which prevades all beings high and low:

15.—FROM the substance of that *supreme spirit* are diffused, *like sparks from fire*, innumerable vital spirit, which perpetually give motion to creatures exalted and base.

16.—BY the vital souls of those men who have committed sins *in the body reduced to ashes*, another

\* body, composed of *nerves*, with five sensations, in order  
 \* to be susceptible of torment, shall certainly be assumed  
 \* after death;

17.—‘AND, being intimately united with those  
 \* minute nervous particles, according to their distribution,  
 \* they shall feel, in that new body, the pangs inflicted  
 \* in each case by the sentence of *Yama*.

18.—‘WHEN the vital soul has gathered the fruit  
 \* of sins, which arise from a love of sensual pleasure,  
 \* but must produce misery, and, when its taint has thus  
 \* been removed, it approaches again those two most ef-  
 \* fulgent essences, *the intellectual soul and the divine*  
 \* *spirit*:

19.—‘THEY two, closely conjoined, examined  
 \* without remission the virtues and vices of that sensi-  
 \* tive soul, according to its union with which it ac-  
 \* quires pleasure or pain in the present and future  
 \* worlds.

20.—‘IF the vital spirit had practised virtue for  
 \* the most part and in a small degree, it enjoys delight  
 \* in celestial abodes, clothed with a body formed of  
 \* pure elementary particles;

21.—‘BUT, if it had generally been addicted to  
 \* vice, and seldom attended to virtue, then shall it be  
 \* deserted by those pure elements, and, *having a coarser*  
 \* *body of sensible nerves*, it feels the pains to which *Ya-*  
 \* *ma* shall doom it:

22.—‘HAVING endured those torments accord-  
 \* ing to the sentence of *Yama*, and its taint being almost  
 \* removed, it again reaches those five pure elements in  
 \* the order of their natural distribution,

23.—‘LET each man, considering with his intel-  
 \* lectual powers these migrations of the soul according  
 \* to its virtue or vice, *into a region of bliss or pain*, con-  
 \* tinually fix his heart on virtue.

24.—‘BE it known, that the three qualities of the  
 \* rational soul are a tendency in goodness, to passion,  
 \* and to darkness; and, endued with one or more of  
 \* them, it remains incessantly attached to all these creat-  
 \* ed substances:

25.—' WHEN any one of the *three* qualities predominates in a mortal frame, it renders the imbodied spirit eminently distinguished for that quality.

26.—' GOODNESS, is declared to be true knowledge; darkness, gross ignorance; passion, an emotion of desire or aversion: such is the compendious description of those qualities, which attend all souls.

27.—' WHEN a man perceives in the reasonable soul a disposition tending to virtuous love, unclouded with any malignant passion, clear as the purest light, let him recognise it as the quality of goodness.

28.—' A TEMPER of mind, which gives uneasiness and produces disaffection, let him consider as the adverse quality of passion, ever agitating imbodied spirits:

29.—' THAT indistinct, inconceivable, unaccountable disposition of a mind naturally sensual, and clouded with infatuation, let him know to be the quality of darkness.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XLII. — JUNE 24, 1794.

*Mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera; nullum  
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.*

HORACE:

L. I. ODE 28.

Bath age and youth promiscuous crowd the tomb;  
No mortal head can shun th' impending doom.

THAT the good and evil, the felicities and misfortunes of human life, are alike precarious, is a great and established truth, known and felt in the most remote, and abstracted societies. Every one knows, that our lives being at the divine disposal, are not for a moment sure. The hand of death hangs over us in the joyous hour of hilarity, threatens the tranquil pleasures of conjugal happiness, and meets us with its pointed dart, amidst the dignity of religious and philosophic retirement. Death shoots his stings from every side, and is terrible to all. The rose of youth, and the grey hairs of age; the blushing smiles of beauty, and the paleness of declining elegance; the glittering magnificence of royalty, and the humble roof of rural quietness; the rudeness of unlettered barbarism; and the polish of instructed genius; must all yield to the inevitable blow.

WHEN the social comforts of life thus drop away, let us not like *Zeno* or *Epicurus*, coldly

refuse, to pay our tribute to departed worth; but with all the warmth of *Tibullus*, speak the language of our hearts.

I have been led into these reflections by the death of that celebrated and illustrious sage, who has opened the long-hidden mines of Oriental literature, and displayed them to the European world, with all the gloss of British eloquence. And can there be a subject more worthy the notice of an *Indian Observer*, than that exalted character? The man, who with all the amiable and endearing qualities of the heart, disdaining the lesser amusements of life, devoted his time to the services of virtue, of science, and his country.

POSSESSING in private life, the meekness and serenity of morality, with all the glow and fervour of affection; is there a heart so callous, as not to feel his loss? Is there a husband who knows the purity of wedded love; who has felt the tenderness of conjugal ties? Is there a friend who glows with sincerity? Is there a man who has tasted the warmth of charity, the sweets of benevolence, or the smiles of gentleness,—whose breasts do not beat in unison of sorrow? and who do not, with the calm manliness of silent grief, pay their heartfelt tribute of affection, to the memory of the brother of human kindness?

VIRTUES so transcendant, a heart so perfect, and a mind so sound, form indeed a combination of private excellencies, rare and admirable.

RELIGION, the source of every moral goodness, found in him, a constant supporter, and an obedient child. Moderate and magnani-

mous, he was orthodox without bigotry, and zealous without ostentation. With all the mildness of christianity, he enjoyed its benefits, and participated its enjoyments.

Such ever-endearing benignity, seldom equalled, and not to be surpassed, added a lustre to the splendour of his public character, unparalleled even in the annals of literary record.

We contemplate both the private and public endowments of Sir William Jones, with a correspondent and peculiar satisfaction. At home he was always good, and abroad he was always great. As a great man, whether we consider the perspicacity of his genius, the variety of his powers, or the extent of his erudition, we are alike enamoured and astonished. The grandeur of a venerable structure, whilst it charms the imagination, dazzles the sight.

Or his mental qualifications at once so splendid, and extraordinary, let me indulge in the enumeration. That promptitude of perception which sees through systems at a glance, that brightness of understanding which no paradoxical theorems can cloud, that solidity of judgment which scepticism dares not approach; and, above all, that retention of memory which carries worlds on its wing; were possessed by him in all the amplitude of perfection. With such properties, a lively fancy, corrected by an exquisite taste, formed his mind at a very early age, to the charms of poetry, which in his maturer years ripened into eminence as a poetical critic. But his infant attachment and partiality to the velvet paths of the muses, did not prevent him from penetrating with persevering assiduousness through the thorny avenues of science. As a lawyer, he distinguished himself at an age, which

nothing but the certainty of the fact renders credible. That he attained a superiority of knowledge in the laws of his own country, may not, perhaps, appear surprising: --- but when it is known, he was deeply acquainted with those of every corner of the civilized globe,---let us wonder in amazement. Without having travelled much, but with a perfect knowledge of the ancient tongues, he not only mastered all the polished languages of Europe, but also those of Asia. The *Sanscrit*, a language of which little was known, but the name, and the celebrity of those who speak it, he attempted unassisted by a grammar, and conquered by that unwearied diligence, to which all other studies yielded. His numerous and elegant translations, and particularly his last very great and curious production, posterity will only need to know, never to cease admiring. The present generation already knows sufficient, to render the comments of an humble essayist, useless and unavailing. The name of Sir *William Jones* stands alone a monument of greatness; it commands the attention of surrounding nations, and extorts the praises of malignant criticism. It demands the prayers of the pious, the commemoration of the learned, and the gratitude of the ignorant.

Such were the virtues, such the acquirements of this mighty genius; who has at once illuminated the Eastern and Western hemispheres; whose name resounds through both, with the fondest acclamations of regard; and whose death is mourned from the throne to the cottage. The blazing comet, that astonished and enlightened the universe, has disappeared, and left mankind to wonder and to weep.

To attempt an illustration of Sir *William Jones's* character, by contrasting his powers,

with those of other great men, is obviously unnecessary ; —for where can a man be named, either in ancient or modern history, of equal knowledge? Others have gone through the beaten tracks of science, and some have made roads of their own ; but where can we find a man besides, who has at once done both, and dug through the before inaccessible precipices of Asiatic learning ! With him the world was blessed ; with him his country was honoured ; with him literature was graced ; but the sacred arm of Omnipotence hath snatched him from us, to a happier and more exalted place, where he will receive the rewards of virtue.

ON a subject so distressing, no reader will, I hope, think I should have said more ; and I am sure, none will say, I should have said less.

L. D. C.

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## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XLIII. — JULY 1, 1794.

*Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,  
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivis vita.*

HORACE.

Now deep in ancient lore, and now in soft repose,  
Sweetly forget the ills, and wait of life the close.

I AM afraid my readers will too readily agree with me, that *selection* is sometimes better than *invention*. Especially when the selection is made from the works of *Menu*, and from the representatative genius of *Sir William Jones*.

BUT, however venerable the institutes of the Indian sage, and however admirable the powers of his learned and elegant translator, I should not presume to persevere in the obtrusion of selected matter on the attention of my readers, if its extraordinary rarity did not render it next to original. Only one copy of this curious work, (the preface and some splendid specimens have appeared in preceding numbers) has yet arrived in this settlement.

SUCH is my best explanation of what, I hope, some of my readers at least, will think I favour them with, in presenting to them the following extract.

If I might be allowed to adduce another and humbler explanation for the quotation I con-

tinue to offer, it will not escape the attention of *Indian Observers*, that the present busy moment affords not the opportunity that classical duty would wish to embrace. If the ancient *dictum* be true, that *inter arma silent leges*, the present excuse may meet some indulgence—that the voice of the muses dares hardly whisper amid the clangors of war.

That the classical *otium cum dignitate*, the dignified leisure and repose so happily wished for in my motto, may soon succeed to the honours of victory, must be the wish of every classical mind,—of the lovers of the *literæ humaniores*:—in the mean time, they will not fastidiously disdain the ancient but polished exemplar of the *Economicks of Menu*.

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#### ON ECONOMICKS, AND PRIVATE MORALS.

1.—‘LET a *Brahmen*, having dwelt with a precept for during the quarter of a man’s life, pass the second quarter of human life in his own house, when he has contracted a legal marriage.

2.—‘HE must live, with no injury, or with the least possible injury, to animated beings, by pursuing these means of gaining subsistence, which are strictly prescribed by law, except in times of distress:

3.—‘FOR the sole purpose of supporting life, let him acquire property by those irreproachable occupations, which are peculiar to his class, and unattended with bodily pain.

4.—‘HE may live by *rita* and *amrita*, or if necessary, by *mrta*, or *pram rita*, or even by *satyanrita*; but never let him subsist by *swavritti*:

5.—‘BY *rita*, must be understood lawful glean-  
ing and gathering: by *amrita*, what is given unasked;  
by *mrta*, what is asked as alms; tillage is called *pramrita*;

6.—‘TRAFFICK and money lending are *satyanrita*; even by them, when he is deeply distressed, may he support life; but service for hire is named *swauritti*, or dog living, and of course he must by all means avoid it.

7.—‘He may either store up grain for three years; or garner up enough for one year; or collect what may last three days, or make no provision for the morrow.

8.—‘OF the *Brahmens* keeping house who follow those four different modes, a preference is given to the last, in order successively, as to him, who most completely by virtue has vanquished the world:

9.—‘ONE of them subsists by all the six means of livelihood; another by three of them, a third, by two only; and a fourth lives barely on continually teaching the *Veda*.

10.—‘HE, who sustains himself by picking up grains and ears, must attach himself to some altar of consecrated fire, but constantly perform these rites only, which end with the dark and bright fortnights and with the solstices,

11.—‘LET him never, for the sake of a subsistence, have recourse to popular conversation; let him live by the conduct of a priest, neither crooked, nor artful, nor blended with the manners of the mercantile class.

12.—‘LET him, if he seek happiness, be firm in perfect content, and check all desire of acquiring more than he possesses; for happiness has its root in content, and discontent is the root of misery.

13.—‘A *Brahmen* keeping house, and supporting himself by any of the legal means before mentioned, must discharge these following duties, which conduce to fame, length of life, and beatitude.

14.—‘LET him daily without sloth perform his peculiar duty, which the *Veda* prescribes; for he, who performs that duty, as well as he is able, attains the highest path to supreme bliss.

15.—‘HE must not gain wealth by musick or dancing, or by any art that pleases the sense; nor by any

' prohibited art ; nor, whether he be rich or poor, *must*  
' *he receive gifts indiscriminately.*

16.—' LET him not, from a selfish appetite, be  
' strongly addicted to any sensual gratifications ; let him,  
' by improving his intellect, studiously preclude an ex-  
' cessive attachment to such pleasures, *even though*  
' *lawful.*

17.—' ALL kinds of wealth, that may impede his  
' reading the *Veda*, let him wholly abandon ; persisting  
' by all means in the study of scripture ; for that will be  
' found his most beneficial attainment.

18.—' LET him pass through this life, bringing  
' his apparel, his discourse, and his frame of mind, to  
' a conformity with his age, his occupations, his pro-  
' perty, his divine knowledge, and his family.

19.—' EACH day let him examine those holy  
' books, which soon give increase of wisdom ; and those,  
' which teach the means of acquiring wealth ; those,  
' which are salutary to life ; and those *nigamas*, which  
' are explanatory of the *Veda*.

20.—' SINCE, as far as a man studies completely  
' the system of sacred literature, so far only can he  
' become eminently learned, and so far may his learn-  
' ing shine brightly.

21.—' THE sacramental oblations to sages, to the  
' gods, to spirits, to men, and to his ancestors, let him  
' constantly perform to the best of his power.

22.—' SOME, who well know the ordinances for  
' those oblations, perform not always externally the five  
' great sacraments, but continually make offerings in  
' their own organs *of sensation and intellect* :

23.—' SOME constantly sacrifice their breath in  
' their speech, *when they instruct others, or praise GOD*  
' *aloud*, and their speech in their breath, *when in silence* ;  
' perceiving in their speech and breath *thus employed* the  
' unperishable fruit of a sacrificial offering :

24.—' OTHER *Brahmens* incessantly perform  
' those sacrifices with scriptural knowledge only ; seeing  
' with the eye of divine learning, that scriptural know-  
' ledge is the root of every ceremonial observance.

25.—LET a *Brahmen* perpetually make oblations to consecrated fire, at the beginning and end of day and night, and at the close of each fortnight, or at the conjunction and opposition :

26.—AT the season, when old grain is usually consumed, let him offer new grain for a plentiful harvest ; and at the close of the season, let him perform the rites called *adhvara* ; at the solstices let him sacrifice cattle ; at the end of the year, let his oblations be made with the juice of the moonplant :

27.—NOT having offered grain for the harvest, nor cattle at the time of the solstice, let no *Brahmen*, who keeps hallowed fire, and wishes for long life, taste rice or flesh ;

28.—SINCE the holy fires, not being honoured with new grain and with a sacrifice of cattle, are greedy for rice and flesh, and seek to devour his vital spirits.

29.—LET him take care, to the utmost of his power, that no guest sojourn in his house unhonoured with a seat, with food, with a bed, with water, with excellent roots, and with fruit :

30.—BUT, let him not honour with his conversation such as do forbidden acts ; such as submit, like cats, by interested craft ; such, as believe not the scripture ; such as oppugn it by sophism ; or such as live like rapacious water-bird.

P.

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FOR THE INDIAN OBSERVER, NUMBER 43.

*Sapius in libro memoratur Persius uno.*

MART :

MR. OBSERVER,

\* THE Satires of PERSIUS have been translated with such spirit ; and the peculiar, perhaps blameable, obscurity of his text, has been illustrated so amply by the critical acumen of Doctor Brewster, that a further attempt to render a tribute to his memory might appear superfluous. Yet, impressed with an early admiration of the writings of the Roman Satirist, and filled with indignation at the unmanly cavils of prejudice and ignorance, which the genius

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\* As the above letter was originally intended for the OBSERVER, although it appeared in the HICCAHAN, it is deemed necessary to insert it in the present publication.

of Brewster disdained to notice ; I have been induced, under your auspices, to submit to the public, the following sketch of his talents and his life.

SEUTONIUS, the only biographer of PERSIUS, who is generally known, relates, that he was born of an illustrious family, at Volaterræ in Etruria, in the 22d year of the reign of Tiberius :—at which place he remained till the age of twelve, when he was removed to Rome ; where he pursued his studies with Palæmon the grammarian, and Virgilius Flaccus the rhetorician ; until the attainment of his 16th year intitled him to enter the philosophic school of Cornutus, at that time distinguished as the academy of Lucan and Seneca.

OF the friendship that subsisted between those celebrated personages, that of Lucan and Persius appears to have been the most ardent and sincere ; though the friendship of Cornutus was always endearing, and though Persius has immortalized it in his 5th Satire, with all the rapture of a glowing, and the tenderness of a grateful heart. But with Seneca he never was on any terms of intimacy.

NONE of his contemporaries particularly mention, his having arrived at eminence as an orator ; yet Isaac Casaubon has not hesitated to call him one of the most learned and eloquent pleaders of his age ; and such an authority one would be slow to disbelieve. In his elegant and learned commentary on the Satires, he very justly observes, “ that although Persius be inferior to Horace and Juvenal as a poet, yet in learning he far surpassed them, and that as a moralist he perhaps had more merit, and more virtue than any other Roman name ! ” Quintillian, who was a more accurate judge, says, he acquired a great deal of true glory, “ *Multum et veræ gloriæ quam vis uno libro Persius meruit.* ”

To the praises of Quintillian, Lucan, and Casaubon, we have to oppose the censures of Cowley and Mr. Spence ; the former of whom, Addison has declared totally ignorant of the work, and the latter is notorious in the Republic of letters, for want of taste in his insipid and clumsy delineation of the Roman poets. It must indeed, with some concern, be acknowledged, that the criticisms of Mr. Spence, have had too much influence in forming the general taste : but let those who have been deluded by this *ignis fatuus* be assured, that the writings of Lucan and Persius, are formed of too durable materials to be consumed by such feeble rays. The impotent attempts to blast the laurels of these patriot poets, ought to excite a generous

Indignation in every breast susceptible of the charms of genius, and the sweets of freedom. In Persius let them behold a youth, who died at the age of twenty-eight, struggling for the recovery of freedom, that alas! was to return no more! A youth, whom neither the hostility of contending faction, nor the turbulence of the soldiery, nor the threats of his enemies, nor even the denunciations of Nero, could intimidate or dismay;—and may future patriot poets exclaim with enthusiastic rapture, when singing his glories and his deeds, in all the glow of Virgilian numbers:

*O mihi tam longe maneat pars ultima vite,  
Spiritus et quantum sat eris tua dicere facta!*

DESCEND ye nine! inspire my humble lays,  
And strike the trembling string to Aulus' praise,  
What tho' my verse has ne'er yet gain'd applause,  
For laughing boldly on in freedom's cause;  
Nor like this heavenly *BARB* has gain'd the crown  
Of sacred laurel, from deserv'd renown—  
Yet still I'll sing—yet still I long t' impart,  
The genuine tribute of a grateful heart.  
Could I like him sonorous strains combine,  
With reasoning keen, and close each polish'd line;  
With dauntless ardour would I boundless rage,  
And drag to shame preposterous folly's page.  
How oft has he th' applauding senate charm'd;  
How oft for him have patriot breasts been warm'd;  
How oft has he in freedom's glorious cause,  
Stood forth the champion of his country's laws:  
Oppos'd the haughty tyrant's dread commands,  
And cut oppression down o'er all the lands:  
Contemn'd his favor—spurn'd his angry glooms,  
And damn'd the power, that sceptred vice assumes.  
So a bold bark that cleaves the mighty deep,  
When storms contending o'er the surface sweep,  
When angry Jove's vindictive thunders roll,  
And clashing tempests rage from Pole to Pole—  
Thus rides superior to the roaring sound,  
And spurns indignant all the billows round.  
More eager yet to gain a poet's name,  
The laurel'd hero panted still for fame—  
He sought the *SPRING*,—its sacred influence gain'd;  
Prun'd his broad wings and o'er the world he reign'd,  
But braving still corruption's glittering shield,  
He boldly launch'd in satire's ample field,  
Above a bribe, above all servile things,  
He struck at once both ministers and kings.—  
The dart he threw—his pointed arrows sped—  
Each villain skulk'd—lo! dissipation bled;  
Corruption trembled—haughty *NERO* shook,  
Nor dared on Persius cast one vengeful look.  
But while at virtues *Joes* he threw his dart,  
He charm'd each generous philanthropic heart.  
All tender breasts that sigh'd for human woe  
In soft-eyed friendship felt their bosoms glow  
For the fond youth on whom fair Lubin smil'd  
In early age, and bless'd her darling child;  
Attun'd her virtues to his infant mind,  
And bade him succour and support mankind,

As some bright meteor that descending spreads  
Her shining lustre o'er nocturnal shades;  
Whose rays refulgent brighten all the ground;  
Illumes the sky, and casts her glories round;  
Whilst her red mouth emits a fiery train,  
And sparks more vivid scour along the plain;  
Sailing majestic thro' the lucid air,  
In wild amazement countless myriads stare;  
And while the liberal comprehensive mind  
Loves to explore the beauties there combin'd,  
Lo! speaking villainy tumultuous flies  
In conscious guilt, and dreads the flaming skies;  
Shuns the bright glare, or 'scapes the transient darts,  
Whose hissing fury frights their timid hearts.  
"Thus in bold strains majestic Persius wrote,  
"Big with a rich exuberance of thought,"  
And like the Nile, whose waves redundant flow,  
O'er Egypt's fields and makes the harvest grow.  
His gen'rous muse o'erspread the Latian plains,  
And captive freedom rose and clank'd her chains;  
Felt the warm influence of the copious show'r;  
Rear'd her declining head and smil'd its pow'r.  
O! bard immortal! whilst there's force in song,  
Thy verse conspicuous e'er shall curb the throng  
Of glittering courtiers who attendant wait,  
And croud promiscuous at the tyrant's gate.  
Alike shall proud oppression feel his rage,  
And lawless faction tremble at his page.  
E'en steel-fac'd turpitude shall fear his lash,  
And vice's vor'ries dread the potent crash.  
Corruption tremulous shall lowly yield,  
And own his shafts superior to her shield.—  
Still shall each virtuous soul his name revere,  
And o'er his hallow'd ashes drop the tear;  
Weep o'er his urn, or sigh in solemn grief;  
Wring their faint hearts; and lend their souls relief.  
Whilst his bright lays shall e'er from age to age,  
Instruct the vulgar, and delight the sage.  
Shall warm each honest breast to freedom's call,  
And save some sinking empire from its fall.  
Let every man who feels an honest zeal,  
Fire his fond bosom for his country's weal;  
Let every soul who wakes at honor's call,  
Or sympathises at fair virtue's fall:  
Let each lov'd bard who nobly thirsts for fame,  
Or inward glows at friendship's sacred name;  
Lament this honor'd youth, whom fortune gave  
A hapless victim to an early grave.  
In youth's full vigour snatch'd by fate's command,  
From a lov'd people and happy land;  
Snatch'd from a life that was at once design'd,  
To polish manners and reform mankind—  
As the fork'd lightning cuts the darken'd skies,  
Sheds transient day, or fades upon the eyes.  
Thus gleam'd his youth upon Italia's ground,  
And shed the dazzling rays of genius round.  
As soon, alas! he quits the mortal sight,  
He reign'd as transient and he glow'd as bright.  
Yet shall his mem'ry like his soul arise,  
And fill the ambient air, and sapphire skies—  
Shall throw a lustre o'er the vast profound,  
And strike with wonder all the world around.

L. D. C.

ANTONINUS.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XLIV.—JULY 8, 1794.

To hold the Mirror up —

SHAKES.

**H**UMAN nature is so surrounded with evil, so beset with calamity, so liable to be tormented by bodily pain, or agitated by mental sensibility, that it does not seem strange to observe man endeavouring to alleviate the severity of his condition by the delights of social union, the warmth of friendship, the tenderness of love, or the raptures of imagination. The wounds of sorrow are healed by the balm of consolation, the tremors of anxiety are suspended in the pastimes of pleasure, the pangs of jealousy are allayed by the smiles of the fair, and the *tedium* of life is relieved by excursions into the regions of fancy, where the mind delights to form new modes of existence, and dignifies itself by a temporary connection with superior beings. These are sources which all acknowledge to be genuine, from which all men may derive felicity, and to which all may repair without the censure of criminality; they are pillows on which the afflicted spirit may repose with the hope of being soothed.

WHILE, however, we yield our assent to the above remark, and acknowledge how much human happiness is entwined with the qualities and propensities which have been noticed, we propose, in this Essay, to advert to another endowment of the mind, the power of which is great, and the sway extensive, but the mode of its operation in producing delight seems to be involved in difficulty, to have eluded vulgar observation, and to have furnished a fruitful origin to the mazes of metaphysical intricacy and the delusive splendor of sophisticated theory.

AMONG every polished nation in Athens and in Rome, in London and in Paris, public spectacles of various kinds have been exhibited for the amusement of the people,—the greater number of which have successively fallen into contempt or oblivion, and yielded to the victorious influence of the *Drama*; as its intention was to exhibit on an *artificial stage* the character, the sentiments; and the actions of men, such as they were on the *real stage* of the world; as it by turns assumed the noble privilege of correcting vice and reproofing arrogance, of cherishing virtue and encouraging modesty; as it sometimes exposed and ridiculed the follies and depravities of fashionable life with all the brilliancy of wit, or pourtrayed the actions of heroes and patriots, in the lofty numbers of poetry, or the impassioned language of eloquence; it has not failed to attract the attention and command the admiration of mankind, from the days of \* *Susarion* and *Thespis* to the splendor at which it has arrived in modern times.

THE young and the old, the gay and the grave, the dissolute and the virtuous, all croud to the *Theatre*, in expectation of gratifying curiosity, amusing languor, refining taste or improving morality.

THAT the *Comic Muse* should allure us to this temple of delight, that the man of pleasure, of business, or of elegance, should enlist under the gay banners of *Thalia* cannot excite astonishment, because mirth and gaiety evidently recreate and inspirit the mind; but when we observe the same description of people forsaking the cares of

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\* *Susarion* and *Thespis* were both born at Icaria, a small town of *Attica*; they appeared each at the head of a company of actors, the one, on a kind of stage; the other, in a cart; the former attacked the vices and absurdities of his time, and the latter treated of more noble subjects, which he took from history,

ambition, the gay dance, and the festive hour, and, in quest of happiness, assembling round the dismal shrine of *Melpomene*, our wonder is raised, and we are naturally led to enquire into that quality of the human mind, which enables it to derive satisfaction from entering the mansion of sorrow.

THIS curious subject has engaged the discussion of ingenious men, and various theories, not destitute of plausibility, have been proposed to account for a phenomenon so common, but the cause of which is recondit and hid in the recesses of the heart of man,

L' ABBE DUBOS in his reflections on painting and poetry, asserts that there is nothing more disagreeable to the mind, than the listless state of indolence into which it is left to sink on the abstraction of every passion and occupation; that, therefore, to free itself from this painful situation, it seeks amusement and pursuit, and will fly to any, whether it be of a chearful or of a mournful nature, in order to obtain relief.

THIS may be partly admitted, but it does not seem to afford a full solution of the difficulty; for apathy, and inanity of thought, it should seem, are much more likely to determine a man to mingle in scenes of merriment than of woe; and it is in vain, from the principles of this ingenious author, to account for that attachment so universally shewn to an affecting tragedy, performed with taste and sensibility, by those who are daily occupied in the active pursuits of life, whose feelings exempt them from the charge of apathy, and the vigour of whose intellect from the suspicion of inanity.

AN illustrious philosopher, who treats this subject with that acumen and elegance which are

diffused throughout all the exertions of his genius, is disposed to attribute too much of the delight arising from Tragedy to the eloquence and splendor of the language, to the *art* employed in collecting, to the judgment displayed in disposing, the pathetic circumstances, and to the beauty of oratorical numbers. It cannot be denied that these are in a high degree subsidiary, but it is presumed they may be employed to adorn and give energy to other themes; nor do they seem to account for that dominion which the *Tragic Muse* has so long and so successfully exerted over the wise and the good, over the wanderings of thoughtless dissipation, which she has been able to recal, over the contracted and insensible heart, which she has been able to expand and to warm.

THE foundation of the *fine arts*, the charms of Music, of Poetry, and of Painting, may be referred to that power and love of imitation which belongs in a peculiar manner to man.—Musical sounds, the sweet numbers of a sister art, and the magic power of the pencil, are able to transmit into the soul, the most lively emotions. We feel that they either did, or might have arisen amid the interesting scenes of human life; and the arts that so successfully imitate nature, must attract our admiration and interest our sensibility; it has therefore been asserted, that the *Drama* derives its power from imitation, and that we are charmed by observing, that this power is able to exhibit the resemblance of sorrow, with which the breast has been once afflicted.—Much, it must be acknowledged, may be attributed to this mode of reasoning; but the mere love of imitation, seems ill calculated to explain the irresistible tendency, in an audience, to participate in the afflictions of suffering virtue, and disappointed love, or to express indignation at successful vice, and triumphant villany.

It is the opinion of a sage moralist and an eminent critic, that the delight of Tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction. We presume to differ, in some degree, from so high authority with the utmost diffidence; but although the observation be shielded with the sanction of an illustrious name, we hope it will not be thought too confident to remark, that it appears to ascribe our sensations at such an exhibition, to a principle too selfish and ungenerous; a principle, which the swimming eye and the throbbing heart, do not recognise, when they so eloquently tell, how readily one man sympathises with the sorrows of another.

A TRAVELLER in his wanderings meets with a man of woe; he stops on the resounding ~~shore~~ *shore* to cast his eye over the raging ocean, and perceives a ship ready to sink to destruction under its tumultuous waves; or he views from on high the fury of contending armies; surely we must allow that his attention is fixed, and his feelings are awakened from principles, very different from those which an epicurean and a poet has transmitted to posterity in the harmony of heroic numbers.

'Tis pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand  
And view another's danger, safe at land:  
Not 'cause he's troubled, but 'twas sweet to see  
Those cares and fears, from which ourselves are free.  
'Tis also pleasant to behold from far  
How troops engage, secure ourselves from war.\*

CREECH.

WE have thus offered a few observations on the *Drama*; a further prosecution of the subject, we reserve for a future paper.

\* *Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis*

*E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem:*

*Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri*

*Per campos instructum sine parte pericli.*

Lucan. de nat. Rer. l. 2.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

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*En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,  
Dum flavis velis aura secunda meis.*

OVID. EPIST.

I liv'd the darling theme of ev'ry tongue;  
The golden idol of the adoring throng;  
Guarded with friends, while fortune's balmy gales  
Wanton'd suspicious in my swelling sails.

MR. OBSERVER,

ALTHOUGH the language of complaint is never welcome, and seldom compassionated; although its supplications are unavailing, and its hardships are disbelieved; yet will I make bold to lay my sufferings before you, and petition your assistance. I am encouraged so to do, by that dignified and unaffected liberality, by that consonant and correct propriety, which pervades your moral school: let me hope that *such a school* will not refuse to hear me.

You will, no doubt, think it necessary I should preface my story with some account of myself and family. Of my family I will presume to say, that they have been generally heard of, throughout the civilized world; though I am sorry to mention, known only in a few particular societies. The notoriety of my name is equally extensive, and my acquaintance alike circumscribed. I am talked of every where, but very seldom seen. I am at one time praised, and at another censured; in every nation I have a different character; in every company a new shape.—Countries, that once acknowledged me as their preceptor and guide, now seem to forget their friend, and permit me to spend my days in detached communities, amid the peaceful pleasures

of the village, the delights of the forest, or the sweets of the garden; with them indeed I love to dwell; in them my felicity consists; it is them that have charms for me.

BUT before I proceed further, as your curiosity is by this time, no doubt excited, I shall inform you who my nearest relations are, without entering into a tedious genealogical detail of our illustrious ancestry.

BE not surprized, sir, when I tell you that I am the eldest son of *Genius* and *Sensibility*, and the brother of *Love* and *Joy*.

I AM the parent of *Criticism*, and the friend of *Art*, the associate of *Science*, and the assistant of *Judgment*. My favorite daughters, *Poetry* and *Painting*, I accompany through all their walks; and when the thunder storm, and the lightnings flash, my *paternal* mantle shields them from danger.

AFTER this very just, though perhaps not very *modest* enumeration of my relatives and friends, you will, I hope, allow me to add another to the catalogue, whose indulgent kindness will attend to my complaints, and listen to my tale. Having felt himself the malevolent insolence of envy, he will not fail to commiserate my fallen and neglected state.

WHEN I was first introduced on the stage of the world's great theatre, in all the bloom of youth, adorned with every elegance that can captivate or charm the mind, the pride of empires and the admiration of surrounding and enthusiastic thousands; I naturally felt that conscious superiority, that confident dignity, which has conducted me through succeeding life.——Though I am

persuaded I never have exerted this consequence but on just occasions;—though I still retain all the endearments of my juvenile years without a blemish; yet strange it is to tell, how mankind have altered their opinions of me; how I am buffeted and tossed about through the various scene; how nations distort me into their own deformity; how societies pervert me, and progressive DUNCIADS continue to insult me.

IN that beautiful, happy, and celebrated country, which I once contributed to adorn; which my *father* inspired, my *mother* warmed, and my *companions* graced,—there now lives a ferocious and warlike, but superstitious and illiterate people; who despising our privileges, have trampled on our rights, and on the ruins of science have erected the temples of tyranny. In that country I now live in a very retired state, seldom or ever making my appearance; and when I do, it is in disguise in a palace or a seraglio; in a garden of licentious pleasure, or in a poem of disgraceful love.

LOOKING westward to that once powerful empire, that has been dignified by a long chain of illustrious heroes, and sages, who astonished and instructed mankind; where I once sat enthroned, amid the acclamations of warriors, and historians, of orators, of philosophers, and poets:—I contemplate with serious affliction its declining state. To view the country over which I presided for so many hundred years, sinking rapidly into irrecoverable obscurity; like the sun after his day of glory, burying his beauties in the ocean. To see myself treated with inattention by the learned, and disrespect by the multitude. To find myself tortured by every petty painter, and harrassed by every insignificant musician; yet no one awake to assist me;—no rising genius to rescue me from their clutches, and claim me his

offspring. Such an accumulation of evils, it is not in my power to counteract; I quietly resign myself to fate, in hopes of better times. But let me proceed to inform you how well I am received in other countries, where perfection has been attained, where society has been polished, and elegance refined: where excellence has been exalted, and merit obtained its rewards. Here indeed I am peculiarly happy; for though not entirely free from affronts and injuries, yet I think I am more justly estimated, and better liked, than in any other country. I am sometimes provoked at a play, vexed at a concert, and degraded at an assembly. Unwarrantable liberties are sometimes taken with me, by authors and by critics, by architects and sculptors. In short, whenever I am talked of, it is ten to one, I am not grossly insulted. Yet notwithstanding all those provocations, I am tolerably well situated, and I sincerely hope my influence will continue to increase over an enlightened and generous nation.

It may perhaps, Mr. Observer, surprise you to be informed, that I have at length found my way into general society in this country, from being at first only acquainted with a few individuals. But how much do I regret my entrance; better for me indeed it would have been, had I contented myself with the few acquaintances I possessed before, nor ever attempted to enlarge the circle. Like the merchant of Mantua, I have ventured too far on the sea of difficulty, and see no possibility of escaping unhurt. It may be, I have no enemy so formidable as a storm; but I have a strong current that sets upon pointed and hidden rocks to contend with, and a thousand little eddies bubbling around me.

WHY I, who am unconscious of ever having given offence, should thus be oppressed, it does

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not become me to determine. Let it be my business to point out to you those places, and those persons, that have incensed me most; and leave it to you what judgment to pass on them.

I VERY naturally supposed, that in British settlements I should have had some respect shewn me; but how much have I been mistaken. I never enter a company where I am not disgusted with the conversation, perplexed by quibbles, and insulted by unmeaning jokes. And what is still more provoking, they have the impertinence to place next me at table, some of my known and greatest enemies. If at breakfast, there is a *modern novel* superbly dressed, and decorated with all the glittering ornaments of deception, sits opposite to me in frantic merriment, or illusive sorrow, affecting the language of my *sisters*, to ruin my fairest daughters. When at dinner, I never fail to be surrounded by those pretenders to wit, those bitterest of all my opponents *puns* and *conundrums*. Like blackguards they throw squibs in my face, and scatter their powder trains all over the table; to the infinite amusement of the company, amid bursts of laughter and shouts of applause. After the cloth is removed, *Mrs. Scandal* is introduced with all her *attendants*, by way of gracing the desert. At her appearance every one claps his hands with joy, and runs to meet her: she is immediately seated at the head of the table, on the landlady's right hand, and earnestly intreated to spend the evening. All this is done sir, without once having a thought of me; I am allowed to sit unnoticed in a corner, while all those *worthy personages*, whom they well known to be my most malignant and perpetual foes, are carressed and esteemed. If I should chance to be observed, they only add to the general insult, by telling me that the editor of such a newspaper, is about to publish a poem.——Could any thing be more

provoking? Can any thing be more insupportably distressing? To be informed that the *DRONE* who is constantly tormenting me, is preparing a new *sting*, and giving it the name of my most favorite *daughter*.—I do assure you, sir, I have been of late infamously used by those gentlemen. With the most unaccountable effrontery, some of them pretend to call me by the sacred name of friend; whilst they are vainly endeavouring to tarnish the reputation of some of my nearest and dearest connections\*. One of them, not long since, with a presumption seldom attainable, attacked a particular friend of mine in a letter, wherein he enumerates a long list of illustrious sages, to prove that he is a friend of mine: and with a *pretty little conceit*, takes for his signature the name of my friend *STERNE'S* birth-place, and affects to be in love with it. Like an insolent naked beggar he struts along; imagining the roll of names he produces, will ensure him protection.—Thus he, who perhaps once possessed common sense and common honesty, loses them both in defence of what he does not understand, of what nature never meant he should know.

\* And some made coxcombs, Nature meant but fools.

" In search of wit these lose their common sense,

" And then turn critics in their own defence."

SUCH, sir, are the evils I labour under; and such are the insults I daily experience in this country. But let me not even yet despair; the dispositions of your countrymen may alter, and incline them still to look upon me with kindness. My enemies may be discarded, and my *family* may be received; to effect which grand purpose, my most powerful eloquence shall never be wanting. Let *society* be persuaded, I am still possessed of

\* About this period, an attack appeared, in a Calcutta print, intitled the *World*, on the 36th No. of the *OBSERVER*, signed *Amor-Clonvilleensis*:—Infamous for illiberal scurrility, and contemptible for low conceit, puppy criticism, and inflated language.

every primæval beauty, of every infantile endearment; if she would only learn to read me aright, she would soon be convinced my loss cannot be supplied. Let those who *read* and let those who *write*, believe me their constant friend; and that my principal pleasure and ultimate object is to guide and instruct them. But let none dare presumptuously to asperse the name of one who receives his counsels from the Almighty, and lives to conduct the world; for those who do, shall not fail to incur the resentment of,

Mr. Observer,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

L. D. C.

TASTE.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

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*Non ignara mali miseria succurrere disco.*

VIRG.

For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,  
Till heav'n afforded me this place of rest.  
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,  
I learn to pity woes so like my own.

DRYDEN.

**I**N a former paper we took the liberty of offering a few observations on the DRAMA, and adverted to the nature of tragedy, ventured to state some objections to the different theories which have been advanced, with a view to account for that curious quality in the human mind, which enables it to contemplate with delight those scenes of tender woe, or of piercing anguish, which it is the province of the *tragico muse* to exhibit to her enraptured votaries. Neither the desire to relieve the listlessness of indolence, nor the admiration which the lofty numbers of poetry are apt to excite; neither the sense of fiction, nor

even the love of imitation was found, when separately considered, to satisfy our enquiries on this interesting subject: these indeed, where they operate in a combined manner on the mind, enhance, but do not seem to be the origin of that *mournful pleasure*, which has been felt and acknowledged in every polished age, and which appears to be entwined with the very essence of human nature.

Amid the various ills with which, in this life, the state of man is assailed, encompassed as it is with anxiety and care, yet the great author of nature has endowed the human mind with a *quality*, by which our calamities are softened, that brightens the gloom of melancholy, and soothes the heart of grief; a *quality* that invites us to frequent the haunts of sorrow, to dwell among the children of affliction, and to lessen the measure of their woes. As the powers of intellect, and the emotions of sensibility, are given in various degrees to human beings, so we observe this quality exerting its influence with different degrees of energy: in some minds it scarcely resides, while in others it exists with more vivacity and determines to acts of benevolence; and of the mind of *one man*, it so entirely assumed the government, that actuated as it were by a divine impulse, he wandered over the world in quest of the afflicted whom he might relieve;—he penetrated the noisome dungeon and the awful cell; consoled the despairing wretch under the pressure of his chains and the agonies of his tortures; before him the fell inquisition stood appalled, and the atrocious ministers of its cruelty revered in the character of HOWARD, the eternal principles of justice and humanity. The quality then to which we allude, and which was so eminently possessed by this great man, is *sympathy*, fellow-feeling, or mental sensibility. That this

is a great bond of society, that its sway is felt in all the gradations of human life, and that even the most vicious and abandoned, in the career of wickedness, have not attained such obdurate insensibility as might enable them, on interesting occasions, to suppress the tear of sympathy, will, it is believed, be admitted as a truth, which in a high degree redounds to the honour of man; and, therefore an enquiry into its foundation may be no unpleasing discussion,

It evidently results from the nature of our mental and corporeal frame, that we are sensible of those pleasures and pains which *immediately* affect ourselves; but when we observe one man feeling and commiserating the sufferings of another, were we not fortunately familiarised to the fact, our astonishment would be excited: facts, however, derive beauty from explication, and to enquire into their origin is the business of philosophy. Of all the powers with which the mind is adorned, the boldest and most active is *imagination*; it delights to combine objects and ideas the most distant, to separate the nearest, to expand and to beautify, to riot in ideal happiness, and walk in Elysian gardens: and while we, in general, admire its extent and variety, there is one way in which it exerts its influence, which, as it is applicable to our present subject, demands particular notice,

It will be allowed that the knowledge acquired *by the senses*, can never extend beyond ourselves; we can have no *direct* experience of what others feel, and should a parent, a brother, or a friend lie extended on the rack, it is perfectly impossible, while we ourselves are at ease, that our *senses* can intimate to us any conception of their agonies; because the tortured nerve of one man can never transmit to another its corresponding sensation. If this reasoning be true, whence originates sympathy

or fellow feeling; whence the sorrows of the good for afflicted virtue? whence the tears of a mother, for the wailings of her child, who reclines its feverish head on her bosom, without being able to tell the cause of its grief, or the seat of the disorder?

As the wheel of fortune in its perpetual revolution round the axis of uncertainty, scatters from its circumference, vicissitude among the sons of men, a spectator who contemplates an object of distress, naturally indulges in the following reflection. "The fate of this wretched man might have been mine; this morning the sun rose auspicious on my fortune, but I may be involved in equal, if not in greater calamity, before he hides his descending glory in the ocean." It is presumed that such a thought, on such an occasion, arises almost irresistibly in every breast; the imagination then, by a powerful exertion, is alone able to inform us of the sufferer's feelings; it pictures out to us what would be ours were we in his situation: by this faculty we conceive ourselves enduring his tortures; and if the expression may be allowed, the organs of *our* sensations residing, as it should seem, in *his* frame, we become affected with analogous emotions; so that, to use the language of a profound philosopher, "it is the impression of our own senses only, not those of his which our imaginations copy;\*" hence do some fall into convulsions from observing the effects of that dreadful disorder in another; hence tears are apt to flow for sorrow, with which we have no *personal* or *immediate* connection; and hence delightful sympathy! thy charms—sweetner of life and cement of society, intimately pervading the heart of man, and

"Breathed from the Gods to soften human pain."

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\* Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments.

Having endeavoured to trace the origin of sympathy, another enquiry arises of considerable importance and difficulty, and which is materially connected with the present discussion. It may appear superfluous to remark, that unless sympathetic emotions were attended with pleasure, they would be stifled and suppressed; and that the rapture with which they are cherished, when they involuntarily arise, is the most convincing proof how much they contribute to human felicity; but whence arises this pleasure?

ALTHOUGH the quality of the mind, the source of which we have attempted to explore, has been hitherto considered as directing itself to objects of distress; yet it is by no means intended to assert, that we do not derive satisfaction from the *observation of happiness*; and sympathise with joy as well as with sorrow. In viewing the former, however, the sigh of regret not unfrequently arises, that it is superior to our own; prosperity is regarded with some degree of jealousy; neither is the admiration, which the brilliancy of conquest and the triumphs of successful heroism are calculated to excite, unmingled with envy; the prospect of happiness has often been blasted; the progress to renown has been impeded; and the ardor of enterprize has been chilled by poverty;—that men then should contemplate the success of those attempts, in which they themselves have failed with some aversion, seems to be consistent; but as to desire misfortune would be absurd, and to pursue it insanity, as many have felt it, and from it none are exempted; it follows, that our sympathy with affliction is of a much purer nature than with happiness;—in the one case it is more simple, in the other it participates of envy.

WE remarked in a former paper of this essay, the mode by which a spectator adopts in some

measure the sensations of the afflicted; and it is with pleasure we now lay before the reader the sentiments of a philosopher and scholar, as establishing the truth of our theory, and affording a complete solution of the origin of sympathetic delight. "There is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether we are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight. This is not an unmixed delight but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer."\*

It may seem that we have wandered from the *Drama*, the first subject of enquiry; but the above observations, on the nature and foundation of sympathy, appeared to be preparatory, and the conclusions to which they give rise may be the subject of a future paper.†

T.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XLVII.—JULY 29, 1794.

"And this our Queen shall be as drunk as we."

FIELDING.

*Nos numerus sumus.*

HORACE.

SIR,

It hath long been the practice of authors and kings to speak of themselves in the plural number: for this custom I have never heard any

\* BURKE, on the Sublime and Beautiful.

† It is to be noticed with regret, that the *OBSERVER* closed, before the author of the above elegant essay, had an opportunity of concluding his subject.

reason assigned, nor do I think it improbable that some great men of both descriptions may have adopted it, without knowing why. The stale plea of prescription and ancient usage, if admitted, puts a stop at once to all investigation, and reduces us to a level with the most ignorant natives of the east; who, if asked why they burn the dead, or drown the living, reply that "it is customary, and their father did so before them." Besides, as both authors and kings (our gracious sovereign himself not excepted) sometimes assume titles to which they have no just claim, a doubt naturally occurs whether their predecessors might not in the instance before-mentioned have taken a similar liberty. In the thunders of a review critical, monthly, &c. this language requires no explanation: we know that to decide justly on all literary productions, must require the joint exertions of many learned men, who formed into a society for that purpose, give their fiat collectively; but when a simple individual, distinguished only by a crown or a nightcap, from the crowd that surrounds him, can by virtue of a certain undefined prerogative, issue his mandates or opinions, in the plural number, as if he himself were a host, "an ignorant person might very naturally enquire, who this man means to speak of besides himself: the answer is, nobody, but he is a king; or he is an author." Now, as I have a wonderful respect for dignity both regal and authographical, particularly in the persons of a *certain editor* and the king of Great Britain, it would afford me much pleasure could I trace this matter to its source, and prove in a satisfactory manner, the right of both to so uncommon a distinction. If the consecrated wall of a pagoda presents to the *Indian Observer* a formidable figure with fifty heads and a hundred arms, each brandishing a different weapon, he sees at once that the intention is to inculcate an idea of

superior strength and wisdom in the god so represented. Leaving to the deity such extraordinary attributes, we know that human nature, however exalted in rank, must be content with a very limited share of strength, bodily, or mental; but, as in the first ages of the world, we are taught that divine inspiration and advice were superadded to the confined ability of man, so may we *now* avail ourselves of what comes nearest to these great helps, the collected fruits of laborious study in every art and science, from the time of their earliest dawn to their present high state of perfection. That one man should attain any considerable proficiency in all these, is not to be expected; but it is always in his power to call in the aid of such, whose experience and professional knowledge enable them to eke out the deficiency. The consummate general, the skillful politician, the able financier, all contribute their quota of assistance to the state of which they are members; and the sovereign, by a judicious selection of such men may concentrate the abilities of a whole kingdom into one focus, and in a manner make them his own. A king so acting may, like the *arroyo* on the wall, be depicted with many additional heads and arms, and I think with equal propriety be allowed to deviate from the usual custom, and speak of himself in the plural number. His Majesty's right to this privilege being thus, I hope, firmly established, come we now to the author; and surely his title to it will not admit of a doubt, for arguing on the same principles, we must allow him to possess similar powers. The wide volume of human learning is before him. Whatever is rare in eloquence, whatever rich in fancy, the strong and nervous, the beautiful and sublime, all court his acceptance; and vain indeed must that author be, who deigns not sometimes to borrow

from his predecessors, and avowedly express himself in their language as more apt and forcible than his own. Behold in this point of view, the mode of speaking abovementioned, so far from seeming presumptuous, appears not only unassuming, but expressive of much obligation, in the author and the king, to their numerous and able coadjutors; a sort of acknowledgment in fact, that neither one or the other could be what he is, without their assistance, so kindly lent, to compose a *tout ensemble*, like Æsop's bundle of rods, or Sylvanus Urban's nosegay, "*e pluribus unum*."—Whilst reigning and writing as becomes them, let the king and the author in peace enjoy a privilege which seems to be their due; but should the former arrogantly assume powers to which by the constitution he is not entitled, or the latter claim as his own what is really the property of another, may they be brought to shame, as tyrants and plagiaries, and compelled ever after to preface their decrees, or lucubrations, with the lonely monosyllable I. — Presenting now my humble daisy as a candidate for admission among flowers of far superior beauty and fragrance,

I remain, Messieurs Observer,

Your most obedient humble servant,

T.

IGNOTUS,

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XLVIII.—AUGUST 5, 1794.

*Qualis ab incepto—servetur ad imum.*

From first to last, preserve consistency.

HOR.

OBSERVING that the venerable code of MENU'S *Sanscrit* Institutes, with extracts from which I have already presented my readers, has excited much curiosity and respect, I know not that I can better employ my present paper, than in prosecution of the curious subject of Transmigration, begun in Number XLII.—Few subjects are more amusing to the imagination even of the learned and orthodox, or would appear perhaps more equitable and just, if not detected by the lights of sound philosophy and revelation, than this famous article of ancient belief. It is in the spirit, with a little verbal alteration, of the old equitable maxim,

*"Necis artifices arte perire sua."*

CERTAINLY no justice can appear more appropriate, than that which inflicts sufferings exactly in point, and makes the crimes of the guilty the instruments of their punishment. If Pythagoras's transanimation were true, says the learned Doctor Brown, that the souls of men transmigrate into species answering their former natures, many men must live over many serpents. It is to be hoped that modern ways are not so serpentine, as those in which the Doctor lived. More recent manners abound not with the grosser crimes, nor perhaps with the sublimer virtues, that were the prominent features of antiquity. Few of the terrible transmigrations would probably be now to be apprehended, of tyrants into tygers, or traitors in their

true form of the dark adder, stinging the breast that fostered them. The operations of modern metempsychosis might be more innocently seen in the *basse cour*, where the overweening politician and doughty hero, might be heard in the quacking of ducks, and cackling of geese; and the desponding and ill-omened prophet should continue to croak, in his congenial species.

BUT, not to detain my reader longer on these lighter topics, the discussion of which may better perhaps occupy a distinct paper, let us proceed to the grave and ancient expositions of MENU.

#### ON TRANSMIGRATION, AND FINAL BEATITUDE,

30.—‘ Now will I declare the various acts, in the  
‘ highest, middle, and lowest degrees, which proceed from  
‘ those three dispositions of mind.

31.—‘ STUDY of scripture, austere devotion, sacred  
‘ knowledge, corporeal purity, command over the organs,  
‘ performance of duties, and meditation on the divine spirit,  
‘ accompany the good quality of the soul:

32.—‘ INTERESTED motives for acts of religion or mora-  
‘ lity, perturbation of mind on slight occasions, commission  
‘ of acts forbidden by law, and habitual indulgence in selfish  
‘ gratifications, are attendant on the quality of passion:

33.—‘ COVETOUSNESS, indolence, avarice, detrac-  
‘ tion, atheism, omission of prescribed acts, a habit of  
‘ soliciting favors, and inattention to necessary business,  
‘ belong to the dark quality.

34.—‘ OF those three qualities, as they appear in the  
‘ three times, *past, present and future*, the following in or-  
‘ der *from the lowest*, may be considered as a short *but certain*  
‘ criterion.

35.—‘ LET the wise consider, as belonging to the  
‘ quality of darkness, every act, which a man is ashamed  
‘ of having done, of doing, or of going to do:

36.—‘ LET them consider, as proceeding from the  
‘ quality of passion, every act, by which a man seeks ex-

• altation and celebrity in this world, though he may not  
• be much afflicted, if he fail of attaining his object.

37.—‘ To the quality of goodness belongs every act,  
• by which he hopes to acquire divine knowledge, which he  
• is never ashamed of doing, and which brings placid joy  
• to his conscience.

38.—‘ Of the dark quality, as described, the principal  
• object is pleasure ; of the passionate, worldly prosperity ;  
• but of the good quality, the chief object is virtue : the  
• last mentioned *objects* are superior in dignity.

39.—‘ SUCH transmigrations, as the soul procures in  
• this universe by each of those qualities, I now will declare  
• in order succinctly.

40.—‘ SOULS, endued with goodness, attain always  
• the state of deities ; those filled with ambitious passions,  
• the condition of men ; and those immersed in darkness,  
• the nature of beasts : this is the triple order of transmigration.

41.—‘ EACH of those three transmigrations, caused  
• by the several qualities, must also be considered as three  
• fold, the lowest, the mean, and the highest, according to  
• as many distinctions of acts and of knowledge.

42.—‘ VEGETABLE and mineral substances, worms,  
• insects, and reptiles, some very minute, some rather larger,  
• fish, snakes, tortoises, cattle, jhakals, are the lowest  
• forms, to which the dark quality leads :

43.—‘ ELEPHANTS, horses, men of the servile class,  
• and contemptible *Mlech'has*, or *barbarians*, lions, tigers,  
• and boars, are the mean states procured by the quality of  
• darkness :

44.—‘ DANCERS and singers, birds, and deceitful men,  
• giants and bloodthirsty savages, are the highest conditions,  
• to which the dark quality can ascend.

45.—‘ JHALLAS, or cudgel-players, *Mallas*, or boxers  
• and wrestlers, *Natas*, or actors, those who teach the use of  
• weapons, and those who are addicted to gaming or drinking,  
• are the lowest forms occasioned by the passionate  
• quality :

46.—‘ KINGS, men of the fighting class, domestick  
• priests of kings, and men skilled in the war of controversy,  
• are the middle states caused by the quality of passion :

47.—‘GRANDHARVAS, or aerial musicians, *Gubhyacas* and *Yacshas*, or servants and companions of *Curvera*, genii attending superior gods, as the *Vidyadharas* and others, together with various companies of *Alpsorases* or nymphs, are the highest of those forms, which the quality of passion attains.

48.—‘HERMITS, religious mendicants, other *Brahmens*, such orders of demigods as are wafted in airy cars, genii of the signs and lunar mansions, and *Daityas*, or the offspring of *Diti*, are the lowest of states procured by the quality of goodness:

49.—‘SACRIFICERS, holy sages, deities of the lower heaven, genii of the *Vedas*, regents of stars *not in the paths of the sun and moon*, divinities of years, *Pitris* or progenitors of mankind, and the demigods named *Sadhyas*, are the middle forms, to which the good quality conveys spirits moderately endued with it.

50.—‘BRAHMA with four faces, creators of worlds under him, as *Marichi* and others, the genius of virtue, the divinities presiding over (two principles of nature in the philosophy of *Capila*) *Mahat*, or the mighty, and *Auyacta*, or unperceived, are the highest conditions, to which, by the good quality, souls are exalted.

51.—‘THIS triple system of transmigrations in which each class has three orders, according to actions of three kinds, and which comprises all animated beings, has been revealed in its full extent:

52.—‘THUS, by indulging the sensual appetites, and by neglecting the performance of duties, the basest of men, ignorant of sacred expiations, assume the basest forms.

53.—‘WHAT particular bodies the vital spirit enters in this world, and in consequence of which sins here committed, now hear at large and in order.

54.—‘SINNERS in the first degree, having passed through terrible regions of torture for a great number of years, are condemned to the following births at the close of that period, to efface all remains of their sin.

55.—‘THE slayer of a *Brahmen* must enter, according to the circumstances of his crime, the body of a dog, a boar, an ass, a camel, a bull, a goat, a sheep, a stag, a bird, a *Chandala*, or a *Puccasā*.

56.—‘ A PRIEST, who ha sdrank spirituous liquor; shall migrate into the form of a smaller or larger worm, or insect, of a moth, of a fly feeding on ordure, or of some ravenous animal.

57.—‘ He who steals the gold of a priest; shall pass a thousand times into the bodies of spiders, of snakes and camellions, of *trocodiles and other* aquatick monsters; or of mischievous bloodsucking demons.

58.—‘ He who violates the bed of his *natural or spiritual* father; migrates a hundred times into the forms of grasses, of shrubs with crowded stems; or of creeping and twining plants, of *vultures and other* carnivorous animals, of *lions and other* beasts with sharp teeth, or of *tigers and other* cruel brutes.

59.—‘ THEY who hurt any sentient beings; are born *cats and other* eaters of raw flesh; they who taste what ought not to be tasted, maggots or small flies; they who steal *ordinary things*, devourers of each other; they who embrace very low women, become restless ghosts.’

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER XLIX.—AUGUST 12, 1794:

*Iago.*—‘Twas but a dream;

*Oib.*—Aye; but it denotes a foregone conclusion.

SHAKES.

I HOPE, Mr. Observer, you will not take it amiss, when I honestly tell you the effect which some learned lucubrations sometimes produce on my faculties. Indeed I flatter myself, that on reference to very high authority, the failing which I am going to confess, viz. a little *somnibund affection* on certain occasions, of the mental powers, will not appear very criminal or extraordinary. For if the divine Homer himself be admitted sometimes to nod, surely an humble

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reader may be indulged now and then with a nap. Especially as this indulgence may be not only a relief to himself, but in effect a compliment to the writer ; when instead of *senses steeped in forgetfulness*, as the poet has it, the slumbering critic is so sensible of his author's beauties as to continue to think of them whether he will or no, and when he can think of no other. Such, Sir, was the powerful impression made upon me by your ingenious introduction, and the venerable transmigration-doctrines of the Indian sage in your last paper.

My waking powers being exhausted by the multifarious contemplation of the posthumous transformations of mankind, subsided into a gentle sleep ; but so gradually as to render the transition scarcely perceptible :—" the obedient slumbers *seemed to wake,*" and pursue the subject.

METHOUGHT I found myself landed on the eternal shore of the unrepassable river. The vast and various prospect struck my mind with mingled impressions of delight and awe, difficult to describe in the language of mortals. The visual ray, purged from the thick film of mortality, could descry the blissful mansions of the blessed ; where, beneath the never fading verdure of the laurel, heroes held mutual converse and enjoyed each other's virtues. Sages there in the enlightened grove enjoyed the object of their long pursuit, truth in her pure and immutable charms, unchecked by distrust and unclouded by scepticism : and there, in the blooming bowers of perfect felicity, the constancy of virtuous love and the piety of parental affection found their immortal reward.

BUT what was my astonishment and horror, when my delighted contemplation was called off

from these scenes of glory and bliss, by the yells of vice and despair, and the mad shouts of brutality and folly, which penetrated through the gloom of the opposite region. It was the chorus of Chaos itself: but worse confounded than the mere darkness of "old night" could make it.—For sin and death were there to swell the dreadful diapason: and, horrible to tell! in the wild roar of beasts were heard the articulations that had belonged to the human shape. There the *man of blood*, a tyger now, with change of form but sameness of nature, growled his eternal horrors, an immortal victim of famine and unsatiated rage. The more generous destroyers of the human race, ambitious conquerors fired by false fame and little touched with human woe, gave dreadful note of late repentance in the lion's sullen roar, while they stalked through the desolated scene.—Deceit and duplicity attempted now their frauds in vain, in their amphibious forms. Detected and hunted from each element to the other, acknowledged by none and despised by all, they now feel how short is the triumph of hypocrisy; and how certain the punishment.—But more terrible tortures awaited the malignity of envy and the blackness of ingratitude. Was not that the scream of the famished vulture?—snuffing the tainted air for entrails to devour and hearts to lacerate! But his search seems not in vain. He fastens on that wretched victim, yet in human shape; whose guilt and punishment seem to defy the powers of transmigration.—Reason and instinct here came to the aid of my wandering fancy to confirm the inference it had drawn: and both agree that there is no brutal form or character base or black enough to personify ingratitude.

DISGUST overcame curiosity; and I turned away my eyes from these shocking scenes to others of less guilty nature and some of mere

levity, or folly, enemy only to itself. But I could not help hearing some harsh notes, in a general display of voices, which I was sorry to find were those of some pretty magpies, that seemed to be on their rounds of visiting, from tree to tree. "Indeed, my dear mag," said one, as well as I could distinguish from the general clamour,—“I am surprised to hear you praise that saucy pea-hen's tail that we saw to-night. I assure you all her eyes are painted: and to my knowledge, she got that fine deep blue and perhaps her *embonpoint* from the French pheasant in next grove.”

It was not unentertaining to see the progressive stages of insignificance, grub, worm, &c. before the accomplished butterfly could flutter in full blow of dress and fashion, *innocently* warbling his *mia cara*, and *que je vous aime!*

PIGEONS, being “more sinned against than sinning,” were punished only with the fear of what they had suffered in their foolish flights at faro and hazard: but it was a pleasing justice to see the rooks and harpies, disappointed of their prey, turn their fatal beaks and talons against each other, and find the fullness of their punishment in the exquisite perfection of their villany.

BUT among all the parties that presented themselves, none appeared more curious than some groupes here and there, figuring away in exact conformity to the proverb on earth. These were certain stately female figures, who were easily to be recognised as of the class usually called *ancient virgins*, leading files of *apes* in strings curiously interlaced round their bodies. The venerable damsels, as may be supposed, studiously directed their eyes—away from their unfortunate prisoners; while the poor *male-coquettes* and

would-be-men that followed, seemed really more deserving of pity than punishment.—Why these respectable maidens should appear *in perpris personis*, may not be easy to be accounted for: unless it be considered that, from the spirituality of their lives and thoughts, transformation might be unnecessary, and transmigration indelicate.

AND now, Mr. Observer, though I must stop for the present, do not hastily conclude that I am yet awake. I shall find out, however, from your admission or rejection, whether, as our friend in the play says, “the consequence approve *my dream*.”—If so, “my boat sails freely, both with wind and stream:” and you may perhaps here further of the *prolusiones posthumæ* of,  
Your constant reader,

P.

IGNOTIOR.

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 THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER L.—AUGUST 19, 1794.

THE art of compressing in pathetic language, with precision and energy, all the topics that can inspire the heart of man, with a generous love of liberty, is here displayed in full perfection.

MURPHY.

AN OBSERVER of the great events of the world must be more struck with the extraordinary contest, which agitates not only the nations of Europe, but extends its commotion to the other quarters of the globe, than with any scene presented in the annals of history: whether it be considered as to its consequences, or on its principles. In the consequences are involved the happiness of mankind; the sacred principles by which it is actuated, are *Liberty* and the *Rights of Man*.

FROM the violation of those rights, the historical eye recurs with pleasure to their patriotic and heroic vindication; and the English reader, it is presumed, will recognize with peculiar satisfaction, their bold and early display from a British orator at the head of a real patriot army.

BUT as it has not been in the intention of this paper to mix in political questions, the following specimen of ancient eloquence is submitted rather as the complement of the classical column, than as what it is hoped would be unnecessary to the reader,—a contrast to the patriotism of the modern æra,

THE present dress of the sentiments of the *Caledonian chieftain*, I trust will be as agreeable as it is new; being that which Mr. Murphy has just presented to the public. And if, as the able translator well says of the original speech, “neither the Greek nor Roman page has any thing to compare with it,”—it is presumed the same praise may be extended to its present form; for surely the warmth and spirit of British sentiments can lose nothing of their force in British expression.

THE SPEECH OF GALGACUS, TO HIS ARMY, ON  
THE GRAMPIAN HILLS.

FROM TACITUS, BY MURPHY.

WHEN I consider the motives that have roused us to this war; when I reflect on the necessity that now demands our firmest vigour, I expect every thing great and noble from that union of sentiment that pervades us all. From this day I date the freedom of Britain. We are the men, who never crouched in bondage. Beyond this spot there is no land, where liberty can find a refuge. Even the sea is shut against us, while the Roman fleet is hovering on the coast. To draw the sword in the cause of freedom is the true glory of the brave, and, in our condition, cowardice itself would throw away the scabbard. In the battles, which have been

hitherto fought with alternate vicissitudes of fortune, our countrymen might well repose some hopes in us; they might consider us as their last resource; they knew us to be the noblest sons of Britain, placed in the last recesses of the land, in the very sanctuary of liberty. We have not so much as seen the melancholy regions, where slavery has debased mankind. We have lived in freedom, and our eyes have been unpolluted by the sight of ignoble bondage.

THE extremity of the earth is ours: defended by our situation, we have to this day preserved our honor and the rights of men. But we are no longer safe in our obscurity: our retreat is laid open, the enemy rushes on; and, as things unknown are ever magnified, he thinks a mighty conquest lies before him. But this is the end of the habitable world, and rocks and brawling waves fill all the space behind. The Romans are in the heart of our country; no submission can satisfy their pride; no concessions can appease their fury. While the land has any thing left, it is the theatre of war; when it can yield no more, they explore the seas for hidden treasure. Are the nations rich? Roman avarice is their enemy. Are they poor? Roman ambition lords it over them. The east and the west have been rifled, and the spoiler is still insatiate. The Romans, by a strange singularity of nature, are the only people, who invade, with equal ardour, the wealth, and the poverty of nations. To rob, to ravage, and to murder, in their imposing language, are the arts of civil policy. When they have made the world a solitude, they call it peace.

Our children and relatives are dear to us all. It is an affection planted in our breast by the hand of nature. And yet those tender pledges are ravished from us to serve in distant lands. Are our wives, our sisters, and our daughters safe from brutal lust and open violation? The insidious conqueror, under the mask of hospitality and friendship, brands them with dishonour. Our money is conveyed into their treasury, and our corn into their granaries. Our limbs and bodies are worn out in clearing woods, and draining marshes: and what have been our wages? Stripes and insult. The lot of the meanest slave, born in servitude, is preferable to our's: he is sold but once, and his master maintains him; but Britain every day invites new tyrants, and every day pampers their pride. In a private family the slave, who is last bought in, provokes the mirth and ridicule of the whole domestic crew; and in this general servitude, to which Rome has reduced the world, the case is the same: we are treated, at first, as objects of derision, and then marked out for destruction.

WHAT better lot can we expect? We have no arable lands to cultivate for a master; no mines to dig for his avarice; no harbours to improve for his commerce. To what end should the conqueror spare us? Our virtue and undaunted spirit are crimes in the eyes of the conqueror, and will render us more obnoxious. Our remote situation; hitherto the retreat of freedom, and on that account the more suspected, will only serve to inflame the jealousy of our enemies. We must expect no mercy. Let us therefore dare like men. We all are summoned by the great call of nature; not only those who know the value of liberty, but even such as think life on any terms the dearest blessing. The Trinobantes, who had only a woman to lead them on, were able to carry fire and sword through a whole colony. They stormed the camp of the enemy, and, if success had not intoxicated them, they had been, beyond all doubt, the deliverers of the country. And shall not we, unconquered and undebased by slavery, a nation ever free, and struggling now, not to recover, but to ensure our liberties, shall we not go forth the champions of our country? Shall we not, by one generous effort, shew the Romans, that we are the men whom Caledonia has reserved to be assertors of the public weal?

We know the manners of the Romans: and are we to imagine that their valour in the field is equal to their arrogance in time of peace? By our dissensions their glory rises; the vices of their enemies are the negative virtues of the Roman army; if that may be called an army, which is no better than a motley crew of various nations, held together by success, and ready to crumble away in the first reverse of fortune. That this will be their fate, no one can doubt, unless we suppose that the Gaul, the German, and (with shame I add) the Britons, a mercenary band, who hire their blood in a foreign service, will adhere from principle to a new master, whom they have lately served, and long detested. They are now enlisted by awe and terror: break their fetters, and the man who forgets to fear, will seek revenge.

ALL that can inspire the human heart; every motive that can excite us to deeds of valour, is on our side. The Romans have no wives in the field to animate their drooping spirit; no parents to reproach their want of courage. They are not listed in the cause of their country; their country, if any they have, lies at a distance. They are a band of mercenaries, a wretched handful of devoted men, who tremble and look aghast as they roll their eyes around, and see on every side objects unknown before. The sky over their heads, the sea, the woods, all things conspire to fill

them with doubt and terror. They come like victims, delivered into our hands by the gods, to fall this day a sacrifice to freedom.

In the ensuing battle, be not deceived by false appearances: the glitter of gold and silver may dazzle the eye; but to us it is harmless, to the Romans no protection. In their own ranks we shall find a number of generous warriors ready to assist our cause. The Britons know that for our common liberties we draw the avenging sword. The Gauls will remember that they once were a free people; and the Germans, as the Usipians lately did, will desert their colours. The Romans have left nothing in their rear to oppose us in the pursuit: their forts are ungarrisoned; the veterans in their colonies droop with age; in their municipal towns, nothing but anarchy, despotic government, and disaffected subjects. In me behold your general; behold an army of freeborn men. Your enemy is before you, and, in his train, heavy tributes, drudgery in the mines, and all horrors of slavery. Are those calamities to be entailed upon us? Or shall this day relieve us by a brave revenge? There is the field of battle, and let that determine. Let us seek the enemy, and, as we rush upon him, remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors; and let each man think that upon his sword depends the fate of all posterity.

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THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER LI.—AUGUST 26, 1794.

For all the pious duties which we owe

Our parents, friends, our country, and our God,

The seeds of every virtue here below,

From discipline alone, and early culture grow.

WEIT.

TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

SIR,

I do not recollect among the various topics that have been brought forward to consideration by you or your correspondents, to have seen one subject adverted to, which nevertheless appears to me worthy of particular notice and the warmest

general encouragement. The subject I allude to, is the humane and successful attention in this country, to the education of children, whose parents—if they have any whom the law can call so—may not be able to afford it; or whose colour may perhaps be an objection to what ought to be prompted by the *natural* affection of fathers, who could give to them the advantages of an European education.

It will, I am sure sir, recur to your recollection with pleasure as an Indian Observer, that all the advantages to which the funds of the institutions in this country are competent, are very happily communicated and extended to the children who are taken care of there. Not less, certainly, could be expected from the humane and able care and worthy professional characters of those who superintend them. The ancient and established *public school*, is, I believe it may safely be said, as scrupulously and as well conducted as any similar institution; and as successfully as its means admit. Whether those means might not be multiplied, in the manner generally adopted in our churches at home, it would not perhaps be politic to discuss in the terms usually employed, considering the present disposition of Sunday mornings. But if instead of a *charity-sermon*, to be *preached* at St. Mary's *church*, it were understood, that an address was to be delivered on the sublimest and most pathetic of all possible subjects,—with singing from some of the most ancient masters,—and *subscriptions* to be received by Mr. Such-a-one, (without any mention of his being *church warden*) for the benefit of the young performers, I should suppose sir, that both the taste and liberality of the public might be amply depended on.

Of the other young seminary lately established here, the Male Asylum, it must be observed with particular pleasure, that the success has been as eminent, as the principle of its establishment was laudable. It has flourished indeed, both in the increased number of pupils, and in what may fairly be called their literary and scientific advancement, to a degree beyond what was perhaps expected, even from the care of its respectable patrons, or the well-known abilities and persevering diligence of the learned and reverend gentleman who has reared it from its infancy.

It was principally with a view to the still further capability of this excellent institution, that I alluded in the beginning of my paper to the usual advantages of education in Europe, and the usual causes that have prevented their being attained by the little involuntary adventurers in this country; who may have, some of them a complete, others only an half claim, to European origin.

But those advantages are now brought within their reach here; even at present as far as they are requisite to the ordinary walks of business, or perhaps to the higher scale of some useful and active professions.

THROWING these thoughts together, only on the ground of general approbation, and of a wish for every possible encouragement of an institution so advantageous to the public, I do not pretend to enter into a detail of its extensive merits. They are confessed by all who have opportunity of knowing them, who hear with equal pleasure and surprise the little proficient, masters even to precision of writing and reading, pursue their young acquirements of arithmetic and mathe-

matics with a clearness and command, rarely met with in *young schools* even at home,—and who observe above all the admirable order and cheerful regularity which reign alike in the lessons and pastimes of the little university.

How much further, or in what manner, the advantages of this noble institution may be extended, must be submitted to the able judgments of those who conduct it. But a hope may be suggested by a well wisher to it, that from the continued support of the public here, and the powerful patronage and promotion it may expect from our honourable masters at home, higher classes might be added, than its scale could hitherto admit; where the higher branches of the most useful sciences might be attained, and the languages taught, especially the modern ones of Europe, so useful as they are in a commercial country; so that from the broad and popular base of the Madras Asylum, might rise the more various and polished orders of a Madras Academy.

I HOPE these few humble hints will be received in right part, and,

I remain, Sir,

P.

YOUR CONSTANT READER,

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

NUMBER LII.—SEPTEMBER 2, 1794.

*Such is the nature of inconstant fortune, neither her mildness, nor her violence are of long duration: she exalts no one, whom she does not at last oppress; for she is light in her affection, but most harsh in her hatred.*

*RADI' FASSER, by Sir W. Jones.*

MR. OBSERVER,

It will not, I trust, displease you to be informed, that the meritorious cause in which you are engaged, has reached the knowledge of one, who lives in the bosom of retirement, in the breast of ease, and in the heart of contentment; under the lonely shade of a delightful grotto, known to no traveller's eye! situated in a beautiful valley, far distant from the limits of the English territories, in a remote corner of the mighty empire of Hindustan, which few strangers have yet had curiosity to approach.—Yes, let me acquaint thee, who preacheest morality to thy countrymen, which I hope both pleases and instructs them!—the light of thy writings hath discovered the obscurity of my retreat. Deign then to accept of my tale, as a pledge of my friendship:—read the strange vicissitudes of a long life; forgive the errors of my youth, pity my misfortunes, and be indulgent to the weakness of age.

It was on that blissful and enchanting ground, immortalized as the birth place of a long chain of the illustrious sons of the divine *Brabma*, and which is washed by the sacred, unpolluted waters of the holy *Gangâ*, where I first saw the gleam of day. My father, a *pandit*, renowned for his unexampled piety, wisdom, and learning, bestowed on me his blessing, thanked *Brabma* for my birth, and prayed to him for a long continuance of my

life, undisturbed by evil; that its stream might glide smoothly along, without the intervention of rocky hillocks to interrupt the silence of its progress, or the fall of cataracts to despoil the beauty of its surface. He supplicated *Na'rad*\* to watch over my youth, and to tune the *vinâ* to my praise, that the gods might be moved to favor me. He invoked the nymphs of *Math'ura*,† the lovely, the divine *Gôpya*, to inspire me with the love of eloquence, of music, and of poetry. After receiving my parental blessing, I was given to the care of my mother, with whom I remained until the age of nine intitled me to begin my studies, under the direction of my father. The gods had blessed me with genius; I was eager to be instructed; and in a few years, my learning delighted and surprized my holy brethren. I was looked upon as a prodigy of knowledge, and of genius; my fame attracted the notice of your countrymen; I was cherished by the applause of the learned, and flattered by the smiles of the great. I was called the child of the sublime *Menû*; and myriads of the ignorant poor, left their labour, and flocked around to pay me adoration. I was exalted on a splendid throne of marble, that had received the finest polish of the sculptor's art, and pillars were raised before it, bedecked with all the richest ornaments of royalty. But hear, how short was to be my glory! A brighter and more precious jewel, than kingdoms can bestow, kindled the fire of ambition in my enraptured soul. Whilst my eye glistened like the ruby, and cast its effulgence on the adored object, the dazzling diamond of my hope, my trembling heart, panted to possess it. What eye would not glisten? What heart would not pant? What man whose breast

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\* A distinguished son of *Brabma*, the God of Wisdom and Legislation; also the *Hermes* of the *Hindu's*, and the inventor of the *vinâ*, or lute.

† The *Parnassias* of the *Hindûs*, *Gôpya* the muses.

was susceptible of love's bewitching charms, that most captivating, that deepest of all human impressions, but would glow with all the fervor, all the eagerness of passion; when the eye of beauty condescended to gaze upon him in approbation; when the smile of kindness graced the virgin cheek of modesty, and flushed its roseate hue, with brighter charms; and when a voice more soft, than even the chaunting notes of the morning warbler, sweetly issuing from the loveliest of organs, melted on his ear, and thrilled thro' all his veins?—Oh! beauty, beauty! for thee I sacrificed all my greatness! To grasp at thee, I leaped from the sublimity of my seat; but missed my aim, and fell for ever!—The sun that smiled auspicious on the morning of my love, and cheered my hopes to meet the coming day of joy, had hardly reached the zenith, when a storm arose in the west, that obscured all his rays, and left me to ruminate my fate, in an evening of darkness and of sorrow.

Know then, that in my intercourse with your countrymen, I became acquainted with a gentleman, who paid me the most particular and distinguishing marks of respect. This gentleman, the God of Nature, had blessed with a lovely daughter, whom every grace and every charm conspired to adorn; whose mind was all elegance and all benignity; and whose accomplishments transcended all I had ever seen or heard of in the female character. She was a beauteous garden, enriched with all the flowrets of luxuriant nature, and beautified and dressed out with all the graces of art. She was learning our sacred language, and she talked the common Hindû dialect with tolerable fluency. I talked to her, and she understood me; she talked to me, and I loved! But that I should not love in vain, I applied myself closely to the study of

your language, and in two years, sufficiently mastered it, to address the fair object of my affections in the purest sentiments of passion and of regard. But, alas! the ardour of youth had already plunged me blind-fold into the greatest, the blackest of crimes. I had broken my sacred oath, and the arm of immortal *Brahma* was uplifted against me. At the moment the mistress of my heart condescended to listen to my supplications, the image of the god presented itself to my mind, and overwhelming me with astonishment and awe, recalled me to a sense of my duty. I felt the dart, the keen dart of *Heri*, probing me to the quick; and all the little arrows of the *genii* entering my heart. My heart was conscious of my guilt; and it throbbed with sorrow.

OPPRESSED and bewildered I retired to slumber, but in my slumber I found no rest. The bed on which I used to repose in comfort, was converted into a bed of torture. All the horrors of the night gathered quick around me. I thought I heard the voice of the seventh son of the most holy God, whisper in my ear,—"Be not deluded by the luring wiles of the offspring of *Māgā* and *Casyapa*, be guarded, or *Camā*\* will deceive you. The sacred voice increased my perplexity, and added to the burden of my woe. I beheld before me a magnificent temple, and a throne of bliss. On one side of the temple, was seated the gods of religion, of morality, and of Truth, dressed in golden robes, and stretching out their arms, to receive me. But on the other side, sat, perched in wretchedness, the haggard demons of unhappiness, of perpetual discontent, and heart-rending affliction.

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\* *Camā*, the God of Love; the son of *Māgā* and *Casyapa*.

ON the throne were placed the Gods of Beauty, of Love, and of Friendship, clothed in the plain garments of blooming innocence:—the jessamine of the bower, overshadowed them as a canopy, and violets were scattered around their feet, in delightful irregularity;—they intreated me, by the most heart-felt and endearing solicitations to ascend and join them. But in the road that led to the eminence, there was an unfathomable gulph; by crossing which I would offend the God of my Religion, and be plunged for ever in dishonor and in shame.—The voice that saluted me from the throne was irresistibly fascinating. It was the voice of Nature, and *Brabmā*, even *Brabmā* vanished away before it. On the wings of love, I flew across the gulph; and stern Religion called to me in vain.

I AWOKE amid the perfumes of the morning, and the melodious notes of the bird of Paradise. I was vigorous with health; I was glowing with passion; I was resolute with love;—but my promised bliss was but a dream indeed!

THE father of my mistress, perceiving my attachment, sent her off to a distant part of the country; and I beheld her no more.—The story reached the ears of my holy brethren:—the honour of *Brabmā* was tarnished; and I was condemned to the flames!

DEPRIVED at once of my honors, and of my love, branded with disgrace and with infamy, and sentenced to public punishment,—I stood appalled like the panting deer, who in search of his fawn, rashly quits his covert, and falls into the snares of the huntsman, or the claws of the tyger.—I addressed myself to the God of Nature, and pleaded my innocence. I examined my breast; and found integrity still resided there:—in my heart I felt courage resuming her dominion.

UNDER the guidance therefore of that deity, whom I now hold supreme, I resolved to seek my relief in solitude, my safety in flight.

HAVING dressed myself in the habit of a Mahomedan pilgrim, I bid adieu for ever to the ancient and holy city, and taking the western road, I journeyed on with hasty steps.

I HAD not travelled many days, when I met with some of the tribe of *Mahammed*, on their way to *Mecca*. Not with an intention of adopting their faith, but with a view of becoming better acquainted with their customs; and for the benefit of their society, I agreed to accompany them. But a few days sufficiently satisfied me. Such companions were not likely to sooth the tumults of a heart grown weary with grief. The devout sons of the great prophet were ignorant, superstitious, hypocritical, and dissolute. I turned therefore from them; and taking my route to the northward, I arrived in three months, at the beautiful and lonely valley of *Cashmir*. I sought among the woods for a retreat, in which I might seclude myself from the world; and I did not seek in vain.

AT the foot of a little mount, covered with wood, the variegated beauties of which overhang a pleasing river, that rolls smoothly its easy way, and present themselves in its glassy surface, with reflected charms, I discovered a bower which nature seemed to have formed for the habitation of the disconsolate. It is a mixture of all Asia's ambrosial sweets!—it is a wilderness of fruits and flowers! The orange, the vine, the myrtle, and the rose, have delightfully interwoven their branches to shelter the verdure beneath, from the violence of the sun's rays; leaving little loop-holes, through which the light enters to cheer, and the dews descend to refresh. The sides of the bower are

closely intwined with ivy and jessamine; having only a few openings through which are seen the wanderers of the forest: besides a wide space on the side next the river, which leaves a full view of its banks. It is decorated without by the blushing blossoms of the *crocus*, and perfumed by the odour of the *pandanus*.

IN this blissful spot, I have contemplated these twenty years, the vanity of human hopes, and human pleasures. Unobserved I have been observing the follies of the world. And although solitude has not afforded me the balm I expected; yet I congratulate myself on my deliverance from the turbulence of society. My nights are a mixture of ease and pain, and my days are but days of contented sorrow! yet perhaps I am happier, than if I was subject to the frowning tyranny of religion, or the smiling despotism of love.

I KNOW not whether my mistress is still alive; but if she is, she will I trust forgive me.

MAY I solicit the pardon, Mr. Observer, of thy fair countrywomen, if I have been too presumptive: and may their ingenuousness accept as an apology, the acknowledgement of the power of their beauty, having subdued the inflexibility of a *Brabmen*!

I MUST now bid thee farewell! in the hope that my story may give some entertainment to the aged, and some instruction to the young.

I am thy friend and thy admirer,

L. D. C.

GUZZENA RAMA,

Camana Bower, June, 1794.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

Number LIII.—SEPTEMBER 9, 1794.

"Why should a man whose blood is warm within

"Sit like his grand-uncle cut in alabaster?"

SHAKESPEARE.

## TO THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

SIR,

IN the course of my little observation, few things have surprised me more, than that strange insensibility which so strongly characterizes the natives of India, and which a modern author has, I think, very properly expressed by the term "*eastern apathy*." There are no doubt many exceptions; but taking the orientalists in the gross, their total inattention to whatever does not immediately concern their interest, or come within the very confined circle of their pleasures, is indeed wonderful. The beauties of inanimate nature, which excite such pleasing sensations in the mind of an European beholder, are by them viewed with the utmost indifference. In few countries are the prospects more varied, or those of a picturesque and romantic nature, scattered with a more lavish hand, than in India; but, alas! the stupendous height and the level plain, the fertile bank and the barren strand, the foaming cataract and the stagnate puddle, all seem to rank alike in the torpid *sensorium* of a native Indian. If to the great and prominent beauties of creation he is thus insensible, we cease to wonder that objects more minute, however peculiar in their kind, are in like manner passed over without comment or reflection.—The European naturalist, in his ardour of research into the mysteries of nature, sails over

immense tracts of ocean, and visits the most pestilential climates; the soldier, distant far from home,

"Seeks reputation even in the cannon's mouth;"

whilst the toilsome navigator, sacrificing every enjoyment to his thirst of knowledge or of fame, steers with adventurous helm over seas unknown, and in a thousand forms, braves death and danger. Not so the tranquil Indian, fixed as if by enchantment to the spot where he was born, necessity or interest alone have power to break the spell; unforced by one, or untempted by the other, he reclines in listless indolence at home, or in his own phrase "*stays quiet*;" and deaf to the call of ambition or curiosity, places his *summum bonum* in repose. This appears the more extraordinary to Europeans, on account of a maxim generally received amongst them; that some kind of active pursuit is necessary to human happiness. Accordingly we often see the greatest men engage with as much ardour in schemes of a trifling nature, as if their very existence depended on the result; for which should any blame be imputed to them, give me leave to offer a text of Scripture in their justification:—

"Whatever thou doest, do it with thy might."

DESCENDING now from sacred to profane, and from the highest authority to very low, I will take the liberty of adding (if admissible) a fragment in verse:

When gain'd, if objects sink in our esteem,  
(For men and things are rarely what they seem,) Tho' disappointed in the late-won prize,  
If full in view some nobler game arise.  
Say, must our ardour to our doubts give place,  
And shall we in despair decline the chase;  
For ever think that all pursuit is vain,  
Shun the steep hill, and trifle on the plain?

Far hence the thought! foredoom'd by humble birth,  
The crawling reptile owns his mother earth;  
And oyster tribes, scarce more alive than dead,  
Still vegetate upon their native bed.

But swift as from Achilles's arm the spear,  
O'er cloud-cap'd mountains flies the timid deer;  
Whilst far above, "almost too small for sight"  
The towering eagle wings his lofty flight.  
And shall not man, of boasted reason vain,  
Climb the steep hill, and shun th' inglorious plain;  
On wings of science strive aloft to soar,  
And something gain'd, aspire to something more?  
This truth at least experience daily shews:  
Felicity consists not with repose;  
Still shall the busy mind employment crave,  
'Till every wish lies bury'd in the grave.

ANON.

AND yet, sir, the *repose* abovementioned, which I conceive to mean a state of languor and supineness, or more fashionably speaking, of *ennui*, has many millions of advocates; thus the very demon which, in *Europe*, has been known to arm the rash hand of man against his own life, is looked up to as a kind of a Sawmy in *India*. What a great poet says of hope, may with equal justice be applied to the apathy of our eastern friends, which

"—Travels through, nor quits them when they die."

For although it is not unusual for the bravest and most religious European to betray symptoms of uneasiness and even fear at the approach of death, our philosophic Indian, placed on life's utmost verge, sees with true stoical unconcern the abyss before him, and whatever crimes he may have committed, *appears* at least to

"Die the death of the righteous."

I HAVE sometimes thought that at this awful period, the indolence of the natives is flattered with the pleasing idea of never again being disturbed on earth, and of enjoying a comfortable

and eternal nap in the world to come. Did this apathy proceed from any natural stupidity, or was it even confined to the vulgar and illiterate, the fact would appear less extraordinary; but certainly neither of these is the case: I am firmly of opinion, that the people of this country are by no means inferior in point of mental ability to those of Europe; and that an Indian child, if sent to England at an early age, and properly educated, would so thoroughly imbibe not only the manners, but the disposition of an European, as to be distinguishable from those amongst whom he was bred, by his complexion alone.—There is however, another species of education given to Indians on the spot, which it would be ungrateful, as well as unjust, not to acknowledge, as being productive of the most salutary effects, in weakening their prejudices, strengthening their minds, and rousing into active exertion the latent principles of enterprize and courage, which we scarcely supposed them in so eminent a degree to possess. You will readily conceive, sir, that what I mean is a military education; that *sine qua non* to which we owe such perfection of discipline in our native troops, as well as that true martial ardor, which has so often shone forth; but never more conspicuously than on a very recent occasion. That a long voyage by sea to a country unknown, should be contended for with zeal, and enthusiasm, by people naturally so averse to emigration, would a few years ago have been looked upon as an utter impossibility: we have however been eye witnesses to the surprizing fact: which does equal honor to both tutors and pupils, and speaks most eloquently in favor of the system abovementioned.

To correct bad habits, however difficult, is perhaps more easy in some cases, than to trace their origin: we have seen that extreme indolence and attachment to situation (though in a manner

Hereditary failings, which have been handed down to posterity through a long succession of ages) are not so firmly rooted in the Indian constitution, but they may in part be eradicated, even on the spot. Yet when we come to enquire whence this *vis inertia* so widely disseminated, could possibly arise, the subject seems involved in much doubt and obscurity. That heat of climate has any share in producing it, I conceive to be a vulgar error, refuted at once by this obvious truth, that whole nations are found within the torrid zone, little less remarkable for their activity than our friends of colour *here* for the reverse. Besides, if such was the effect of climate on those habituated to it from their birth, how much more forcibly must it operate on the minds of Europeans, who I believe have not yet been found to degenerate, like their country fruit trees, from transplantation into a foreign soil. I am aware that great allowances ought to be made for an arbitrary and oppressive form of government (so destructive to exertion of every kind) which in a greater or less degree prevails throughout India; for the force of example, and a superstitious adherence to ancient customs; but admitting all this in its greatest possible extent, the cause still appears so inadequate to the effect, that I can only consider eastern apathy as one of those unaccountable phenomena, which are placed beyond the reach of human comprehension. If in the eye of severe criticism I should appear to have made an unprovoked attack on failings, or on men, equally inoffensive, I can only answer that my intention is far from hostile. The more candid reader will I trust impute my introduction of the subject to the real and only cause, a desire of information on a point, concerning which, I have acknowledged myself so totally at a loss.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

IGNOTUS.

## THE INDIAN OBSERVER.

POSTSCRIPT to No. LIII,—SEPTEMBER 16, 1794.

WHEN the *Indian Observer* entered on his *weekly task*, he hardly hoped that either any vigour of constitution in itself, or even the favourable influence of friendly encouragement and support, could give it the prolonged existence, or the integral character of a *year's* continuance. He will not however presume too much on the partiality that has praised, nor for the present, trespass further on the indulgence of criticism, that has permitted the perseverance of his labours. Whether they are to assume a more permanent form in a collective publication, or to extend into an increased size and number by venturing again into weekly appearance, will depend, in the first instance, on the judgment of others; and in the next, on the continued support of those to whose assistance he already owes so much obligation. If the *Observer* can aspire to the honors of the *perennial* class, they will be the fruits of the essential strength of the contributions of his friends:—his own humble effort, however aided by a friendly soil and favourable aspect, could not pretend to more than the temporary bloom of an *annual* in the literary garden.

September 16, 1794.

## ODE

ON THE PERFORMANCE OF SELECTED SACRED MUSIC

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MALE ASYLUM.

BY HUGH BOYD, Esq.

**H**EAR'D ye not the solemn strain?  
Hark!—the awful sounds again!  
Still through the quivering air they float,  
Each varied, lengthened, melting note;  
Now in resistless majesty they roll,  
Now thrilling through the heart, exalting now the soul.

O magic charms, whose potent sway,  
Or fires to rage, or melts to tears;  
Whose power the passions all obey,  
Love, hate, joy, grief, warm hopes, chill fears;  
Hail mighty power of all-commanding song,  
Sweet as the vernal breeze, as the high billow strong.

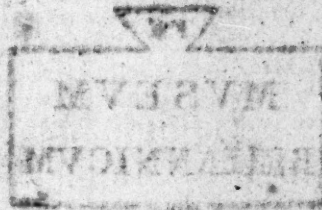
When, from thy native heavenly sphere,  
Descending on the mortal ear  
Thou pour'st the full extatic strain,  
Rapture borders upon pain,—  
When from the awful pause—again the full notes meet,  
Almost for sense too strong, too exquisitely sweet.

Can Music's charms more powerful move  
Than turned to glory, or to love?  
Than in warm friendship's generous glow,  
Than in soft pity's tender woe?  
Yes—a sublimer theme our ear demands,  
And the best passions of the soul commands.

O CHARITY ! thou Christian grace !  
 Parent of good ! of heavenly race !  
 Uniting in thy sacred call  
 Love, friendship, pity, glory,—all ;  
 Lo ! at thy fostering shrine, with uplift hands,  
 The poor, the helpless, infant orphan stands !

*Pious Orgies* strike our ear !  
 Angels bow from heaven to hear ;  
 Sound again the hallowed lays—  
 Again the HALLELUJAHs raise—  
 To notes of heavenly rapture touch the lyre,  
 The Orphan's grateful voice shall fill the choir ;

FINIS.



The Organ's grand voice fills all the church;  
 A mass of heavenly voices round the lyre.  
 Again the altar lights are kindled—  
 Sound again the hallowed lay—  
 Sacred bow from heaven to hear;  
 For O'er the earth our call  
 Is heard, the highest, angel organs stand;  
 I see the heavenly throng with outstretched hands,  
 I love, I love, my glory—all;  
 I praise in joy and glad  
 I come to you! of heavenly race!  
 O Hallelujah! with Christian grace!

63213



